The Descendents • Dan O'Mahoney • Snapcase • Rye Coalition • More



All Punk Cons



"The problem is that American punk in particular is supposed to be inherently political, meaning anti-capitalist. Or so the Do It Yourself ideology contends. Independent record labels end up acquiring the same kind of political meaning that punk bands are supposed to adhere to because we've been taught by their advertising to see bands as extensions of labels themselves. The problem is that we end up glorifying corporations by investing them with a kind of emancipatory potential for political liberation we otherwise reserve for political parties, prophets and religious leaders. Nothing could be more regressive because what this means is that deep down inside we believe that we're being said by entertainment conglomerates and the mythologies that they create to justify further consumption." p.72



Punk Planet • Issue Number Seventeen • March and April Nineteen-Ninety Seven

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MAY 1ST

for Punk Planet #19 the July/August issue

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- the Big Editor Cheif Designer
- ★ Money Guy ★ Distro Guru
- ★ Big Headache

#### JOSH HOOTEN

Music Editor
Design boy

#### ERIC ACTION

Reviews Editor

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DANIEL SINKER

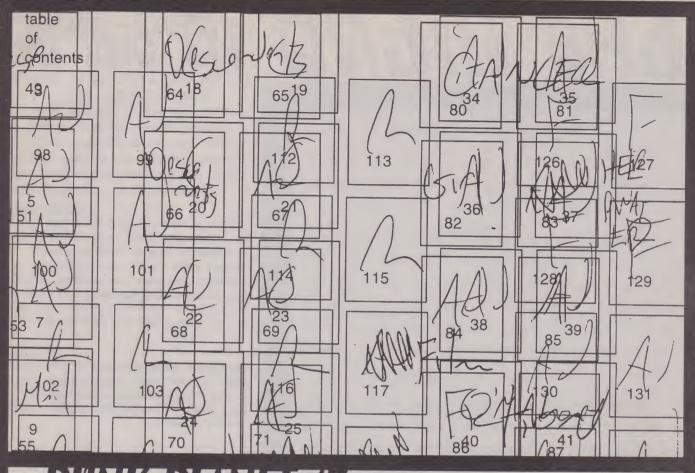
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# Columns Interviews Dan O'Mahoney • Snapcase • Pain • Rye Coalition • The Descendents Articles All Punk Cons • The Repercussions of Silence Fiction A Short Lived High DIV Scanning for Fanzines • Thursday Night Dinners PPIóons Records Underground Film Fanzines

# GHE INGG

#### A Welcome and a Warning

Due to the fact that this is our first issue being distributed by the fine folks at Mordam Records, a lot of you reading this zine may be picking it up for the first time. Welcome to Punk Planet.

In case you were wondering, this ain't your father's Oldsmobile, if you know what I'm saying. We here at Punk Planet have been working for almost three years now to produce a punkzine that goes beyond basic scene politics, and no-brainer interviews. What you hold in your sweaty palms is the result of the blood, sweat & tears of a group of people committed to keeping punk relevant to the here and now.

That said, go directly to the article All Punk Cons. Do not pass go, do not collect 200 punk points. If you only read one article in a zine this year, make All Punk Cons that article. In a brief 8 pages, Joel Shalit manages to explain everything you've ever wanted to know about what's fucked up in punk politics right now. Why are bands "selling out"? Why do we care? What are the larger powers at work in all of this? My god, how did we get here? It's all answered in Shalit's incredible article. But sometimes the truth hurts; consider vourself warned.

In addition to Shalit's article, we're particularly proud of the timespan our interviews cover this issue. Covering the gamut of the early eighties leftcoast scene (The Descendents) to mid-eighties straightedge (O'Mahoney) to late eighties hardcore (Snapcase) to once upon a time called right now (Rye & Pain), we bring 'em to you piping fresh. Enjoy!

Anyway, that's enough introductory talk for now. As always, we hope you enjoy issue number 17 of Punk Planet. If you don't, we urge you to make your own zine... In fact, you should be making your own zine anyway! For those of you new to the zine, we've been ending our intros like that since day one. Pretty wholesome, huh? You betcha, chief.

Your friends at PP

Yep, you read that right. Starting now, Punk Planet will be paying for all its content. That also means that we're going to be super choosy, but give it a shot, you need the money, doncha? For more information on how this process is going to work, find the full-page info sheet in this issue. Or call us at (773) 227-6114

Interviews

We like all kinds of interviews, with all kinds of people. Just 'cause someone's not in a band (or may not even be 'punk') doesn't mean they're not interesting. Above all else, make the interview interesting. An interesting interview with someone no one's ever heard of is going to run over a really boring interview with Rancid.

**Fiction** 

We usually print one piece of fiction per issue, so sometimes there's a wait before you see yours printed. It can't be too long either... There's a thing called 'short stories' go for it.

Articles

Articles are the best! They're also the hardest to write, but you can do it! Articles are researched, well written, and goddamnit, relevant! Take a chance, do something wild!

You can always help us out by writing up a DIY file. Basically, if you know how to do something & can explain it well, type it on up & send it in. DIY files have ranged from auto maintenance, to touring, to guitar buying, and all points in between.

Everything else As far as reviews & columns go: we don't need anymore!! We have a ton of columnists & more reviewers than can fit in a mid-sized apartment! Please, don't send us columns, as you're pretty much assured they won't run.

All submissions should be typed, and preferably put on a 3 1/2" disk, either Mac or IBM. Just 'cause you send something in doesn't mean it's going to get printed, and certianly doesn't mean you're gonna get paid.

SUBMission inc

# LOSE YOUR EDGE?

MAYBE ITS IN YOUR OTHER PANTS. OR BEHIND THE SOFA.



The Design Parlor is making available shirts for all of us who thought we were True Till Death, but just couldn't hang in there for that long. Who thought we were going to Break Down The Walls but ended up just breaking down. Who thought Start Today meant something else completely. Damn it, we tried. We've tried and failed. We've stumbled and fallen. We tried a new taste...and it wasn't so bad. Cast aside your feelings of inadequacy and guilt. Be proud once again! Unite! Stand Tall! And all that stuff! The shirts are white ink on blue shirts, they come in large and extra large and they cost \$10 each (postage is covered). Send checks or well concealed cash to The Design Parlor/Josh Hooten 219A Spring Street, Medford MA., 02155. Uptight straight edge kids, don't expect responses to hate mail. To quote our great American lyric poet, Foghorn Leghorn, "It's a joke son."

-The Design Parlor

# HEX

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#### [see the world.]

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# DELIVERY

#### FOOM GOY DIVISION

Our new 1997 scatalogue features the following offerings from the Goy Division media deathcamps:

The Christal Methodists, New World Odour, CD \$12.50

59 minutes of documentary battle footage showcasing our punk radio guerillas feeding Christian fascists a dose of their own medicine using samplers, muzak, tape loops and sound effects records. Homos, kikes, riotgrrlz and dykes unite in a leftist, drug-induced blowout.

Brother Russell, Brother Russell's Radio Jihad, CD \$12.50

Masquerading as a sensitive old woman with a real fucking axe to grind, Brother Russell regales the radio waves in central Texas with tales of killer orangutans conspiring with the Freemasons to take over the US government and more in this sordid romp into transvestite Recreational Christianity.

The Christal Methodists, Scripture Lips & Filter Tips, Cassette \$7.50

The first prolonged four-track assault on Christian broadcasting live from Oregon and Texas. Khmer Ribs, Shrimpy Skampers, Kritikal Dubbs and Neil unite for the first time to spread the lo-fi gospel to the sounds of Hitler rallies, crying babies being machine gunned, Ralph Reed in Bosnia and so much more.

The Christal Methodists, Nevermind Nirvana - It's Grungicide!, 7"EP \$3.50

Five recordings of The Methodistas' controversial impersonations of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain at Bay Area modern rock stations and record stores, recording station IDs and arranging for in store appearances in the fall of 1993. Features uninvited manifestations of Bob Larson yelling at Courtney Love, Kurt Loder, SubPop market researchers and our faux Kurt Cobain.

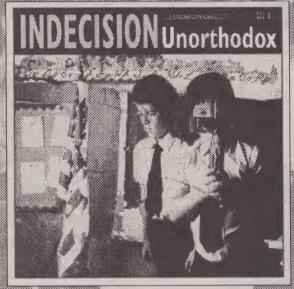
The Christal Methodists, Fertilizer Mix, 7"EP \$3.50

Featuring selected out-takes and fragments from Scripture Lips and Filter Tips, this is a Goy Division co-release with StomachacheRRecords. This unwarranted infection reveals the secret location of the Christal Methodists' Rush Limbaugh T-shirt set, a recipie for brewing beer from holy water, and guidelines on the biblical prohibitions against the eating of shellfish.

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MP-7

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| ľ  | sku            | BAND                                       |
| ı  | OS-18          | AFT  |
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| ı  | VL-16          | AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY                      |
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| П  | MP-05          | AUTOMATICS, THE                            |
| ı  | MP-17<br>MP-13 | AUTOMATICS, THE                            |
| 1  | MP-20          | AUTOMATICS, THE                            |
|    | WE-09          | BARNHILLS, THE                             |
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| П  | OS-68          | BEATNIK TERMITES BEATNIK TERMITES          |
| U  | RR-25<br>FO-07 | BELTONES, THE                              |
|    | RE-07          | BENDER                                     |
| ı  | VL-01          | BLANKS 77                                  |
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| ı  | GP-10<br>BR-01 | BOMB BASSETS, THE<br>BORIS THE SPRINKLER   |
| П  | BR-02          | BORIS THE SPRINKLER                        |
| ı  | OS-81          | BORIS THE SPRINKLER                        |
| П  | OS-80          | BORIS THE SPRINKLER                        |
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|    | OS-62          | BUGLITE                                    |
| ۱  | OR-08          | CHEETAH CHROME & M.H                       |
|    | TM-75<br>JF-22 | CLABBERHAG<br>CLETUS                       |
|    | MP-08          | CONNIE DUNGS, THE                          |
| ı  | HR-09          | CONNIE DUNGS, THE                          |
| ı  | MP-15          | CONNIE DUNGS, THE                          |
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|    | HH-03<br>RR-15 | CRIMINALS, THE<br>CRUMBS, THE              |
| ı  | GP-11          | DECIBLES, THE                              |
| ı  | OT-31          | DEERHEART                                  |
| ı  | HO-13          | DIGGER                                     |
| ı  | OT-64          | DILLINGER 4                                |
| ı  | JR-10<br>MI-02 | DIMESTORE HALOES DISCOUNT                  |
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| ı  | RE-17          | DOC HOPPER                                 |
| ı  | OT-79          | DODGEBALL                                  |
| ı  | BP-03          | DOG POUND<br>DRAPES, THE                   |
| ı  | OT-83<br>UR-32 | DROPOUTS                                   |
| ı  | VL-17          | EFFIGIES, THE                              |
| ı  | MI-03          | EVERREADY                                  |
| ı  | MP-06          | EVERREADY                                  |
| ı  | MP-71<br>LM-11 | EVERREADY<br>EVERREADY                     |
| ı  | OS-57          | FACE TO FACE                               |
| ı  | VL-24          | FACE VALUE                                 |
|    | OT-13          | FAIRLANES, THE                             |
|    | BP-01<br>LR-07 | FIENDZ, THE<br>FIGHTING CAUSE              |
|    | LR-07          | FIGHTING CAUSE                             |
|    | OS-41          | FLATUS                                     |
|    | OS-17          | FRANTICS, THE FRANTICS, THE                |
|    | OS-16          | FRANTICS, THE FUNERAL ORATION              |
|    | HO-05<br>OS-67 | FURIOUS GEORGE                             |
|    | SO-06          | GAIN, THE                                  |
|    | LD-02          | GOOD RIDDANCE                              |
|    | LD-15          | GOOD RIDDANCE                              |
|    | SO-02<br>HO-01 | GROUND ROUND<br>GUTTERMOUTH                |
| ı  | JA-12          | HEROMAKERS, THE                            |
| ı  | GP-06          | HI-FIVES, THE                              |
| ı  | LR-17          | HICKEY                                     |
| ı  | LD-10          | HICKEY<br>HOMEBOUND                        |
|    | OT-81<br>UR-29 | HORMONES, THE                              |
|    | JR-07          | HUMPERS, THE                               |
| 1  | VL-19          | INDICATORS, THE INDICATORS, THE            |
|    | VL-09          |  |
|    | UR-36<br>OT-07 | INHALANTS<br>INVALIDS, THE                 |
| 1  | SG-04          | INVALIDS, THE INVALIDS, THE                |
|    | VM-12          | IRON PROSTATE                              |
|    | JR-05          | JAKKPOT                                    |
|    | NK-07<br>OS-26 | JALLA JALLA<br>JOLT                        |
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|  | GP-0<br>GP-1   |
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| RIVE   | WE-C           |
| acabl  | VL-08<br>VL-18 |
| eacn!  | OS-5           |
| e selections.                                  | OT-03<br>NI-35 |
| TITLE  | FO-0           |
| Fly in the Ointment                            | SD-0<br>TM-7   |
| The Existentialist Blues Wrong                 | VM-2           |
| Above the Law                                  | WE-0           |
| Live 7/16/95<br>Harass                         | JR-0           |
| Destruct-o-Billy Pile-Up                       | OS-8           |
| All The Kids Just Wanna<br>Makin' Out          | OT-3<br>MP-1   |
| 10 Golden Greats!<br>10 More Golden Greats!    | LD-0           |
| self-titled EP                                 | LD-1<br>OS-7   |
| Schoolboy's Dream split w/SHOCK TREATMENT      | VM-0           |
| Strawberry Girl                                | OS-5<br>VM-2   |
| Lock and Load<br>Music For Four Ears           | HR-0           |
| Live 7/7/94                                    | OT-7           |
| Hot Rod Racer<br>split w/THE MCRACKINS         | MI-0           |
| Grilled Cheese                                 | UR-3           |
| Male Model<br>She's Got a Lighter              | JF-9           |
| split w/MORAL CRUX                             | JF-0<br>JA-0   |
| split w/SCOOBY DON'T split w/THE MEATMEN       | JA-0           |
| split w/THE SONIC DOLLS                        | SJ-0<br>SD-0   |
| Sorry to Disappoint You split w/DUST-BUNNY     | JF-0           |
| l. Downtown Beirut                             | TM-1           |
| Poke Yer Eyes Out<br>self-titled EP            | OT-            |
| I Hate This Towni                              | JA-0<br>VL-0   |
| Missy & Johnny<br>No Chance                    | RO-            |
| split w/MAGNATONE<br>Seven Months Drunk        | OS-            |
| I Fell in Love With an Alien                   | OS-0           |
| self-titled EP<br>Male                         | HH-            |
| Geek Love                                      | OT-            |
| split w/THE STRIKE<br>Hate My Generation       | OS-            |
| All Too Often                                  | OT-            |
| Wonder Pulled Me Under split w/THE BOLLWEEVILS | VL-0           |
| self-titled EP                                 | OT-            |
| Junkyard All We Could Affordl                  | HH-            |
| Bye Bye Baby                                   | OT-            |
| Live 12/16/95<br>All Time Low                  | JA-1           |
| County Transit System                          | OT-            |
| Kalifornia<br>split w/FIG DISH                 | OS-            |
| split w/HORACE PINKER                          | LR-            |
| Live 10/8/95<br>Hil We're                      | MP-<br>VM-     |
| Everybody's Favorite<br>Deadtown               | VM-            |
| split w/THE MCRACKINS                          | OT-            |
| Talk Show Hero<br>Playing Dumb                 | VL-2           |
| She's a Drag                                   | RE-            |
| What Is It?<br>split w/STANLEY                 | OT-            |
| split w/SCARED OF CHAKA                        | OT-            |
| Gidget<br>split w/RELIANCE                     | JF-0           |
| Painting Vulgar Dreams                         | JF-            |
| 11 Oz.<br>201 b/w Laslow's Pajamas             | VL-            |
| split w/THE ODD NUMBERS                        | VL-            |
| Art, Messianism & Crime self-titled EP         | UR-            |
| Almost   | GP-            |
| Sell Out Young<br>Mutate with Me               | LM-            |
| Conservative                                   |                |
| Ride Out<br>Kill You                           |                |
| Johnny K. Took My Baby<br>Wiseguys             |                |
| Bring MeJerry Garcia                           |                |
| 3-2-1-Go!<br>Hospital Waltz                    |                |
| Emily  |                |

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| 7 - | JOLT  |
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|     | KNOW NOTHINGS, THE                              |
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| 9   | LARRY BRRRDS, THE                               |
| 3   | LESS THAN JAKE                                  |
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| 15  | NO EMPATHY                                      |
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| 2   | NOBODYS   |
| 08  | NOTHING COOL                                    |
| 8   | OBLIVION  |
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| 77  | ONE EYE OPEN                                    |
| 82  | ONE GOOD EYE                                    |
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| )7  | PARASITES                                       |
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|     | REHABS, THE                                     |
| 25  | MORETO, THE                                     |
| -02 | ROUND NINE                                      |
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| 13  | SAFEHOUSE                                       |
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| -00 | SEA MONKEYS                                     |
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| -04 | SINKHOLE  |
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| 28  | SLACKER   |
| 05  | SLOPPY SECONDS                                  |
|     | SMOKING POPES, THE                              |
| 09  |   |
| 17  | SMOOTHIES                                       |
| 00  | SMOOTHIES                                       |
| 21  | SNOTBOY   |
| 11  | SNOTBOY   |
| -38 | SONS OF HERCULES                                |
| -27 | SONS OF HERCULES                                |
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| -06 | STINK   |
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| R-19          | STRETFORD                | Target                        |
| -21           | STRIKE, THE              | self-titled EP                |
| -02           | SUBMACHINE               | Live 7/7/94                   |
| Γ-42          | SUBMACHINE               | Sex Deterrent                 |
| Γ-41          | SUBMACHINE               | split w/FILTH                 |
| Γ-29          | SUPERNOVA                | Calling Hong Kong             |
| R-11          | SWOONS, THE              | Party Time Lover              |
| 1-08          | TANNER                   | Blueprint                     |
| Γ-38          | TANNER                   | split w/NO KNIFE              |
| 3-06          | TANTRUMS, THE (WISC.)    | See You Later                 |
| Γ-67          | TEEN IDOLS               | split w/MULLIGAN STU          |
| E-06          | TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR      |                               |
| <i>I</i> -14  | THIRSTY                  | Getting Along Together        |
| S-51          | THIRSTY                  | split w/I.FARM                |
| R-10          | THIRTY SECONDS DEEP      | Hot Carl                      |
| 1-07          | TILTWHEEL                | Why?                          |
| T-39          | TINA, AGE 13             | Minimalist Art Damage         |
| <i>I</i> 1-69 | TOILET OF POWER          | self-titled                   |
| R-13          | TRAITORS, THE            | I'm So Happy When I'm         |
| 0-01          | TUNSTIN GAT              | self-titled EP                |
| 0-04          | TWERPS, THE              | Will Play for Food            |
| P-14          | UNDERHAND                | Connections                   |
| P-01          | UNDERHAND                | Desire                        |
| P-07          | UNDERHAND                | Under A Glass                 |
| -13           | UNSEEN, THE              | Protect and Serve             |
| 23            | UNSEEN, THE              | Raise Your Finger             |
| VI-18         | V/A                      | Tommy in 7 Minutes            |
| D-12V         | V/A (feat. BOLLWEEVILS)  |                               |
| S-78          | V/A (feat. BUGLITE)      | Matthau Records Comp.         |
| O-00          | V/A (feat. CRUMBS, AAA)  | Far Out/Stiff Pole split      |
| 0-07          | V/A (feat. QUEERS, HI-5s |                               |
| R-19          | V/A (feat. SNAP-HER)     | Quadruple Headache            |
| S-86          | V/A (feat. UNDERHAND)    | Behind the Redwood            |
| 0-11          | VOLATILES, THE           | Fuck All Punk Rockers<br>Fair |
| R-04<br>R-08  | WALKER<br>WALKER         | If You're Punk Rock           |
| R-11          | WALKER                   | split w/BOLLWEEVILS           |
| T-21          | WALTER KRUG              | Type of Girl                  |
| R-11          | WEAKLINGS, THE           | Learn How to Dance            |
| M-20          | WEEN                     | I'm Fat                       |
| D-15          | WELL FED SMILE           | 71 Reasons to Hate            |
| D-05          | WELL FED SMILE           | split w/AMER. PSYCHO          |
| M-01          | WIG HAT                  | Mr. Nobody                    |
| M-29          | WIG HAT                  | Stupid Guitar                 |
| R-03          | WINEPRESS                | Worth a Thousand Word         |
| M-26          | WIVES                    | Girly Girl                    |
| M-02          | WORKDOGS                 | Haunted House of Love         |
| D-01          | YOUNG FRESH FELLOW       |                               |
| R-06          | YOUTH GONE MAD           | Why is is Still Hard?         |
| M-24          | YUM YUM TREE             | Riot Up Your Ass              |
| -23V          | ZOINKSI                  | split w/NO EMPATHY            |
| S-39          | ZOINKS!                  | split w/THE GAIN              |
|               |                          |                               |

New titles all the time, order something and get a new catalogl

\$3. Please add \$1 per order postage to U.S. or Canada. If I'm out, I'll sub something that rocks. To avoid this LIST ALTERNATES!

**NW SHASTA \* CORVALLIS, OR** 





Dear Daniel Sinker and associated others who wrote the DIY Files to zine distribution,

I have some qualms about your artilce. Granted, it was well researched & in depth in the area of big time distribution, I wouldn't necessarily call it Do It Yourself distribution. Sending a zine to a paid distributor who sells it to Crown Books, Tower Records, Barnes & Noble, etc... is what I call 'having someone else do it for you', not DIY. To the zine editors who do this-that's fine-whatever floats your boat. But I know there are so many zine editors who don't do it this way & I want them (& you, too) to realize the 'other' DIY distributors & what goes on with us. I myself do a zine distribution & I never require a fucken bar code on the zine. What the fuck? What's next? Zines being sold in supermarkets?

I've noticed a division between zines, my friend worded it best:

- 1) the adult zines (regardless of age!)—tese have glossy & full color covers, done with computers & shit like that. I personally think most of these are quite dry. Think Giant Robot, Bunnyhop, Ben Is Dead, The Probe, etc...
- 2) The zines 'we do'-the cut & paste copied, type-written ones. Think Fern, Doris, Stifled, Spirals Upward, Alien, Drive Train etc...

Of course, it's not so cut & dry, but you get my point. I find it rare when the 2nd group of zines get distroed & sold in big time chain stores. Usually they are sold in punk stores & distroed throung what I call DIY distributors and I do realize that you had some sort of disclaimer starting your info in assumption the zine readers will be going through chain stores and then you go on to give kudos to Mr. Cometbus for not doing this. My friend & I were insulted. Sure, Aaron's been doing a good zine for a while & I guess he doesn't go through chain stores, but it's not like he's the only one who does this. I'm sure you know that!! There are lots of other zines who deserve just as much kudos.

As to the 2nd group of zines (as I mentioned earlier), here's now to get your zine distributed (at the end of this letter there is a list

of zine distributors all this information is pertinant to.)

- Send your zine to the distributor with proce info, a nice note & a stamp for a reply. Be patient, we have jobs & maybe school, remember we do this in our rare spare time.
- So you'll either get a note back saying no or yes. Let's assume 'yes'.
- Usually zine distributors can't buy up front. So maybe they'll ask for 5-10 & they'll do consignment, or you can always ask to trade. Barter Baby!!
- So they sell your zine through the mail
   & or shows and your zine gets all sold. They send the money to you & order more.
  - It's that simple.

So here's a list of zine distributors/stores that I've dealt with who are honest & nice.

- Riot Grrrl Press Canada-PO Box 33 345
   East Broadway Vancouver BC V5T LV5
   Canada
- Basement Children-PO Box 479081 Chicago IL 60647
- Tone Deaf- PO Box 32534 Kansas City MO 64171
- Pander PO Box 32534 Kansas City MO 64171
- Secluded Universe- c/o Leah Urbano 1357 Utah St. San Francisco CA 94110
- Gavin-24906 Georgia Tech Station Atlanta GA 30332
- Jenna- c/o Third Place PO Box 1266 Venice, FL 34284-1266
- Tree of Knowledge- c/o Theo 1010 Scott St. Little Rock AR 72202
- Wow Cool- 48 Shattuck SQ #149 Berkeley CA 94704
- Transit Nebula- PO Box 12262 Berkeley CA 94712-2262

All these distros also have catalogs out, so you should send some \$ and or stamps for them!

Stores:

• Epicenter Zone- c/o Whitney 475 Valencia San Francisco CA 94110

If Anyone has any other info they'd like to share with me on this topic, please write.

Whitney PO Box 12262 Berkeley CA 94712-2262

Whitney,

You raise some very good points in your letter, and I'd love to invite you or anyone else

to put together a definitive list (lets face it, your list is pretty incomplete... there's more than one store that sells zines in the US!) of punk zine distributors for a future DIY files.

However, I'd also like to point out that my article explained itself in the first paragraph. It was a DIY files on "real world" (as opposed to punk world) zine distro, for those people that don't want their zine to reach such a small group of people. Remember, there are a lot more people out there that would find zines interesting, they just can't get to places like Epicenter. How do you suggest we reach them?

Dan Sinker



Punk Planet,

I just wanted to say that your article on "The Mysteries of Zine Distribution Revealed" was an invaluable education for me. Not that I'll want my zine "Gutless" to go full scale (I've only put out one issue), but at least now I know what i'm getting into, and now I know some of the secrets of the trade. Thanks.

That article, "The D.I.Y. Files: The Realities of Zine Distribution", could have the same value of the Simple Machines records handbook to putting out indie records. People like me need to learn from "people in the know" before we can flourish in all things indie, if we choose to.

Stephen E. Cramer Royal Oak, Michigan



Dear Punk Planet and those of you associated with the future business of Revelation Records

This letter is not intended to offend anyone at PP, but I'm just going to state the facts.

I was flipping through a copy of issue #15 of Punk Planet, and the first time I had read through it, the standard columns, reviews, ads, interviews, etc were there. Then I came to a

full page of Revelation Records ads, and I was a little shocked, due to the fact that you put "No major label ads, Fuck You!" next to the ad rates in every issue. Now, you're probably wondering where I would get the idea of Revelation Records being a major. Well, they are, and I have proof.

I was in the local mom and pop owned music store in town, and in the back, there was a box filled with a large amount of posters in it, and there was a poster that obviously turned out to be a promotional poster for Sense Field's new album, "Building", which you have advertized in one of the Revelation ads on that very page, so I took it home and I was look at it and in small print in the bottom right hand corner of the poser, it says "1996 Revelation Records. Manufactured and distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc. Check out the Warner Bros web site at blah blah blah. com and so on." So I did a little investigative work, and it turns out that 50% of everything on Revelation is "Manufactured and Distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc.", in terms of CD's LP's and cassettes. To put it another way...... Punk Planet is being screwed! Have you noticed that they say they have distributors, but they won't list them on their ads like other labels do? They are using Punk Planet as an easy target for cheap ads space, probably because they don't feel like paying Raygun, Rolling Stone or SPIN \$200-400 for ad space. Notice also how they are releasing stuff by major label bands, such as No Doubt, The Toadies, CIV (whom are still on Revelation, but are also with Warner Bros.) and countless others.

I don't like writing letter about things like this, and bag on other labels and zines, but I just don't want to watch you zine get destroyed by some corporate fat cat company, such as Warner Bros. I have watched too many zines and labels get screwed over by this problem, it's becoming embarrassing on behalf of probably everyone who loves the punk rock culture with a passion and has a devotion to it. It just sucks....

Well, that's all I have for now. I just thought that you needed to know that little bit of information before you accept any more ads from Revelation. As well as anyone else out there who has read this, I hope you will too think about where your money is going. If you

have any replies (please do!), contact me at 3137 N. 12st Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814.

Thank you,

Scott Rozell
Stress Factor Fanzine

Scott,

Apparently your "investigative work"—as with most punk "investigative work"—was based more on trying to prove an already arrived upon assumption than on trying to come up with the truth.

Guess what? Revelation isn't a major!

As with most situations like this, the truth is much more complicated than punk rock thinking typically allows. Upon recieving your letter, I sent an e-mail off to Matt at Revelation Records, because I find it's much easier to go straight to the source when "investigating" something.

I purposefully made my e-mail as unspecific as possible, just stating that we recieved a letter concerning the relationship between Revelation and Warner Brothers. Here's Matt's prompt response:

"The only "deal" that Revelation has with Warner Brothers is the manufacturing and distributing of Sense Fields latest album "Building". This is what some people call a coop. It was entirely the bands decision to do this so more Sense Field fans have access to buy their record. Revelation Records remains completely independent."

So there you have it, straight from the horse's mouth. Yes, there is something strange going on between Rev & Warner, but the reality of independent music in the late '90s is that relationships of this sort between larger indies & majors happen. You wanna know why? Read the article All Punk Cons in this issue. While it doesn't address this subject in particular, it explains why things have gotten to where they are today more clearly than any other piece I've ever read.

But, I'd also like to address the fact that you wrote this letter into our zine, without doing the basic "investigative" step of talking with Revelation! A simple phone call, letter, or e-mail would have gotten you the response you were looking for. Or was it that you didn't want the truth, just your interpretation of it?

Yours,

Dan Sinker



Dear Punk Planet (more specifically Brian Czarnik)

I'm writing in response to the review you gave "I'm Johnny and i don't give a fuck" fanzine. In between the lines "This is a very good writer" and "he is an intelligent story teller" is the following;

"Even though he is from Canada ( I guess the beer and hockey haven't got to him yet)" What the fuck is that about!? I just don't see the connection between what country someone happens to live in and thier writing ability. And what's so bad about beer and hockey anyway?

Personally i like both (though i can't skate so i only watch ice hockey [ as most Americans call it ] but street hockey's still a blast.) By the way here's a tip to help you to enjoy watching hockey a little bit more; turn off the sound on your tv and play SNFU really loud! Besides, hockey kicks the shit out of boring, slow paced American sports like football and baseball anyway. Also with only five of the NHL teams located in Canada one could argue that hockey is now as American as anything else. (though a lot of the players are from Canada and Europe) So what does watching or playing hockey have to do with someone's writing ability? Nothing, not one god-damn thing at all! That said let's move on to the other "point" of the review, beer drinking. Oh yeah that's right, i forgot, Americans never drink beer ( well at least not by Canadian standards, but that's beside the point.) all of Budwiser's and Coors' US sales are makebelive, my apologies. But seriously even if Americans didn't drink beer ( Or whatever you want to call that piss tasting; bottled water down there) it STILL wouldn't make them better writers. I can only hope that the statements made by Brian Czarnik in the review were just a poor attempt at humor and not some type of fucked up nationalism.

Good choice on the donut however, Tim's Coffee is as bitter as i am.

-George Sweetman Swee0709@adc.mtroyal.ab.ca Po Box 523, Station M Calgary, Alberta T2P 2J2 Canada



Punk Planet,

Obviously, there has been a deep rift between raving and punk/hardcore since raving began. Being an active member of both scenes, i guess i feel like i should remark about it. Ravers are typically thought of as drugged out, big pants wearing, glitter throwing, glow stick waving, hippe wannabe mother fuckers. Granted, there are alot of these types running around. But, in truth, ravers are a very diverse bunch. Every race, class, religion, style, musical taste, and backround make up the collective rave scene. And not everyone is all about the drugs. In fact a good number don't even use drugs. Speaking for my punk rock side, i can honestly say that it is possible to be a "raver" and "punk". I plan to start cutting drum and bass records, which will be put out by myself. I am an active supporter of various animal and human rights groups. And i still go to most of the hardcore shows around here. I still even road trip to many shows. It seems that ravers and hardcore and punk kids really misunderstand eachother. Hardcore kids, being the extremely self-centered, arrogant bunch that they are, continue to believe they are above "ravers". However, not many seem to pay much attention to the music that attracts many people such as myself to that scene. On the same token, alot of rave kids seem to think that guitars are simply barbaric. However, most still hold on to their non-dance music. Anyway, people should really open up their minds, and truely become the open minded people they claim to be. Punk rock is a means of expression...a methodology...a forum...just becausei choose to put out drum and bass doesn't make me less punk than anyone else. In fact, i like to think maybe a little MORE punk for having the balls to keep my punkhood close, and still embrace dance music. Whatever. Go vegan. Mission:global junglism. Peace.

> Valiant Dove O'Mahony-Gallagher Buffalo, NY



PP Readers,

I'd like to send a complaint letter to inform anyone interested about a piece of shit named

Jon Miller and his 4-piece band from Pennsylvania called SLACKER... My name is Jason Miller and that guy is an asshole (we are not related!). I doubt that I can even put enough details into this letter to express just how much I want to ruin the lives of this band thanks to their 'leader'. I was waiting to calm down a bit before writing this, but its been several month and I still get pissed whenever I think back (or run out of money).

Here's the story... I used to live in Hawaii

and I put on a few shows with the help of my friends and our college radio station. One of - Hawaii's better bands, GRAPEFRUIT, went on to tour in 1995 only in California and met SLACKER at Gilman Street. They seemed nice enough and we were contacted by them several months later about doing a show for them... GRAPEFRUIT was planning to tour again across the mainland to the East Coast and back. Jon from Slacker offers to book 8 days of that tour for us in exchange for 2 shows in Hawaii so I said sure and got to work. I came through for them despite their lack of support. I was promised music and posters would be sent to stores and radio stations, but they didn't arrive until the same week as the shows. This fuck dropped names of 'friends' and dished out excuses line no tomorrow!! Nevertheless, I did what I could with lots of promotions. The show turned out okay. I was able to arrange four round-trip tickets at about \$900.00 but SLACKER insisted on flying in the same day as the first show which meant no discount for coming one day early. So, airfare cost \$1,300.00 and we split that in half after Jon finally sent his share of the money (I had to borrow my half). Jon said he would have a complete itinerary for the summer shows when he arrived... He did not. They get to Hawaii, play short and not very well the first night and again the second night. After the club took a percentage of the total, \$750.00 was left over. Jon wanted all but \$200.00 of the money they put into airfare and left me with a HUGE loss of roughly \$350—what makes matters worse is that I could have saved \$400 if they would have flown out one day earlier like I requested, but SLACKER practically begged me not to so that they could play LA before Hawaii. So that was Hawaii. I did what I said I would and did it well considering the lack of support I got from the band. Now it's time for me to collect on their end of the bargain: 7-8 shows together with them as a mini-tour of the East Coast in the summertime. Should be no problem considering all the 'friends' he claimed to have. But I can never get the fuck on the phone and I leave for tour with two other bands from Hawaii despite having no itinerary for one whole week of the GRAPEFRUIT tour. My fault for letting things slide but when I finally get pissed and start to track down info based on what I remember him telling me, I find out that many of the places where he was 'waiting for confirmation' had never even heard about a punk band from Hawaii looking for a show or I was told, "yeah, he called but never sent anything or called again." Shit like that. FUCK! Bottom line. We were on the road and he did not get us anything. We wound up with one show in North Carolina during that 8-day period and that's it. We were supposed to meet them but they never even showed up or called or wrote or said they were sorry. And he still has a dozen GRAPE-FRUIT records.

So, I have the following advice regarding these fuckheads: DO NOT SUPPORT THEM IN ANY WAY! Thanks for your time if you managed to read this far.

Jason James Miller Hawaiian Express PO Box 777 Byron CA 94514



Punk Planet,

I have a serious bone to pick with your magazine. Actually, I like the magazine, it is Will Dandy that I have burning hatred for. He gave my band a real bad review in the last issue. I can handle that. Maybe we are bad '77 style punk rock to some people, even though I have no friggin' clue what '77 style is. My beef with big Will is that he shits on EVERY band that he reviews. His writing does nothing for your magazine. It only makes you guys look as clueless as him. It is a very competetive market out there for fanzines. Fire his pathetic ass and you'll have a real good chance.

I took the liberty of sending a sample review of what I thought of big Will's creativity:

WILL DANDY - Reviews & Columns OK, this is bad Howard Stern journalism.

This kid must be a real punk rock cowboy giving these kinds of reviews. I think it is really funny how he hides behind that pen of his. This really sucks! I picture him as a frustrated rock star who moonlights as a hairbrush singer and gets his rocks off by putting down people who can actually play. At first I thought he might be hired to give bad reviews, then I realized that his wit and humor is far too inferior for that. On to the column....Oh My God, is this pathetic. Whoa is me, I'm so unhappy. He sounds like Kurdt Cobain on a good day. Wait a second! What the hell is he so upset about...HE'S A FUCKIN RICH BOY. He goes to Hampshire college in Amherst, THE upper crust school of the North East. Now I know that Mommy and Daddy are paying for this while he lives out his rock n' roll fantasies. I'll pass....no, I'll puke if I read this ever again. (ML)

Really, do yourselves a favor and get somebody who knows a little something about the music he's reviewing. There's no wonder he missed the mark on my band.....we're street rock & he's loaded! Fuck him! He should count his blessings that I haven't made a visit to his house yet.

Thank you,

A reader



Dear Punk Planet and Bob Conrad,

Thank you for your column in PP15 about using your brain. It's about time that somebody put to paper what I have been thinking for the last ten years.

When the American underground music scene was young, the members of it that I was friends with prided themselves on being different. It wasn't that they wanted to be different in the way they dressed, it was their brains that they boasted were different.

Coming of age in the midst of one of the most head-strong scenes in the world was a blessing on which I reflect with pride. The early DC scene was filled with people that knew what they wanted out of life and used their discontent to better existence. It was seen in the lyrics of Minor Threat, Marginal Man,

Void, Faith Government Issue, etc... It was also seen in the interviews that each band conducted. It was also seen in the way that the members of those bands lived. I knew a lot of those musicians and each had their own angle on life. In any conversation, the topic was usually political and very well thought out. It was great to be a young man who had been spoon fed Americanism via TV, Disneyland and schools, to hear that there was discontent among other young people. Until then I had the best opinion of America and of people. I had the innocent, flag-waving view of the country; blind faith. Had it not been for those interactions, I would not be who I am today.

My point is that the "grade school" mentality was reserved for everybody that was not into "punk." The punk was the visual threat, backed by the cerebral threat. The punk could read you from A to Z on why you shouldn't have the "grade-school" mentality.

I fear the day "punks" adopt the "grade-school" mentality, though I see evidence of it every time I read the major zines of the underground. This may be a result of what was mentioned as "diluting the pool." I'm not sure if that is the case, I would have to do a sociological study to determine that.

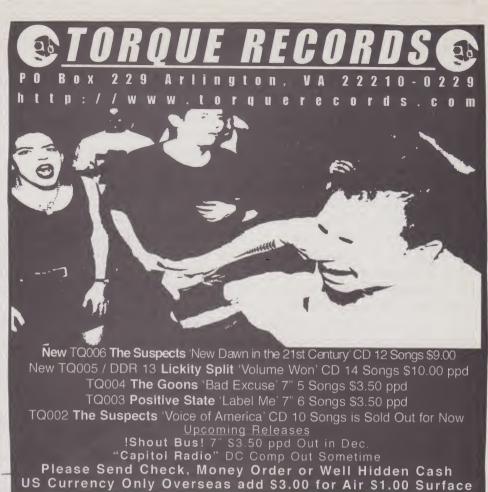
I also fear that no matter how hard the authors that write in today's zines try, they have already been "diluted." I feel that in the 1990's, the counter-culture participant is just an onlooker to history. The punks have joined the ranks of Greasers, Gangsters, Hippies, Grits and Jocks. They are a lifestyle that is not created from within, but chosen like a Halloween costume. Basically, been there, done that!

My challenge is that if you are so punk, then abandon the scene. The fact that the punk scene is so accepted makes it un-punk. Ravers are more underground than punks are. Deadheads are also, believe it or not. Take a lesson from skaters; if the skate spot is bunk, move on. If you're so punk, stop using the term "punk." Call it Junk Rock or Cock Rock or Crap Rock, empower yourselves by coining a new term. That would be the first step into the new millennium. Basically, countercultures have already existed. They come and go.

So, you are better off developing your brain then worrying about how punk you are.

John Sybert Eye 95 Records

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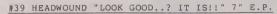












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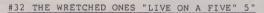
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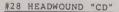
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This is my former roommate, Tracy, who wants to help out my little record label by offering up a full color naked photograph of herself with every purchase from Probe Records. If interested just mention this ad. If you prefer I can send photos of some ugly naked dudes instead and free stickers.

Death to False Metal! (Vol. 1) CD (\$8ppd) Punk bands salute '80s METAL! Venom, Priest, Metallica, Maiden, Dio and more! Bands include: Fuckface, Limecall, Rudiments, Hickey, Muscle Bitches, Lost Goat, Schlong, Your Mother, Lopez, Randy, Busrider, K.P.F., One Eye Open, K.P.F., One Eye Open, Slackjaw, Towel, Bar Feeders and Betty's Love Child. This is a highly satanic, maximum length CD.

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Probe Records are distributed by Rhetoric, Lumberjack, Beach, Blindspot, Surefire and Revolver as well as several small show and mailorder services. Contact Kris Rockass about low wholesale and consignment rates.

Mental Pigmies Whopper Breath split 7" (3ppd.) Whopper Breath do "Bitch" and "Big Ball of Fucking Shit". Mental Pygmies do "Slut" and "Good For Nothing Piece of Shit". AND there's a naked girl on the cover.



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Checks to Aaron Muentz. Probe Records, PO Box 5068 / Pleasanton, Ca. 94566 phone/fax (415) 957-9369





ive weeks ago today, I quit smoking cigarettes for the second time in the last five years.

I love cigarettes. I love the feeling of a full pack of smokes in my coat pocket, I love playing with fire, I love inhaling cigarette smoke. I always have a cigarette for anybody who needs one. Had. One friend named me "The Patron Saint Of Cigarettes." If you're worried that this column is going to bemoan the evils of tobacco smoke, fear not.

When I was eleven or twelve, a friend left a pack of Newports in my room. Prior to this, I had tried smoking a few times, never inhaling successfully. Of course I'd inhaled plenty of secondhand smoke in the back seat of my parents' car as a kid, while they both smoked like chimneys. But I'd hadn't yet mastered the art of inhaling deeply without coughing. I wasn't yet able to look cool smoking in public.

Newports suck. I still hate menthol. But I smoked enough of those Newports to be comfortable accepting, lighting, and smoking a cigarette in a group. I think I was still in grade school—looking cool in a group of older kids was supremely important.

Somewhere in the process of learning to smoke, I kind of fell in love with it. I don't know how long after my first real," completely inhaled cigarette it was that I scraped together sixty-eight cents (yes, I'm dating myself) and bought my own pack of cigarettes, but it was a monumental day for me. I skipped school, walked around smoking my cigarettes and felt like a million bucks.

Whenever I reflect on that time I tell myself that I looked older than I was, blah blah blah. But I think I'm probably stretching it. I probably just looked like a 12-year-old with a mile-high attitude. Smoking, I thought, made me look like an adult. And that, ultimately, ruled. Being 12 or 13 and smoking a cigarette walking down the street was also a way of identifying yourself as one of the "bad" people. If you smoked in public like you'd been doing it all your life, you sent a message that you were no longer a child, that you didn't care who saw you or what they thought of you.

For a few years, I loved smoking, but I could take it or leave it. Having my own pack was a special treat. I could hand them out to younger kids and watch them squirm, the way older kids had done with me. They'd try to be cool and accept a cigarette casually, as if they'd been smoking since birth, and stifle the coughs in their throat, the way I had done. I used to love to smoke a lot of pot and then just sit around listen to records and smoke cigarettes—it made my lungs ache but something about it was totally satisfying.

Here's what I remember about becoming addicted: I was hitchhiking, it turned out to be kind of an extended pilgrimage (as opposed to a one or two day jaunt into the next state). I was fourteen or fifteen. I ended up in a semi-truck headed westward across the vast expanse that is the American Middle West (where I now, somewhat unhappily, reside).

I'm going to digress for a moment and say a word or two about truckers—I did a lot of hitchhiking in my youth, and as far as fear of harassment or murder or what have you, I had much less trouble with truckers than I did with the average Joe-blow car-driver type of person. Not only that, but truckers could take you long distances, and then hook you up with other rides on the CB. Plus, truckers were great for incognito because they travel in a separate universe from everybody else. Nobody is going to find you in a truck. Truckers are often just really lonely and happy for the company—and I mean just that. Company. No sex, no talking, even. Just someone to sit there so they don't go crazy.

Anyway, about the cigarettes. I got a ride with this little old trucker (this is not a euphemism—I mean he was little and he was old) and I ran out of smokes. This little old guy pulled over into a truck stop without a word, went inside, and came back out with two cartons of cigarettes, one Camel straight (for him) and one Camel filter. Not a word. He just handed me this carton as if it were my birthright. I was really addicted to cigarettes by the time that trip ended. But if it didn't happen then, it would have happened soon after.

I smoked at least a pack a day from then on. For several years, I smoked Camel straights; then I got bronchitis and I went back to filters. Before I quit four years ago, I was smoking a pack and a half to two packs a day—I'd smoke from the minute I opened my eyes in the morning until I closed them at night. Life got very uncomfortable if I was in a situation that limited my smoking. Even though I hated being a slave to the addiction, I always loved to smoke. I was the kind of person who swore I would never quit, who was always smoking in photographs, who always had a spare pack of cigarettes, who nobody could imagine not smoking.

About four years ago, it took a cancer scare to get me to quit (I'm fine—it was just a scare). Quitting was a miserable experience for me and everyone around me. Physically, I started feeling better almost immediately. But I was homicidal for weeks. Pretty much anything that came into my head, I'd say it. If something pissed me off, I couldn't just go smoke a cigarette, and I had no fucking clue what to do instead. I was crying over cat food commercials. I know there are people who would dispute that nicotine is really a drug. If you smoke moderately, it probably doesn't affect you very much. But if you smoke like I did, believe me, you feel it when you stop.

Fast forward three years. I'm going to work one day...the job was



in the East 40s. It was a matter of a simple subway ride from West 44th street. I left my apartment kind of choked up—I was in the process of breaking up with my boyfriend of several years and I was a bit of a wreck. As I walked to the train station, it became clear that I wasn't going to stop crying. I don't cry very often. Maybe that's why I can't stop once I start. Anyway, there I was, all done up in my execu-drag, and I couldn't go down into the subway because I was weeping uncontrollably and I didn't want to take off my shades. I walked east on 42nd street from 9th Avenue, listening to some fucking pathetic thing on my walkman, who knows what, and I could have gotten on the train at 5th Avenue. But no. I hadn't stopped crying yet. Finally I reached my destination: Lexington Avenue. I was already late for work and I still couldn't stop crying. I was standing outside Grand Central Station with no idea what to do with myself, looking at my watch every two seconds, when it occurred to me that I could buy a pack of cigarettes.

I went into GCS, bought a pack of Camel Filters, went outside and lit one. I had heard all these stories about people quitting smoking for years and then having a cigarette and getting dizzy and feeling sick and being disgusted by the taste. I was ready for anything. That cigarette was fucking great. It tasted good, I enjoyed the hell out of it, and it straightened me right out so I could go to work.

Of course I thought I could just smoke one or two a day. Within two weeks I was doing a pack a day again. I'll never be a moderate smoker. If I thought I could be, I'd smoke.

Anyway, I smoked for about six months and then I quit again a little over a month ago. Why? The immediate, concrete reasons are as follows: because I'm living in Iowa where it's 40 fucking below in the winter and I can't smoke in the university theater building, which is where I spend 90% of my time. Because I smoke too much, and it makes me feel lousy. It's expensive. It's probably bad for my cat. More abstractly, I feel like I've used up about 7.5 of my 9 lives and I kind of don't want to fuck around anymore.

However, I don't tell other people that they should quit, too. And I don't go on and on about the evils of the tobacco companies because I think all American consumers are funding heinous corporate crime; Just about nobody has a right to stand on a soapbox when it comes to corporate dollars. I let people smoke in my apartment. I have never uttered the words "You should quit smoking," even if the smoker in question is pregnant and/or hacking their lungs out in my kitchen. But when someone really wants to quit, boy can I sympathize. Quitting sucks. But as long as I think smoking sucks just a little bit more, I won't smoke. If anyone's quitting smoking and they want to Email me, feel free.

Three To Six Inches (a band I drooled over in my last column—great female lead vocals, excellent originals, must be seen) has their new CD out, called As Long As I Don't. If you live in the NYC area, check them out. If not, you can get their CD. Email woodley@rci.rutgers.edu. I can't say enough for these guys...they're not godless rich kids, they're regular people and they've earned everything they have. They have a great sound and wonderful presence and I think (I hope) they're starting to get a little recognition. See them now, or you'll end up seeing them sur-

rounded by a sea of suburban teenagers at Roseland. Now is better.

Violation Fez #6 is waaay behind schedule. There is still time to submit! The topic is religion. A few copies of #5 are still available—if you send me \$1 (or your zine) I promise I'll send you some issue or another (they're not time sensitive—they have a long shelf life). Thanks to all of you who have written. I'm still using my NY PO box: PO Box 2228, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10108. LEAHzz@aol.com



he truth of the matter is that we're all trying to connect ourselves to something larger.

Or at least I am.

I find myself worried that I'm not making an impact on the world around me, that if I were to die tomorrow, the world would not be much affected by my absence. Of course, this kind of self-pitying crap is just the sort of thing that gets my dander up in others (not that my dander is much of a problem, but that's another column...).

When I see my friends bemoaning their situation, feeling adrift in the world, the solutions to their problems seem so abundantly clear: GET OFF YOUR ASS AND DO SOMETHING. Of course, my advice for others often falls on deaf ears when I turn to deliver that same speech to myself. I'm not much for taking the good advice I give to my friends.

This brings us to welfare reform. Yeah, I know, I got there by a pretty circular route, but, as my ex-girlfriends know, I was never one for transitions.

Welfare reform is the giant superego of the nation turning to those who are adnft in the world, and saying to them GET OVER IT AND GET A JOB. Which is a nice thought, of course, but assumes several things, most importantly, it assumes that the people at issue have the education or skills to get a job. Earlier in the century it was easy for an immigrant with no visible skills to get a decent-paying, blue collar job where he could eventually pull himself and his family into the middle class. Those heavy industry jobs began their slow disappearing act at just the same time that the welfare system began to roll in the mid-sixties. Now, people with no skills can either get incredibly low paying jobs (minimum wage-which is not enough to support a family) or they can go on welfare, with no incentive to get off. Since the educational system we have doesn't bother to teach vocational skills to those who aren't college bound (like, say, Germany) kids graduate from high school (or drop out) and have nowhere to go except into flipping burgers or welfare. When welfare is pulled away, these folks (many of them 20 year-old women with a child or two) will be thrown into poverty.

Now, according to market theory these folks will either adapt and pull themselves out of the gutter, or they will remain in the permanent underclass, where they are already anyway—just in a lower circle of economic survival. Under this theory, at least a few people will be driven up into the working classes, and the rest —well, at least we won't be paying to keep them in the permanent, needy underclass, where they are right now under any circumstance.

This theory is not without its merits, though the anti-humanist tone is somewhat jarring, and reeks of the sort of social Darwinism that was so popular among the ruling classes in late 19th century England ("Hey, we're rich, we're English—why isn't the rest of the world rich and English? It must be THEIR fault. Hey, its survival of the fittest, and we're clearly fittest, even though we inherited our money through an iron-clad class system. Oh, but who cares. Let's colonize them anyway and teach them a thing or two about civilization...") Many people, if kicked off welfare, will get jobs and improve their lot in life. Many will have their lives (and their children's lives) made considerably worse. Some people (according to some studies I've read) will starve to death Of course, the system we have right now is totally inadequate, too. The choice is a Hobson's choice—which is no choice at all.

So is there a better solution? Of course, but it costs more money, and these days that's a no-no in official circles. I've always had a somewhat libertarian bent, but I realize that if the world is going to get off its addiction to government, it can't be kicked off cold turkey. Communities are not in any kind of condition to handle the dislocations that come with a sudden, total disengagement. Instead, small businesses (which are desperately looking for people who aren't total morons) should get tax credits for training high school kids. High schools should begin teaching real life skills to the (vast) majority of students who will not be going to college.

But this brings me back to my original thesis, which is that everyone is looking to be a part of something greater.

WARNING: Trite, platitudinous sounding paragraph follows. Read at your own risk.

The only real way to make stuff like, oh, reforming the welfare system work is that everyone really acquire a kind of communal spirit, and then channel that spirit, through the rest of their lives, into something positive. One of the reasons why welfare is so necessary these days is that communities no longer care for people when they fall through the cracks. I was reading recently about a bunch of punks living on the street in New York, living purposeless lives, shooting smack and panhandling on the streets, proudly showing off their 'hawks. Many of them came from middle class families themselves, some of them from actively wealthy families. And they did nothing, they were a complete fucking waste.

If you think the world sucks—and by the way it does—then do something about it. STOP YOUR FUCKING WHINING.

Whoops, did I just do that? Did I lecture you? Did I tell you what to do — like a total authoritarian bastard?

Yep, looks like I did.



#### Hair of the Dog That Bit Me.

've never had a hangover before. Twenty four years and this is the first time I've fucked myself into the next morning. Six white russians later, I'm collapsing into bed, only to next hear my roommates firing up the popcorn machine just outside my door. I awaken a few hours later with a mouth like a paper towel and a throat that's turned inside out. I swallow a pint of water from the bottle beside my bed.

In the morning, I rise and feel myself immediately sliding downhill into the arena of the unwell. I can't fully open my eyes. I'm glad that the day is overcast as I pull on some clothes and feel the cold of my room sinking heavily into my bones. I vaguely recall brushing my teeth before going to bed, so that I wouldn't have to wake up and run my tongue over a layer of wet moss. I feel like I've been awake for days. It's like jetlag. Walking to work, I feel a headache germinating in a small space just above my left eyebrow.

I'm small, weighing just over a hundred pounds. Two drinks and I'm dizzy, six drinks and I'm done. I'm the type of drunk who giggles and raises her voice a wee bit. I become hopelessly unbalanced, and naturally, I abandon all inhibitions and conspire to kiss every boy in the room that I've ever been even remotely attracted to. Of course I only get away with this type of behavior on new year's eve, right around midnight.

There's a reason that I only drink a half-dozen times each year. There is a long line of alcoholism in my family. I've never had a grand-mother, as they both died from drink long before I was born, along with the grandfather on my dad's side. My mother's father has managed to somehow hang on, wasting away from the inside, pouring his first drink sometime before noon each day.

For my first twenty-one years, I didn't drink at all. "Straight-Edge" meant nothing to me; I made an independent decision not to drink long before I was exposed to hardcore. But in the last three years, since moving to California coincidentally, I've occasionally had a glass of wine, sometimes even more. It affects me almost instantly, I am buzzed after half a drink. It's because of the infrequency of my drinking, as well as my size.

After last night, I've had to confront this, think it over. I like to have fun. I don't like to feel like shit. I don't like to be out of control. I don't need to drink to have fun. I am genetically predisposed to alcoholism. It is still fairly easy for me to stop drinking after I start. Isn't it? I don't know if I want to find out anymore. I found my limit, I crossed it, I could barely walk to the bathroom. All I could feel were my eyeballs sliding

Columns

back and forth in my head, watching the floor rock like the deck of a sailboat. I kept grasping for hold, looking in vain for a toehold on my equilibrium. My body took its revenge in the morning.

It's become too easy for me to get drunk. I'm back on the wagon.

#### Things That Started With "C" in 1996.

Cabs: Dan Sinker and I took a cab to Epicenter from Mordam and wrote it off as a "business expense." Tee hee! Robyn and I took a heated cab to the BART station from North Beach after the Pulp show in May. Taking taxis is one of life's luxuries to me. I especially love to hail cabs, by whistling loudly and sticking my finger in the air like the people in the movies who live in New York.

California: Where I live. I was however, born and raised in Seattle. Lately I've been fantasizing about going back to the northwest. Something about the low cost of living, nice cloudy skies, fresh air. It seems like people usually loathe the place where they grew up. Of course, a lot of them grew up in places like Concord, California.

**Car**: I had one of these in the beginning of 1996. At the end of the year, I no longer had one of these. Long story. Not my fault.

Cassettes: Since my record player stopped working properly and I don't own a CD player, I devoted my listening pleasure to cassettes almost exclusively last year. This way, I can also walk around all the live long day with my walkman, my many compilation tapes blasting through my skull. I love making tapes. Ask anyone I've ever made a tape for; I usually go totally overboard in terms of precise editing and smart-looking jackets.

Cathode Ray: (a vacuum tube in which a beam of electrons is projected on a fluorescent screen to produce a luminous spot) Probably why my spots look so luminous under fluorescent lighting. By the way, teen readers, especially of the female variety, acne never goes away. Have a nice life.

Chips: This is what fries are called in Britain. While in London, I usually went into the chip shop (which was actually a Chinese takeaway) on the way back from the pub. Oh, and one weird thing I noticed about Chinese take-out places in England; they resemble post offices. You go in, there is a sterile lobby with chairs and magazines, you order at a small window and wait for your food. Looks nothing like a restaurant at all. That's cos it's not. And they always have chips. The greasiest chips on the planet, which are wrapped in newspaper and carried back to the flat in time to watch the Chris Evans show on Friday night.

Cinema: Some of the best films of 1996 were: Trainspotting, Secrets and Lies, The Young Poisoner's Handbook, Hype, Romeo & Juliet, Trees Lounge, Fargo, Welcome to the Dollhouse, Cold Fever, and Shine. Watch how many of them get nominated for Oscars. Well, apart from The English Patient, which I also liked.

Climate: It was too bloody hot in the summer, and the summer lasted way too long by half. Of course, I am the type of person who gets too hot or too cold far too easily. I imagine I'll be pretty annoying when I'm seventy and have nothing better to do than complain about the temperature.

Coffee: I fucking love coffee. Of course it follows that in 1996 I decided to quit drinking coffee. About ten times. Each instance, I went

about five or six days, then buckled. Interestingly, I'm not one of those people who drinks a pot a day. Just one cup, cream and sugar (wimp!). Just enough to keep me addicted. Another reason to stay away from alcohol on a regular basis.

Common People: Top fucking song. Pulp. Absolutely fuss free!

**Croissant:** You've never actually eaten one of these until you have been to France. Isn't that annoying, when people who have been to Europe are always saying how everything is so much better/purer/more real there? I used to hate that. Until I went there and decided that they had been right all along. Ha.

**Crushes:** As usual, a total bust in 1996, every one of my crushes fell through or I just lost interest. Being the single young lass that I am, I probably fancied a half dozen lads over the last twelve months, only to be rebuked or mournfully disappointed. It's not so bad. I don't care about getting laid anyway (lie)!! I'd rather have no sex at all than the lousy effort put forth by my last boyfriend! Crushes are meant to crush you, aren't they?

#### **Endnotes**

Dan Sinker's a fuckup and typed in the address for Little Spanner 'zine wrong in my list of top fives last issue. Here's the real address: Little Spanner PO Box HP 87 Leeds LS6 1YE England \$1.00 or £1.00 postpaid.

I'd like to take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge and thank the people who took the time to respond to my column in issue 15. You letters were appreciated more than you know. Anyone who wants to write, I can be contacted at PO Box 989, Berkeley, CA, 94701. Most of the time, I do write back. I value any feedback you might want to throw my way. Cheers.



rne informed me that I'm really good at slagging punk in my writing but suggests other topics are in order. I was edging toward another stoner column but we figured that would discredit me even further in the eyes of our straight and alert brethren out there in punkdom. I've been trying to come up with ideas, but nothing's inspired me lately. In fact, quite the opposite. Doing record reviews inspired me NOT to do them. Instead, I've decided to focus on other writing projects I can devote time and research on. The resulting work will most likely make a lot of people very upset. Now I truly have something to look forward to. Problem solved, see? No

www.reckid wewwues, spend time writing stuff that will make people unhappy = inspiration.

I'll admit it. The gonzo `get stoned/drunk/etc. and write about your experiences 'journalism thing has been done more than once. Aaron Probe has taken it to another level, which is duly noted and appreciated, but magazines like Flipside tend to bring literary standards down to gutter levels. No, I'm not going to listen to debates insisting that's where punk belongs, three steps above vaginal, prick and ass refuse, only to say that if I had any control over others' aesthetic standards, things would be much different in the world.

In all seriousness, I have been undergoing some kind of a spiritual transformation in the latest stages of my life. Many events have influenced my personal change of heart, most negative, some inspirational. After facing a destitute future by the end of summer, I was forced to fork over a lot of money to relocate myself and my possessions, a move I'm still paying off on credit. On top of that, a group of distributors took liberties to pay me months after months late causing further financial stress. I eventually buckled and began working full-time again, and with an increasingly depressed outlook on life, went back into therapy again as well. I'm not uncomfortable admitting that I'm occasionally faced with mental states too out of control for myself to handle. Instead of making this a burden to those around me, which most people tend to do, I sought out other guidance.

I'm not suicidal but I'm not opposed to suicide as a personal choice; if anything, I'd encourage more suicides in the world. For me, I'd felt more mentally defeated than I had in a long time, and in many ways still do. It's been a period of welcomed solitude where my work and a few friends are my only solace. Though it might sound negative, as I'm often accused of being, this period is quite healthy for me. In many ways, the most stress-ridden, sad times of my life have been when I've accomplished some of my best goals. There're many obstacles I'll be facing for uncertain amounts of time, and it's hard not to feel overwhelmed, but I don't view depression as suffering.

I look at depression as a time for serious work to be done, the kind of work many feel uncomfortable touching upon. In depression events are interpreted with pure senses which happy mental states, tossing aside all objectivity, tend to overlook. I'm real in my depression, despite feeling at complete and total odds with most of what's happening in my life. I view depression as a necessary element of life that many of the best artists have had to endure.

I've been diagnosed as having constant low-level depression, something that's been with me for as long as I can remember. When it gets as deep as it is now, when I'm overwhelmed with feelings of anxiety and powerlessness, simple tasks are difficult. At the same increasingly disturbing time, I am at least in a state of contentment, knowing if nothing else that I don't have to worry if tomorrow's going to suck. I already expect it.

#### A Few Matters of Concern

You know what's bullshit? The concept of empowerment is becoming an increasingly embarrassing topic to view being tossed around.

Empowerment is for college-level feminists, their macho boyfriends and emo punks, to embrace as a feel-good trip. Empowerment is for people who can afford it, for people who "empower" themselves because it's fashionable. I get particularly bewildered when I see the word used in punk land as if it's the new positive incentive for change. Here and now, let's set up some limits: empowerment is for fashion, something adopted by choice; doing something for yourself because there's no viable alternative, as punk's early history reflects, is not empowerment. Punk feminists claim to do things themselves, like their own fanzines, but there's truly very few people who can claim to be 100 percent D.I.Y. Show me a punk feminist who claims she empowered herself to create her own zine, and I'll show you a bunch of MEN who labored to make sure the broad had paper to print onto, MEN who print/copy the zine (or configure the means to do so) and MEN who take a large part of keeping this world turning. Though the hard-line feminist agenda may not like it, men and women do actually co-exist in more ways than hard-liners would like to think. Men just don't need "empowerment" to get things done for themselves. Unless they listen to Bikini Kill, Empowerment is for people who need something to cling onto when they're too uncomfortable with other social religions.

You know what else is bullshit that I've been reading in fanzines? Pathetic idealism. Belief in the notion that the world—and its people—will improve its existence through hard work by punk activists. Bull fucking shit. People have not changed the world for the better. The only reason the world is NOTICEABLY turning to shit is because THERE'S MORE FUCKING PEOPLE. Get rid of the people, and problems will quickly go away. Start with the naive for blinding themselves to what's in front of their faces. Hint: they either come from stable, affluent backgrounds, or they're really stupid and somehow gravitated toward punk rock to ultimately discredit it.

Speaking of educating yourself, apparently unlike most concerned for an animal's welfare, I actually did some research on what kind of diet is healthy for the human body. Instead of looking toward vegan propaganda (that includes the vegan bible Diet For a New America) and other vegans, I looked toward a relatively unbiased study about what humans should be eating and why. While nutrition is a highly debated topic, I leaned toward the least dogmatic sources I could find, something that wasn't propagandist, i.e. absent of the fundamentalist moral callings espoused by so many vegan/vegetarians.

I'm now convinced a vegan diet—and many vegetarian diets—are not healthy. Such diets can be extremely unhealthy for you if you don't know what you're eating and why. Since humans are OMNIvores (is this point even arguable?), our bodies best react to eating vegetables AND meat. Eating a protein deficient diet can be deadly. After consuming mostly carbohydrates from a vege/vegan diet low in protein, the body will eventually seek other sources of protein, beginning with the liver, muscles and heart. While it's possible to get adequate amounts of protein from a vegetarian and even vegan diet, there is a good reason so many vegans have pasty looking faces and resemble the living dead: lack of protein. The best kinds of protein are not found in vegetables, grains or nuts, but instead are found in fish and poultry. Another ideal

source is from whey, a dairy by-product. Nature's protein reserves—sentient beings—convince me vegan/vegetarian diets are not beneficial for the human body.

Nature provides for us the means for meat in our diet. Meat eating diets for most people are the kinds of diets the human body best reacts to hormonally. If killing an animal to be healthy is anything more than just an extension of the natural food chain, I guess these diet propagandists most know something I don't. Furthermore, if eating a morally-correct (non-meat) diet is so good for you, and these people are so compassionate, why are they always such assholes when their views are out-argued? Eating meat or consuming animal by-products is no more cruel than a lion preying on elk. Human history has shown that humans are an extension of the food chain, just as other animals eat the diets their bodies need to survive. The vegan/vegetarian view is culturally imperialistic: it presumes that using an animal for consumption is fundamentally wrong and that all life is equal. Such an assumption ignores the reality of degrees of fairness. It may be unfair for a rabbit to be killed and eaten by a coyote; unfortunately, that's the way the world turns. For good reason. If anything, cultures throughout history have lived healthily more from meat-eating diets, such as cultures that subsist off only seal for instance, than vegetarian diets.

Nobody should feel guilt about playing their role in nature. From a respectful position, honoring what that role is and what sacrifices of life are necessary to further life, consuming meat is not something to be viewed as cruel. If others want to disavow what nature provides for them, that's fine. There's nothing inherently wrong about doing so, but presupposing a higher state of morality would at best put them in line with the naive.

Brandon from Hawaii's power-goof trio, Grapefruit, has a good take on this subject. He says "if meat is murder, meatless meat is at least manslaughter." Brandon has an all meat/junk food diet, enough hyperactive energy for three humans, and the smile wrinkles of somebody in their 40s. And Brandon's only 19.

#### **Recommended Reading**

Two books have had a profound impact on me. Thanks to Dennis Lannigan for recommending Ishmael by Daniel Quinn. Ishmael, while thoughtful and meditative, is the beginning of an intellectual journey to save the world. With a frightfully sound approach, Quinn exposes an accurate understanding of how the world has come to be how it is, views somewhat at odds with my simplistic anti-human rant paragraphs earlier. Even better is Quinn's extension work, his recent book The Story of B, which is better than Ishmael in all regards: it's suspenseful, more realistic, practical and the evidence is tough to ignore. Ouinn as a philosopher has figured out so much it's almost scary. I won't cite specifics. My second reading of B made it clear that the world is not prepared for either book, and in all likelihood will reject it on many levels. So I recommend both books selectively, to people who are capable of understanding the possible implications of either book and who will grant Quinn's views respect. I mention the books here only as words to the wise.

Most people should be able to go out of their way to read Leslie Marmon Silko's Almanac of The Dead. Here's another author who has a frightfully accurate grasp of what's going on in the world today, and even crosses paths with Quinn in terms of the cultural implications of the messages conveyed and what possibilities exist from the knowledge both writers possess. Quinn and Silko's knowledge stems deep from within the cultures of the Old World I mentioned in passing a few issues ago, which is the logical foundation to examining current social strife and why things happen in the way that they do.

There's no lack of worthwhile information to be consumed by eager students of knowledge. In most cases, it's merely a matter of taking the time to seek out important insights.

As far as publications go, if you can track down any issue of *The Baffler* there's some more good reading for you. Some dink once refuted *The Baffler*'s literary merit by saying its "big words" are alienating. No shit. Never mind this person's own responsibility as a human to be at least partially educated; and never mind the obvious, that you can always have a dictionary handy in case those "big" thoughts slip by the feeble gulliver.

The new issue of *The Match* is out, so there's another lead for you. Also pick up issues of *Alternative Press Review* for a "best of the best"-type selection of reprints from some of the better small-press periodicals out there (including *The Match*, *The Baffler*, words from Noam Chomsky and more).

In general, you'll want to avoid MOST punk fanzines if you're at all serious about educating yourself.

#### **Recommended Listening**

I'm not into top-10 music lists. During the course of the year my music entertainment varies usually from one CD to another. I liked Dan's letting us express our interests in a top-5 list in the last issue, but I could've greatly expanded on my selections with equal favor to the bands I did list.

I do think Superchunk should've been at the top. Even though "Here's Where the Strings Come In" was released in late `95, it's impression continues to last, and probably will through `97, which automatically puts it at top billing.

Aside from Superchunk, all the other bands listed and more could've fallen next to each other in the number two slot. Red Rocket is a great newer band from the Northwest, I'm not sure where exactly, but they're into Superchunk and Face2Face, as their insert photos show. Get their CD from Excursion Records.

A band called Tinkle from the DC area could've made my list too. I gave them a less than overwhelmingly positive review an issue or two ago. While my criticisms of them (their name, for example) are still valid, my gripes are less important than the fact that their CD has been in my player constantly. Sicko is an obvious influence, but they don't sound much like them, just a little bit. Their CD is self-released, a tactic I recommend for all bands who send demos to labels looking to get exposure. Do a few 7-inches on your own or on a friend's label and THEN do your own CD. If your band's career has floundered by this point, take

the hint and realize it just wasn't meant to be. Even doing it yourself can gain you notoriety, if that's important to you (most bands think it is even if they don't feel comfortable admitting it), and if your band is noteworthy enough. I think Tickle will do well as they become more refined as a band. They're off to a great start.

Underhand has by the time you read this put out two great singles on Mutant Pop. Underhand is now "Arne from Zoinks!" OTHER band" [my emphasis] even though they came to fruition probably around the same time Zoinks! did, and well before Arne joined Zoinks!. But Tim Mutant Pop has a way of hyping things for his benefit. In fact, I've learned, by mistake, that any time you've got information the rest of the world needs to know, Tim's the man to carry out the deed. As Mutant Pop is now Information Central, you can carry on this discussion by directing your cursor to mutantpop@aol.com. Tim's a good egg. He has to be—he smokes pot all the time. Mutant Pop has also been host to a whole slew of bands. See the full-page ad somewhere this issue (maybe) (probably). Not sure about the entirety of his back-catalog, but it's good bet about half of his list is good for your measly money. Underhand will have a new 7-inch on Second Guess some time before the end of the millennium.

My comments about Discount pretty much stand. I'm happy to see them getting the attention they deserve, but their efforts will be better conveyed when they stop looking toward the East Bay for influence. Florida has a scene ten times better than what's currently plodding along in Berkeley.

My Pal Trigger deserves more mention. Also from Florida, they're on the moody, dark side of the pop spectrum. They could easily play a show with Underhand, Superchunk and Red Rocket and be in the middle of a fine bill. Work on a Second Guess release is in progress, but check out their 7-inch on Mighty Idy in the meantime. They'll be touring hopefully this summer.

Another band I should write about again is The Invalids. People are wondering what's going on with them, and I'm not quite so sure myself, but all signs point toward them breaking up.

Even though the bands mentioned have been mostly obscure, I have been listening to some of the more popular releases this year as well. Screeching Weasel's Fat debut is pretty much what you'd expect. The Snuff 'and Good Riddance CDs scored points as well. Scared of Chaka's new CD on eMpTy is another winner. MR&R appears to have officially endorsed S.O.C. and other garage-styled favorites, so I guess my mention here will have about nil impact—comparativly—on them getting widely popular. I'm not at all a fan of garage punk, though I appreciate its contribution to music.

ManDingo released another good album this summer. While probably one of the more underrated releases this year, I'm easily fitting it in with my top CDs. Try Dr. Strange for that one.

The new Trusty CD on Dischord is pretty swell too. It doesn't reach the heights of their last one, which is another underrated release, but it's light years ahead of most pop records coming out.

There're probably many more I could list here if my memory was-

n't failing me now. While I listen to a decent amount of music each day, individual bands become less important to me than they may have been in the past. I barely go to shows anymore. Although, worthwhile live bands include: Boris The Sprinkler, Jon Cougar Concentration Camp (especially in Elgin, III.) and Grapefruit. For most bands I see, the live experience lost its appeal after seeing countless crummy bands (and audiences) all over the country for the past couple years.

#### **Final Note**

I've been fairly impressed with recent issues of *Punk Planet*. *Punk Planet* seems to get a healthy amount of negative publicity in the punk press. I find most of the criticisms to be aesthetic based, rarely focusing on content. Maybe reviewers don't actually READ the magazine, or maybe they're blind to their own zine's ineptness. In any case, there is some quality writing and insightful comment in *Punk Planet*. If I thought otherwise, I wouldn't be writing this column. Here and now, we should all commend Danny Stinker for putting out a quality mag. Next time we get high together, Dan, the treat's all mine.



ecently I have been thinking about all these nebulous ideas that have to do with society, paradigms, etc. and am going to attempt to put some of them to words in the limited space I have here. A while back, I read a book entitled Four Arguments For the Elimination of Television by Jerry Mander which has inspired me to write about these matters.

I am coming to believe that I am not and never have been an individual. From the time I was born, I have been inundated with attitudes and ideas by the media and people who had already been molded by mainstream society. I led a fairly normal childhood—played with the neighborhood kids, wanted to be popular, started wearing makeup in grade school, started dressing sort of skimpy to get guys in junior high (not that it worked). Then in 8th grade, I became a rebel without a cause. I hated my parents, started wearing all black and listening to punk, started smoking, hung around doing nothing with my fucked up friends, and started having promiscuous sex. I had no idea what the fuck I was doing but it felt good to be stupid and young and belligerent to everybody.

I sort of calmed down a little in high school and pretty much coasted through life having dull experiences and never really thought about anything important or relevant though I'm sure I thought I was super mature and intelligent. The first two years of college were pret-

ty much the same. Now here I am, scrambling around in school, missing or being late for work, taping TV Nation every night, always mailing my columns and reviews in the nick of time (or late) and wondering where the time is going. I can't believe it's December already—just yesterday I remember telling someone I was dressed as a piece of shit for Halloween and him raising his eyebrows at me. What have I done since then? I don't know. I've done a lot of 'things' but haven't accomplished anything. Maybe I've studied for a quiz or two, done laundry, sold someone a computer. Hey, maybe I've even showered a couple times.

Actually, in that time, I've done a shitload of thinking. Being in a conservative zombie campus town is really starting to sicken me. I rarely go out any more—just to shows mostly—and have had many great abstract philosophical and personal talks with my roommate Andy. The general theme that stimulates my thoughts and serious conversations is how to identify and question the paradigms that I, and everyone else in this country, accept unconsciously as truth, as the way things just are.

Sometime after my senior year of high school, I had to pick up one of my boyfriend-at-the-time's friends from Greyhound. I didn't have time to put any makeup on before I left so I just drove to Chicago, face unpainted. In the half hour drive, I asked myself why I even wore makeup and couldn't think of a decent answer so I just stopped wearing it. No more worrying about the rain, no more freshening up sessions after a meal, no more smeary stuff after sex. I didn't really look or feel any different. For someone who barely showered, it seemed ridiculous to take the time to put on makeup anyway.

But even for girls who do shower, I can't understand why makeup is still worn. It is so fucking archaic to paint your face up to look artificially attractive or to look professional. This may seem like a stupid point to be harping on but it is just one example of the many rituals that so many people take part in but never really think about. I'm sure that most girls do not wear makeup because they consciously think they'll have a better chance of getting a guy. They probably just do it because that's what they've always done and what everybody else does and it's a habit. Granted, sometimes makeup is fun when a guy wears it or if it's done obviously for some other purpose but otherwise it is an age old tradition for women to look more appealing and it is ridiculous. I've worn makeup a few times this year when I've gone to these "formal" parties some of my friends have had and probably would have curled my hair if I had any, just to knock myself out and dress and look in a way I normally don't (sort of like going to a costume party). I swear, the only times I've been hit on this year were at those parties when I'm all dressed up and wearing makeup like a painted hussy. I'll skip the obvious message this sends to me about our society.

I'm not saying I'm going to start some kind of feminist revolution and encourage women all over the world to put down their mascara wands and lip liners and soon they'll automatically feel powerful and break free from the shackles of this patriarchical society. I'm just saying that it was a personal decision to stop wearing makeup and it is one of the ways I try to combat the power and influence societal conventions

have on my thinking, attitude, and actions.

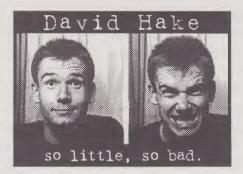
That is one minute example but there are other ways that I am trying to open my eyes about my identity and how much control I actually have over it. For example, I have recently come to the conclusion that I do not believe in true love—an idea I have always held on to (sometimes desperately) in looking toward the future. I believe true love to be a fabrication of the media. Just like the American dream is dangled in front of us like a carrot on a string, giving us false hopes, so is true love. I'm not trying to change anyone's idea of love (why do I keep explaining myself?) or to tell everyone to ditch their dreams and live a lonely, embittered existence. I just think that the only reason I believed in it before is because it is one of the many myths that have been created by society that I bought into because that is what I had been taught all of my life and there was never any obvious reason to question it.

I have accepted the fact that I am mainly made up by society in countless subtle ways. I probably give less of a shit what people think about me than others do, but I do still care to a certain extent. I still date pretty boys who fuck me over, even though I detest the fact that males only seem to like ditsy, feminine girls and females only seem to like immature assholes. I drive my car more than I should because I'm always running around trying to save time even though I usually don't accomplish much of anything. I'm in college and I worry about getting a good job so I don't have to think about money all the time. I think about money all the time. I hate these and other aspects about myself that have been programmed into my mind but I'm trying to fight them. I'm sure it is going to be a lifelong struggle and every day I'm going to discover something about myself that isn't really me but society's mandate.

One negative part of this constant questioning is that I've become overly critical of and disgusted by people around me and I feel like an elitist. Oh, that girl is wearing makeup; oh, that guy is wearing a tight shirt that shows off his muscles; oh, that girl is dating a macho jerk; oh, that guy gets drunk every time he's depressed. Who am I really to judge? On one hand, I can't help but not respect people who don't question traditions and paradigms but on the other, can anyone really be blamed for being a pawn of society? That's a question that really has no answer.

One constant source of frustration to me is that even though I am thinking about these ideas almost all of the time, my life hasn't really changed at all. I'm still filling my days doing worthless tasks, driving my car too much, saying "like", smoking too many cigarettes, and procrastinating on everything and anything. I still look twice at males that I think are attractive. I still try to justify stupid shit that I do that I know isn't right. Here are some common excuses for me: at least I'm aware of society's effects on me; at least I'm not a directionless rebel or passive pseudointellectual like I was in middle and high school; at least I'm trying to cast off society's mold. Right?

Shit, I could write an entire book on this subject and go into billions of grueling and nit picky details but I'll spare you. Any thoughts? Write to: k-bae@students.uiuc.edu or 812 W. Illinois St. \* Urbana, IL 61801



es sir, cold Minnesotan winters sure are inspirational. I'm getting a car. As my friend Kerry calls it, a Long Island gangster car. The copper Chrysler chassis has a new kind of Hake written all over it. I see cold evening soirée, where the hot breath is quickly chilled in a foggy outburst from our heated mouths, I see interesting vistas in the Minnesotan outback, where the Midwestern romance plays itself out day after day, and so much more. There is something serene in the act of driving. It's one of the rarer moments where the pace of constant movement doesn't relent, it just keeps on driving. It's for this reason, and for many others, that the automobile and the voice of the famous dirty deed (hence called rock n' roll), go hand in hand as possibly vacuous commodities on the one hand, or liberating staples of life on the other. These are the things in the progress of existence which gives us the illusion of movement. You can listen to a tape over and over again, but once you put it against the backdrop of the open road, something new is happening, the old scenery has passed by the side of the road. I don't care what political ideologues have to say, one kiss can put the whole fucking winter away, who would've thought such a petulant pout could have the power to do that?

I'm a dodgy character, a reckless driver, and a compulsive personality. I've got a mother with a control complex, I've got an appropriately jaded attitude towards underground music, and I crave sex constantly. So with all of this in mind, I say that in the dull focus of the human perspective we struggle against what seems like a static background, and as our lives are snatched from us, we are surprised to find that change is all around us in the universe, a chaotic shamble, and accordingly we cling nervously to what seems stable to us in this life. For some of us this is god and country, or in more modern times, it is punk rock. So, here's to the new era fellas. Raise your glasses high to honor the good name of the esoteric bastard. C'est moi, David Hake. Despite our fear, despite our loud voices to the contrary, we already live in a free world. It is happy to go on without us. I don't know what's dangerous in this life. Everything seems so self conscious, flashy, and besides the point. Boredom, possibly. Rolling your eyes and saying that you're not. Writing like a trendy crone, wickedly like Baba Yaga, knowing all the names, or if not, making up the others.

Minnesota for me is a love/hate relationship, and part of the love is knowing that if it weren't for the insanity of the winter that there wouldn't be as much left missing to love. I was driving with some of my friends in Connecticut in some yesteryear scene where the club Anthrax was still very much a hotbed of activity, and straight-edge hardcore had

something new to say. I was tape recording the conversation so I can still go back and listen to what little we had to say about what was going on. Nonetheless it still seems like an exciting time. My best friend in this particular era of history was the topic of conversation, we had ditched him for the night. But not a few blocks from the Anthrax there is this angry pounding on the back window of my parent's Tercel station wagon. Howls of laughter, yelps of surprise. "Yup, there he is."

You can't sidestep fate, he keeps pounding on your back, "Let me in, give me a ride you lousy fucker." Winters, they can be seasons long, or whole years at a time.

#### Soundtrack For The Next Century:

- The Strike "A Conscience Left To Struggle With Pockets Full Of Rust" LP
- The Wildebeests "Death Molecule" LP
- · Monorchid 7" on Gravity
- · Holly Golightly any, and all
- Satisfact "Unwanted Sounds Of" LP, and previously Mocket "Bionic Parts" LP

I'm looking downwards, a slice of the world below showing through the slats of some bridge I'm walking on, a momentary glimpse into something great, or something trivial, I cannot tell. Moving in the beat of a midnight trailer car, the forward oriented, horizontal pictures come and go, interspersed with cold gray stone. It's content is unclear, it's like TV, but as I continue to cross, the exchange is constant and hypnotizing. Why cry over spilled milk? I can spite the barrage of moving images as I look up for the first time, and divert my attention from the spaces under my moving feet. It is clear that I am destined to reach the other side. One vision. One voice. Free and clear. Sure and steady. Sings the sacred song, "Traveler, there is no path. Paths are made by walking."



don't think that columns have to be super long, overly-developed essay like examples of fine writing, but I do think that they need to say something semI-important or interesting (or coherent?). I've been thinking that i'd much rather write (and read) short columns that are more to the point. This is my first attempt at getting the point across without a lot of unnecessary rambling (or is it my excuse for writing an exceptionally disjointed column?).

**1. Activism.** I get criticized sometimes because a lot of writing and work I do is directed inward toward punk. People ask me if this is real-

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ly where I should be directing my energy, as if there's somewhere else I should be concentrating and somewhere else where my work would be better appreciated or needed.

I have two responses. First, I am frustrated by people who are politicized by punk and then once they gain their footing in the activist community they leave punk for elsewhere. I don't mean to say that people are forsaking their roots, but I do mean to say that putting some effort back into punk instead of abandoning it when you're frustrated will help improve it as a community instead of leaving it as a sexist/classist/whatever scene.

Secondly, and more importantly, I want to say that I consider punk my first community. Maybe the people who feel the strongest about punk are the ones like me, the ones who don't have other communities. I live in a student area where no one cares about the neighborhood, I don't have much extended family, I have no strong ethnic or cultural ties of any sort. So were it not for punk, I would be one of the growing number of free floating people who have little attachment to the communities that others find in their religion, family, neighborhood, or school. All of the civic structures of our society are deteriorating as the cultural ties that used to support us fall apart (of course this depends on where you're raised and what kind of family you come from).

So yes, I spend a lot of time thinking about and doing work in punk as a community, because it is the support and the structure that is there for me. I don't think that trying to politicize a bunch of white middle class kids is pointless. I do know that there is a lot of activism to be done in other communities, and that other communities may be in more dire need of energy and enthusiasm. But can I effectively organize or be active in a place where I am an outsider if I cannot do it in my own community? Of course, I realize that limiting my energy to just punk would be pretty shortsighted—but I need to start somewhere.

And: What is activism? It means more than donating money to a cause you think is worthy. It doesn't mean that you have to be a member of the IWW, walking a picket line, going to a demonstration, or living a perfect life. I want to simplify the term to a definition something like: activism is identifying a problem and working toward a solution. No matter what it is. World hunger. Working conditions. Sexism/sexual harassment/rape. AIDS. There are billions of causes. What is important is that it is something in which you are sincere and put your heart into.

**2. Zines.** Somehow we have this image that this zine (and others like it) will supply all of the things we need from a zine/magazine/periodical of any sort. We've got it all wrong. "We", here, refers to everyone who reads and writes for *Punk Planet*. I know what purpose my own zine has. It is meant to appeal to people who are just like me and it isn't meant to provide news, or escapist entertainment, or personal voyeurism. It just is. *PP* on the other hand, tries to do everything. Personal columns, Articles and news (ie, coverage of the DNC/RNC in a recent issue), record reviews, whatever.

Maybe it's the dream of the Planeteers to be the best "renaissance" zine around—to do and to be everything, instead of doing a couple of things well. I wouldn't go to *PP* for news. I wouldn't go to it first for fiction either. But would I consider it just a music zine?

I think certain types of zines have their functions, and it's okay for zines to specialize. There's the mythical ideal out there of the zine that does everything, and honestly, I don't want them to.

. . .

3. Talking shit is destructive and entirely unnecessary. We all know this, don't we? Then why do I feel the necessity to remind everyone? If you hear that someone did something at a show, or some other absurd rumor, check it out before you believe it, and before you pass it on. This is punk (and hardcore), and this means that it's OK to call someone and ask them what the fuck is up. They can also tell you to fuck off and it's none of your business, but that certainly says something about the situation.

My roommates tell me I act like a mom, but scolding the entire scene for spreading rumors really takes the cake.

. . .

**4.** I've been reading some great zines lately, and i'd like to encourage you to read them.

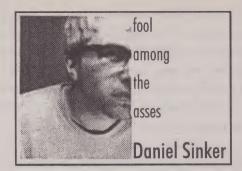
Things Fall Apart: #5 came out in the summer, I think. Refreshingly good writing, particularly the "critique" of emo (from someone within the scene), and an interview with Brian D who's in the band *Catharsis* and does a zine called Inside Front. Imagine an interview so good that you read it even though you've never heard of the guy before. It doesn't have a price on it, but i'd guess \$1 or \$2. The address is 705 N Columbia St Chapel Hill NC 27516.

Ten Things Jesus Wants You to Know: #15 came out and I have to say that even though I don't read all the interviews, this is an awesome zine. And I have noticed that 10 Things is moving from an interview based zine to a more well rounded publication with tons of other features like columns, regular sections on body art, cooking, advice, industrial music, etc. This issue features The Bloodclots, The Cheater Slicks, The Bouncing Souls, and a well written article (not column!) on radio in the northwest. Dan Halligan is one of the most positive and supportive members of the punk/DIY scene. \$2, free in the northwest, 1407 NE 45th St #17, Seattle WA 98105.

And there is a new review zine out. That's right, a new zine devoted to reviewing other zines. I have yet to see it, but you can get one for yourself for \$3 at Zine World, 924 Valencia St #203, SF CA 94110. Of course, you can't miss with Factsheet Five, which you can get for \$4 (?) from F5, POB 170099, SF CA 94117.

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I guess that's it. If you want to know what its like to be Jen Angel, imagine working a 70 hour work week and then coming home and doing a zine and trying to have a life (and write columns for Punk Planet) on top of that. I must be fucking insane. As always, you can reach me at: Jen Angel, Po Box 3593, Columbus, Ohio 43210, angel+@osu.edu



#### **Dawning of the New Apocalypse**

he syrupy neo-wave sounds of Satisfact sweep over my room on a sluggish Sunday morning (alliteration's where it's at in the nine-seven, if you know what I'm sayin'), creating the soundtrack to so many John Hughes films never made. The disk is on continuous loop, meaning that the second "It Will Never Happen" ends, it all starts back up again with "First Incision" causing my roommate to yell through my curtained entryway "NOT THIS SHIT AGAIN." And I grin sheepishly and reply, "yes... this shit... again," while the Romulanhaired boys from Bellvue, Washington take me away to once upon a time called right now: three years from the end of the Millennium.

Do you know where your children are?

They should be lined up along the border dressed in bright orange and forest green with smiles on their faces taunting the parent generation to cross, in a winner-takes-all game of red rover. But the border is empty; the kids are nowhere to be seen. There are only three years left and the parent generation still runs the show.

It's a sorry state of affairs and there ain't much time to turn it all around. So I ask you, what are you gonna do? Are you gonna sit back and listen to records, go to some shows, paint band names on your pleather jacket, make 25 copies of a 4 page fanzine to give out to your friends and think that you're making a difference? Checky like shecky this one: you're not, yo.

E-mails come in from the Maximum Rock N Roll heir apparent (nondisclosure agreements require that I stay silent as to identities, genders, hair color and such; watch for press release sometime in mid-April, methinks) regarding the nature of community and of "giving back to the scene." To which I can but only reply, "can't talk now, must produce magazine."

But the seed has been planted, and obsessive-compulsive that I am, the thought can not help but gestate. What is giving back to your community, to this community we (ironically?) refer to as Punk Rock? Is it not enough for the more successful in punk to supply gainful employment to people that would otherwise be working minimum wage? Is the idea of health insurance from punk a taboo? Is producing the product (records anyone?) that keeps our community engaged, not giving back to it? Last time I checked, without labels producing records, there would be no community to begin with.

Or is it better to "give back" to the community by profiting from the use of free labor and then using those profits to open smelly record

stores and messy rock n roll clubs?

Every day that I punch the clock at my soul-killing job in order to get my \$9.00 an hour and guaranteed health insurance, I know my answer to that question. Do you?

At three years to the end of the millennium, the old rules can no longer apply. It's every subculture for themselves. How many will actually make it into the new era?

Same e-mail. Same person. Name still withheld. Another question is posed: "but is punk about business?" To which I can only hold my head in my hands and wonder if we'll make it to the future when we're so willing to buy into the lies the old guard has fed us.

"Is punk about business." That answer is no. Punk is not about business, punk is business. Even the most radical among us are producers and consumers. Records are commodities. Zines are commodities. Bands are commodities. Our community from day one has been built on consumption. The ones that preach against business the loudest have the largest record collections (or so I've been told).

But is there something to the preaching against business? Punk is most definitely a business—in some circles, it's big business—but is it ONLY business? Methinks it isn't. But you have to check that one for yourself, yo. It's the big question. The hard question. And for the first time, you're on your own on this one, skipper.

And perhaps it's the question that so many of us don't want to face. The one that really makes us question what we're doing here; what we hope to gain from being in this community. The question is not really about the nature of "giving back" or of "community" or even of punk rock itself; it's about questioning the nature of truth itself. Stare that motherfucker down and say boo, you know what I'm sayin'? There was a time when three chords and a pair of vocal chords was all it took. There was a time when three chords and a pair of vocal chords was the truth. Is it anymore?

I'm not sure.

The music that moves me doesn't sound like that. The writing that makes me think doesn't read like that. The people that make me swoon don't move like that.

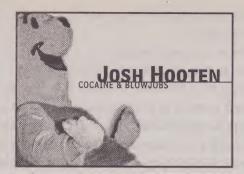
Is there still truth in hair dye and loud guitars? Or has the truth moved inside?

"And you wonder just how tight skin deep can be?" That question rings out on a slab of vinyl recorded 12 years previous. Profit or Prophet?

"Try me. Try me."

We're three years away and something's got to give, you know what I'm sayin'? Time is running out. It's time to quit your whining and dig the new breed.

The seventh loop of Satisfact begins to come to a close, and with it so does another day in 1997, bringing us that many hours closer to the dawning of a new millennium. Each second is critical now. It's time for you to stand up and be counted, to take control of your life, of your community, of punk fucking rock. Do you want the old guard to define what punk is as we speed towards the future? "Confused and impulsed and all nerves I'm ending somewhere else. I'm gonna make it mine."



"Kitty cat, where's the money at?"
-Rye Coalition

ell how about a little something for my effort?" This said while leaning forward to expose the rest of her scantily clad breasts in hopes of relieving me my last four bucks. Exposing the rest of her scantily clad breasts didn't really answer any questions I may have had about them. The white tank top and no bra combo wasn't leaving much to the imagination, and what it was the way too obvious air conditioning was taking care of. With my tip I should have imparted this: Don't let your clients squeeze them so fiard and they won't bruise like that.

I was willing to trade in the pleasure I was supposed to derive by putting my four ones between her breasts for honest answers about her life as a stripper, but I was far too uncomfortable to barter with her, so I copped the feel and left.

The whole would-be sordid affair lasted about 15 minutes and cost me \$21. There was a \$10 cover charge, a mandatory tip to the girl at the door (such a quality hand stamping earned her one dollar, apparently several dollars short of what she thought she had earned for her hard work), and a one drink minimum. A one drink minimum that was a \$6 orange juice.

"How much?" "Six dollars honey."

Six dollars could get me like 4 gallons of O.J. on the outside, but I guess I was paying for the atmosphere.

And of course the four dollar tip for her "effort." Her "effort" was to try and get me to go into the back room where we could be "alone." Alone because it was noon on a Wednesday afternoon. I get the dumbest ideas at the weirdest times, I know. Where we could be alone, and for a fee, of course, the following would happen: She would take off all of her clothes, a feat none too labor intensive, and grind herself into my lap. None too labor intensive cuz that tank top was accompanied only by a black miniskirt and, I'm assuming, a G-string. I assume cuz I assume those things are mandatory for strip clubs. Kind of like the dress code. Kind of like ties if you work at a bank. Or Gap clothes if you work at The Gap. "You have to keep your clothes on but I'll be completely naked, and you can touch me anywhere you want."

Thank God. I got to keep my clothes on.

15 minutes would run me \$40, a half hour would be \$70, and \$110 would get me a full hour. Do the math and you'll see my \$4 would have afforded me a 2.6 minute lap dance.

Seeing my expression that clearly must have communicated deer

in headlights she started rubbing my crotch in an attempt to help me through my timidity. She leaned in close as if she was telling me some kind of secret, "And I'll try real hard to make you come." As if there were secrets to be kept when you were exposing the most intimate parts of your anatomy to the groping hands of anybody who walked in the door with a sufficient wad of cash. "I mean REAL hard."

Oh my goodness.

Reading my inadequacies only in part, what's her name thought it was fear alone that was keeping us from backroom bliss. Of the few things she failed to grasp, she failed to grasp by financial shortcomings. "That's O.K. honey, there's an ATM right over there." Over there, indeed, was a cash machine. I let go an audible "wow." I was impressed with the forethought and the ingenuity.

She thought I was wowing my ability to now afford her services and she jumped on my moment of weakness like a Rottweiler on a defense-less baby eating a rack of BBQ ribs. "Yeah, you can just go over there and get some cash out and we can go in the back and party for a while." Everybody who's anybody knows to keep a safe distance from any and everybody who uses "party" as a verb. Except Prince. We're gonna party like it's 1999. Perhaps if what's her name had phrased it like that, I would have cared to join her. But she didn't. So I didn't. Caught off guard I was fumbling for something, anything that would sound like a plausible reason why I couldn't get any money out.

"Well...um...you see, I just put my paycheck in the bank a couple of hours ago, and I don't think it's cleared yet."

"Well...yeah...a couple of hours is enough time. I'm sure it's O.K. now. Why don't you go try it?"

"Well no, I'm sure I can't get any money out. I can't spend it anyways. I really can't."

"Why not? Your bank statement won't show where you took the money out of. Nobody is going to know."

I wondered for how many people that would be a concern. Like guys afraid their wives might come across a bank statement that showed a withdrawal of \$200 at The Space Odyssey Lounge 2000. I laughed. Nobody looked at my bank statements. Not even me. I assured her I wasn't afraid of being found out. I assured her I was just broke.

"Well how much do you have?"

"I have four dollars."

"You can't even buy me drink for that."

"Do you want some of mine?"

Ain't nobody paying me \$110 an hour to sit on them naked, so things are a little tight for me, you know? She didn't understand. But why would she? At this point, I'm sure we were both equally confused as to what I was doing there.

Stepping inside was like being knocked unconscious. Escaping the glaring Florida sun, glaring like in The Stranger, glaring like you could do completely absurd things, blame it on the sun and be o.k. with that explanation, escaping the glaring Florida sun was nice, but stepping into the darkness of The Space Odyssey Lounge 2000 wasn't exactly the deliverance one might be looking for. The contrast was so abrupt from painfully light to pitch black, it felt like you had been hit in the back of the head

with a bat. The only light was the weak glow from the ultraviolet lamp on the counter they used to check your invisible handstamp. This place was the epitome of discretion. I guess they knew most of their clientele weren't supposed to be there, and wouldn't want to have to lie about how working late at the office somehow required getting your hand stamped.

The weak glow from the ultraviolet lamp illuminated about one square foot of space, in which I could make out a pair of hands with long painted nails resting on the glass counter. Through the refraction of the glass counter I could faintly make out the midriff of the help connected to the hands. I stood back for a minute waiting for my eyes to adjust to the black hole that was the inside of The Space Odyssey Lounge 2000. A couple minutes of this, the painted nails under the ultraviolet lamp started tapping on the glass, and I realized it's either time to pay the woman or hit the road. I cautiously traversed the four feet over to the lamp and the hands and the midriff.

"Hi! Is this your first time?"

I realized the help was quite tall. This I could discern from the altitude of her blue glowing white teeth. That was all I could make out, and it reminded me of a Twizzlers commercial come to life.

"Yeah, well I'm just visiting Tampa," I say squinting trying to make out her other features in the blackness.

"Well welcome! You wanna come inside for a while?"

"Um...I guess so."

"O.k., it's a \$10 cover, with a one drink minimum, and you can stay as long as you want."

"Um...o.k."

I couldn't think of a compelling reason to stay or to go, so I decided I'd just hang out for a while and if I didn't like it I could just leave. I handed over the 10 spot, got stamped, disappointed the woman with my crisp new one dollar bill, and moved slowly towards the bar. Slowly, not trying to appear calm cool and collected (I wasn't), slowly trying to make sure I didn't fall over things or people I couldn't see in the darkness (I didn't.) I must have looked like on old person trying not to slip on the ice, slightly hunched over, arms out in front, taking small deliberate steps. I passed a table of girls, not customers mind you, who were checking me out (trying to decide who was going to make the play for me, as well as because I was the only person there.) All I could imagine they were thinking, watching me cross the room like somebodies grandmother who was afraid of falling and breaking her hip, was "We've got a live one here."

I imagined the girls working at noon on a Wednesday would usually fight over the rare customer that would come inside, in hopes of making at least a little bit of money in the down time. I imagine the conversation at the table of girls usually went something like this: "No, I'll take him. No, I'll take him."

Seeing me in all my decrepit-seeming glory I think the conversation went more like this: "No, you take him. No, you take him."

I sat down at the bar. "What can I get you honey?"

"Whiskey sour." I say this as confidently as I can manage trying to save a little face by ordering such a manly sounding drink. To no avail.

"We don't serve alcohol. Only juice."

"Cranberry?"

"No, we don't have cranberry."

For the first and only time I felt a mild tinge of satisfaction. Something about them being a bar, but not being able to serve me something as simple as a whiskey sour or even a beer (I'd have even settled for something domestic, just to cut them some slack) made me feel just slightly like I was in control. I felt for a moment or two I could bolster this feeling and regain some confidence by continuing to ask for things I didn't think they'd have.

"Well what about kiwi?"

"Nope."

"Well what about papaya?"

"Nope."

"Can I at least get a mango smoothie?"

"Nope."

But just as I had pulled out my mental menu of exotic fruit juices and was preparing to wield it with a fury I felt a presence next to me, and a hand rubbing my back. This threw off my concentration, dammit, and I blurted out "orange juice." My confidence and control bid me farewell and sauntered off into the darkness.

Good luck sucker.

"Hey honey, you want to buy me a drink?"

"Is it going to cost \$6?"

I'll admit this strange woman scratching my back was quit pleasurable. After all, it was mosquito season in Florida.

"All the drinks are \$6."

"Don't you get some kind of employee discount?"

"Is this your first time here?"

Why did they keep asking that? I haven't a clue.

After several minutes I was finally able to convince her that I wasn't able to get any money out of the ATM, and that I should probably just leave and come back when I was slightly more solvent. Four bucks fewer, I had only made it to the door to find myself embroiled in the same conversation with the hands, hips and teeth that resided there.

"I swear, I'm broke."

"But if you leave now you won't be able to see me dance later."

"What time do you dance?"

"10."

I looked at my watch. It was 12:18.

"I'll have consumed a small fortune in orange juice by then and have nothing left to stuff into your G-string."

She leaned in close as if she was telling me some kind of secret, "It's outrageous isn't it? Let me stamp your hand so you can come back later and see me. I'll be looking for you sweetie."

"With night vision goggles I hope."

"You're cute AND funny."

"I'm a joke, that's for sure."

#### **PLAYLIST**

Dahlia Seed CD • Chemical Brothers "Exit Planet Dust" • The VSS

CD • Rye live • Go Metric zine • Prince songs in my head • Swingers (the movie) • Black Uhuru "Positive" • Sleater Kinney "Call the Doctor" • Satisfact "The Unwanted Sounds of" • Corm "Audio Flame Kit" • Clikatat Ikatowi live album • Impetus Inter "Infinite Capacity for Romance" • Rites of Spring • Static zine

#### EX EX EX STRAIGHT EDGE EX EX Shirts!!!

The front says that and "was then, aren't now...true for a while" and the back says "NO MORE! I won't participate!" They are white ink on dark blue shirts and cost \$10 (that covers the postage.) and are available in large and extra large.

The Design Parlor is making available shirts for all of us who thought we were True Till Death, but just couldn't hang in there for that long. Who thought we were going to Break Down The Walls but ended up just breaking down. Who thought Start Today meant something else completely. Damn it, we tried. We've tried and failed. We've stumbled and fallen. We tried a new taste...and it wasn't so bad. Cast aside your feelings of inadequacy and guilt. Be proud once again! Unite! Stand Tall! And all that stuff! Send checks or well concealed cash to The Design Parlor/Josh Hooten 219A Spring Street, Medford MA., 02155. Uptight straight edge kids, don't expect responses to hate mail. To quote our great American lyric poet, Foghorn Leghorn, "It's a joke son."

Holy Fuck! The new issue of Commodity is out now. It's got Lifetime, Gameface, The Make-Up, Hell No, Satan's Pilgrims, The Elegents, a talk with Charles Maggio about being chubby, record reviews that are almost all bad, articles about youth anthems, and a bunch more stuff. It's by far our best issue, and you can get it for \$3 from me at the address above. Thanks everybody.

E.mail to ASTROCOMM@AOL.COM



o those of you concerned about my state of despondency as expressed in the last couple of columns, I'm much better now, thank you, even if you didn't ask.

Actually, I'm feeling better than I have in years, which is ironic in light of the fact that I've also got more problems than I've had in years. I guess the difference is that most of my current problems are being caused by other people or things, as opposed to the ones I had been wrestling with, which were mostly of my own making.

Today, for example, my main problem was that I couldn't get my chainsaw started. Considering that I'm out of firewood and winter's

barely begun, that's a pretty substantial headache.

After a lengthy round of cursing every deity and demon known to humankind, followed by a cathartic bout of kicking things around the yard, I realized that I'd have to saw some wood by hand or else get very chilly. Once I'd gotten over my usual allergy to manual labor, I found it wasn't so bad, that I kind of enjoyed it more than the smelly rattle and roar of a chainsaw, and what's more, didn't have to worry about inadvertently amputating my leg.

No, I haven't moved back to the mountains for good, though it's tempting; just spending a couple days at the old homestead and collecting a couple Christmas trees for the folks down in the city. Those of you who've been following my somewhat checkered career for a while will know, of course, that for much of the 1980s I lived in a remote mountain home in Northern California, ten miles from the nearest paved road or telephone.

It was there that I began publishing a magazine and started a band and laid the groundwork for what would become Lookout Records. People still have a hard time understanding how I could do such things in a place where the only electricity came from the sun and the nearest punk rock venue was 200 miles to the south.

If I'd had any sense, I would have known that what I was trying to do was ridiculous if not preposterous, but I had even less sense back then than I do now, (if such a thing can be imagined) , and so I plowed ahead with my unruly dreams. Just like Lint sings in "Journey To The End of the East Bay," never in a million years could I have imagined it would turn out like this.

I've never been an especially ambitious person; most people who knew me in my younger years would probably say I was just plain lazy. If you went back to my high school, I you wouldn't find many of my teachers or fellow students ready to vote me most likely to succeed, or even likely to succeed at all.

Their lack optimism about my future was, if anything, exceeded by my own. If, when I was 16, you'd asked me where I expected to be at the age of 21, I would have given you 50-50 odds between dead or in prison. The idea of living on into my 30s or 40s was completely off the map.

Well, here I am, more than twice as old as I ever expected to be, and by some definitions, I guess I've succeeded in spite of myself. Certainly I've never had to work nearly as hard as the majority of people, and perhaps more importantly, when I have had to work, much of it has been at things that I wanted to do anyway.

Still, I've never been one to be easily satisfied; if I were, I probably wouldn't have set out to do the improbable and implausible things that have characterized my life. And, as you might have inferred from my recent columns, I'm still not satisfied. If anything, I'm more dissatisfied than ever, which, though you might think it odd, I take as a very good sign.

It means I'm still alive, still capable of a great appetite and passion for life, and that's no small thing, especially for someone my age, especially when every day I encounter people who've only been alive half as long as I have and who are already comfortably settling into the ruts that will ultimately become their graves.

"The secret of eternal youth is perpetual insecurity," someone or

other once said, and while on one hand that's simply an observation of how uncertain and filled with doubt everyone's youth is, it's also a commentary on why so many people readily and willingly let themselves grow old long before their time.

Things that are an adventure at 15 or 20 somehow become an annoyance or threat at 25 or 30. Having the same job for the rest of your life sounds like a terrible fate to most teenagers; by the time they're in their 30s or 40s they'd count themselves lucky to have that kind of security. When you're young you want to go everywhere and try everything; the music, the clothes, the movies and literature that enthralled you last month might seem stale and dated today, and you're always on the lookout for something new and more exciting.

But eventually that awful day arrives when you find yourself thinking, "I hate all that new music, and the new clothes styles are stupid, and they sure don't make movies or write books like they used to." Then you start judging everything by what you're used to, and rejecting everything that doesn't conform to some rigid ideal that you stopped thinking about or questioning by the time you graduated high school or maybe college.

Personally, I've had several of those awful days already, and some-how, by the grace of God or perhaps by my own blind luck, managed to come back from them. You wouldn't want to meet a more narrow-minded, self-satisfied and self-righteous person than I have been at various points of my life. In 1964 I was ready to fight and die for the cause of greaser hairstyles and black leather jackets; five years later I was every-body's nightmare of the pompous cosmic hippie who'd extracted all the universe's secrets from a bag of acid and was going to share them with you whether you liked it or not.

At various times in the 1970s I was an art-rocker, a disco bunny, and a proto-punk, and the only thing that never varied was that I was always sure that my way of life was innately superior to all others, and that if you disagreed in any way it was a sure sign of a big problem on your part.

And I was even worse in the 80s. I rejected all forms of art and culture that didn't begin with a capital P for punk, and I wasn't satisfied just to listen and mosh and thrash and slam to every two-bit outfit that trundled its way onto the stages of the Mab or the Farm or, eventually, Gilman Street; I also had to make a full-time hobby of announcing to all and sundry what exactly was and was not "punk" and denouncing anyone who even slightly disagreed with me as "mainstream" and a "sellout."

With an attitude like that, it shouldn't have been too surprising that I'd wind up in the pages of *Maximum Rocknroll*, where I wrote a column for seven years, and made a lot of friends and possibly even more enemies. But a funny thing happened during my years as a columnist for one of the few publications that was possibly even more rigid and narrow-minded than I was: I grew up.

Not in the usual, not so good sense of growing up; instead of settling into a comfortable routine and enjoying the perks of being a central figure in what was then a burgeoning subculture, I began wondering why nobody ever wanted to hear any music or discuss any political ideas that didn't sound exactly like the ones that we'd been repeating over and over for the past decade or two.

And I started thinking that there was a whole world of music and politics and life and art out there that was never going to have the slightest impact on most people I knew for the simple reason that it wasn't "punk," and I started discovering that every time I ventured outside the normal confines of punkdom and, for example, told my readers that the Smiths were one of greatest bands in history, or that destroying society might not necessarily be either feasible or wise, I found the Punk Police ready to have me burned at the stake for heresy.

It's one of life's little ironies, one which I'm not incapable of appreciating, that today I frequently find myself being attacked with the same sort of language that, ten years ago, I was using against anyone who'd made slightly more money or acquired the tiniest bit more fame than I had. Actually, most of the criticism is not directed at me personally, but rather at Lookout Records, which, although it's now become a large company of which I only own half, is still associated with me in most people's minds.

But even though I don't have full control, or even full knowledge, of everything Lookout does, I can't evade responsibility for how people feel about it. At the same time, I don't have the power, let alone the inclination, to operate the record label in a way which will be pleasing to all of the people all of the time, and it's even less likely that I'd ever be able to please any of the "punks" any of the time.

Ten years ago that would have bothered me a lot, five years ago it would have bothered me a little, and today it means almost nothing. There are two reasons for that: the first being that punk rock and the punk rock music industry have turned into a snakepit of hypocrisy and greed and full-fledged phoniness that is barely distinguishable from the mainstream music scene it was meant to replace. Secondly, I don't care because I'm out of here.

I don't mean that I've given up on punk rock altogether, not by a long shot. I'll probably be listening to the Ramones and the Clash and Operation Ivy and Screeching Weasel and the Queers, and yes, Green Day and lots more until the day I die. But I'll be listening to them the way I listen to the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and Bowie and the Dolls and the Stooges: as part of the fabric and substance of my life, as signposts marking where I've been and where I still hope to go, but mostly for the simple fact that they represent some of the best music of their time. In other words, they're classics.

But as for the business end of the deal, I'm through with it. Yes, I've still got responsibilities to Lookout Records and the bands I work with, and I'll discharge them to the best of my ability. But I'm not taking on any more such responsibilities, and I'm gradually phasing out most of my existing ones. It's time for me to move on.

This is partly a conscious choice I'm making, and partly a choice that's being made for me. During the past several years, at the same time I was gaining greater and greater success in the punk rock music biz, I was steadily growing more and more depressed. Not, as some of you might suggest, because I was turning into an immoral capitalist or an exploiter of naive musical talent, but because I'd stayed too long in a place where I no longer belonged.

Regardless of what Tim Yohannan or his dwindling handful of camp followers might try to tell you, there's nothing immoral about earning your living from music. I know many of you reading this are already involved or someday plan to be involved in some aspect of the music business; I wish you well, and hope that whatever you do, you'll do it honestly and fairly, because that's the surest way to success.

But though it was great for me while it lasted, it's not great anymore. Has the world changed or have I changed? Bit of both, I'm sure, and I'm equally sure that it doesn't matter anyway; the important thing is that if I want to keep on living and growing, I've got to set off in search of other worlds that are more satisfying, more attuned to the kind of person I'd like to become.

Will I keep contributing to *Punk Planet*, you wonder? I wonder myself, and at this point I don't know the answer. I barely if at all qualify as a punk these days, and I'm not sure how many of you are still interested in the directions I'm going. Still, I know from experience that many readers of this magazine are not stuck in any sort of punk ghetto, but instead see punk as merely one of a number of cultural arenas open to them. I'd hate to miss out on the opportunity to communicate with them, and so I suspect that I'll keep appearing in these pages for as long as the ever-patient and wise editor will have me.

But I will no longer be Mr. Lookout, that much I can assure you. Long before there was a Lookout Records, I was deeply involved in writing and (my own) music, and with any luck and a lot of work, that's where I expect to be again.

And lest there be any misunderstanding, the choices I'm making now are my own, and have been a long time coming. The self-serving machinations of a Ben Weasel or a Tim Yohannan may be ugly to behold and unpleasant to contemplate, but as far as I'm concerned, they're merely symptomatic of a much larger rot that's set into a scene far past its sell-by date.

If I thought there was anything worth staying and fighting for, I would, but as far as I'm concerned, it's just dogs picking over the last bones of a not particularly attractive carcass. The smart kids, the cool ones, above all, the ones with moral and artistic integrity, have already left or will soon. The old-timers will go on kvetching and bitching and squabbling like the 50 and 60 year old hippies they're well on their way to becoming.

I just realized, with the batteries running out on my Powerbook and the deadline running out on this column, that all I've done is to reiterate, hopefully in stronger language, the same things I've been hinting at for the past year or more. If I had the time, and wasn't afraid Mr. Sinker would take out a contract on me, I would throw this whole column out and start all over again. I never get it quite right, and yet some part of me wants to keep on trying.

Well, some time ago I decided that the ultimate hallmark of being human was the ineluctable need and desire to constantly transcend oneself. It is the greatest single source of all our triumphs and humiliations. It also sits at the very heart of what it means to be alive, and right here, right now, perched atop this ancient mountain giving salutations to half a century of winter solstices, I feel very glad and very fortunate

to be just that: alive.



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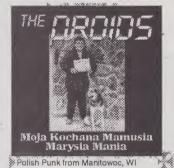


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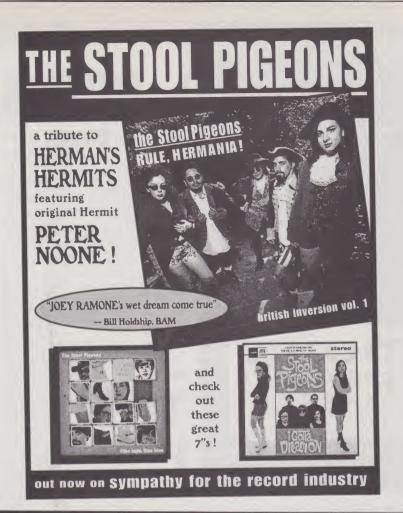
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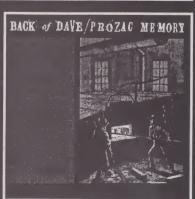


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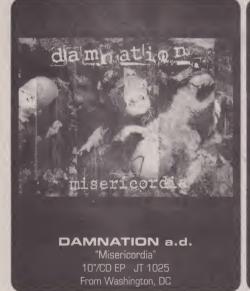
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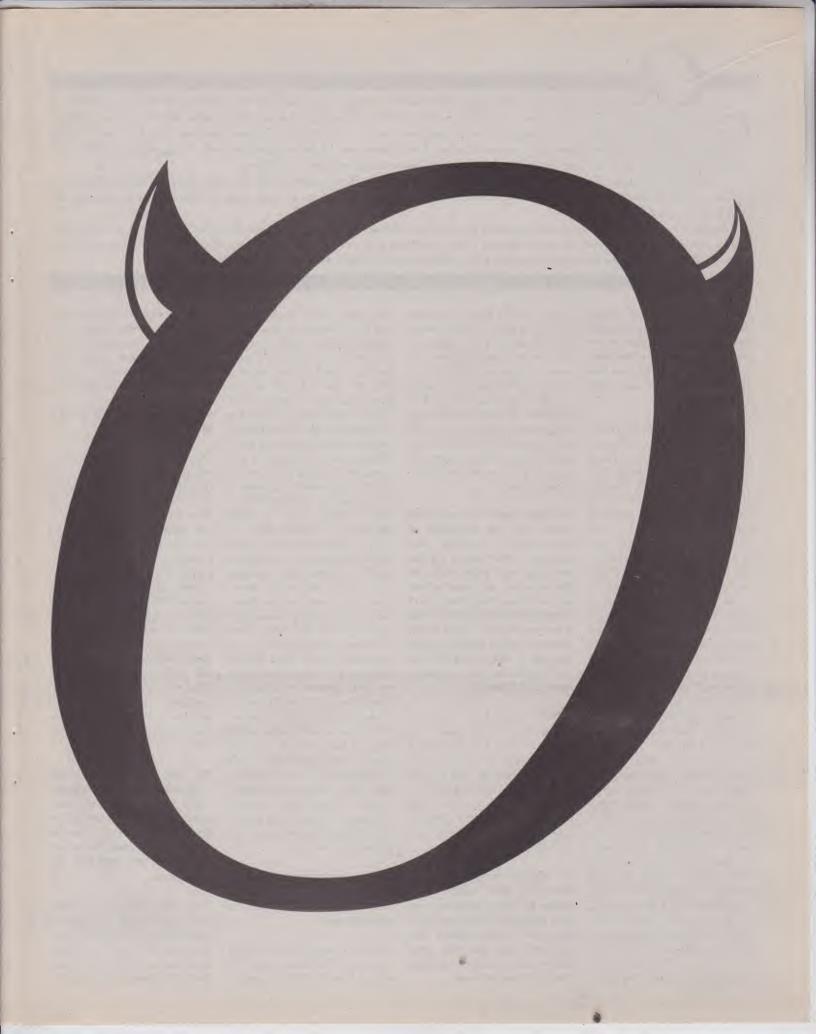
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The story of



Dan 'Mahoney has been one of the big figures of the Hardcore Straight-Edge scene in the 80s and early 90s. His zine Sick Press was put out in 1985 at the same time his first band, Carry Nation (1985-1990) began to play. He began his own label, Workshed, the same year he formed No For An Answer (1987-1989). His last, and best-selling band was 411 (1991-1992). That band broke up upon his move to the Bay Area, and he has taken to the pen instead of the mic as his current form of expression. He has published two books, 3 Legged Race (1994), which was distributed by AK Press, and Four Letter World (1996) which was actually published by AK Press.

I admit that I absolutely hated Dan O'Mahoney the first time I met him. He proceeded to talk shit to me, and I did the same right back. One day, out of the blue, he called me for the inevitable fight. We set a date. He took me to a gun range and put a Glock in my hand and we've been best friends ever since.

Reading his interviews has always been frustrating for me because the interviewer could only skim the surface of who he is, resting more on who his public persona was to carry the story. His story is more important than a one-dimensional persona allows because of his 'downfall' and recovery. He won't offer things up to many strangers, but he will answer if he's asked. Interview by Sarah Zimmerman

Punk Planet: So why write books, Dan? Was it because you couldn't find a band you wanted to do once you moved to the East Bay? Or was it that you felt you had something more to say, other than on a stage?

Dan O'Mahoney: I initially got the idea to do books and to focus on literature as much as music way back around '88 or so when Tim Yohannon asked me to write for Maximum Rock n Roll. In it's initial form, I hadn't intended to handle the books myself and they were intended to be almost entirely poetry, which is one thing people tend to skip over with my writing. People tend to like short stories and adventurism as opposed to any kind of stream of consciousness or jagged self-exploration. I compiled about 60 pages worth of stuff and gave it to Sam McFeeters from Vermiform Records, which I guess he found pretty much laughable. He didn't want to do it, and yet never quite addressed that, which was really discouraging, so I stayed off the book thing for a few years. Then music sort of picked up again. When I moved up here and wasn't doing music, I decided to put it all together. And strangely enough, while most of the contents of the book were of the time after the initial submission, (it included a lot of poetry or stream of 'consciousness), that book received nothing but good reviews. So, I guess, sooner or later, you begin to realize that you're not going to get the most objective opinions from the people you know well; if I had listened to Sam, Tim or some of the people around me who said some discouraging things about

me doing books about my personal life, I never would have done them. Now I'm learning that while you can't remove yourself from your personal experiences, you have to remove yourself from the human mirrors if you want to produce something of quality. I believe the same is true with music; you put out bad work when you craft it toward your believed audience, or based the nature of your creativity on the perceived response.

PP: I think that for the majority of people, the only knowledge of your writing was from your columns. I know I always felt that you wrote much better when you had more time and space to flush out your ideas. People really don't understand that the way you write is the way you talk. I didn't understand that until I became friends with you. It took a long time for me to realize that your vocabulary wasn't an affectation!

DO: I'm actually really excited that you brought that up, because the first review I read for the second book, someone goes off attacking my use of language, and it really caught me off guard because I've at times thought of myself as being wordy, and that maybe I over-illustrate, but I don't feel that I use particularly exotic language.

PP: It's not really that, more that you pick really welrd things to throw together, and your sentences are very complex. And it never clicked with me until you said that your mother was an English teacher. Then it all made sense.

DO: Yeah, English teacher and a civil law attorney-she was a born speaker! What you're saying addresses to me the nature of good writing. I think if you use what they call "poetic license" in your prose, you come up with a piece that will move faster. If you're not so concerned with correct grammar and the rules of English, and you're willing to ride the energy of a sentence, then it can go on for as long or short as possible to create a desired impact. Looking for balance or proper syntax, or things like that is just butchery of the art form. It's just like when a person will tell you that two notes don't go together, remembering something that a music teacher told them. Some of the most horrible discordant crap-according to music theory-is actually Black Flag, some of the best music hardcore has ever heard. And I don't think you can really enjoy a written work unless you try to approach it with an open mind. If you go in with a preconception that the author is egotistical, or they are some sort of selfless savior, or that they're some sort of a robot, or one of the thousand kinds of identities that a person tends to have, then you're going to suffer feeling the joy of simply enjoying the piece. It's like hating a good piece because the person may have also written a bad piece.

PP: It's Ironic that you use all those analogies because I've heard them all used 'to describe you...

DO: Hmm, well if you keep making noise, especially different noises and create a bunch of different impressions, it'll happen. I've done things that were apolitical and selfinvolved, and I've done work that was concerned with things outside my immediate situation. I've done work that's championed chastity, ...

PP: And then lived the life of a whore!!..

DO: Well, yeah....I based my life on non-promiscuous behavior and then based my life around matching the behavior set forward by my more promiscuous partner. But it was something that was strapped into the DIY network that we advance. I think that in hardcore, people affix a lifestyle to it, set a standard and demand their peers match it. Which on certain political points is a good thing, it's just the vehemence with which you see it by the very young is something that doesn't make sense to me. It's not so much of the blind leading the blind, as it is that those of limited perspective addressing things as if all situations and all moral decisions were universal, not subject to the factors of an individual life.

PP: Well, with that, let's talk about the things that people prescribe to you. Let's talk about your new tattoos—I mean that's a blg thing for you right now—the breaking down and the deconstruction of the myth that surrounds you...

DO: "The myth that surrounds me." And I wonder why they call me egotistical! Most of the tattoos I have now deal with my mother's death. But what else are you talking about? The Black hole, pessimistic,

DO: Well, the most pessimistic

tattoo I have comes from a song I

wrote in 1987. The tattoo reads

'Not a savior, can't be a judge.'

That comes from a song called

"Imperfection", which was a song

I wrote in the late 80s which I

thought was perhaps the most

important point we made on thought crusades. I wouldn't say it's entirely about deconstruction as much as it is that later in life you start dealing with the tag of hypocrite, or of sell out, etc. (trying to raise my own history as a point of reference). If you are going to hold a person to past statements and force acknowledgement of something said in the past, then give all old statements equal weight. That song said that this music lacks humility and that viewing the self as the savior or as one who can take an eternal stance, who can carve something in rock and say this is how it will always be is something that really

isn't appropriate. Life is all about

individual choices. Basically I was

demanding the right to personal

evolution and self exploration very

early in the game. And that's sort

of been my answer when people

say, "you've changed...You said

you wouldn't do this or that". Yes,

I once said I wouldn't. How does

that apply to you as something other than something that was there to inspire self reflection on your own part? But it didn't create any further obligation. I'm finding myself reverting back to opinions I held ten years ago that for the last three years I had been arguing against very strongly.

PP: Let's get more away from the scene and talk about personal lifestyle because I think people, save what they've read up to this point, will be reading stuff they expect, stuff they know and stuff you've said before. So let's talk about the rumors that are persisting and about maybe the truths that are not known. Let's go back to a few weeks ago. It was about 4:30 in the morning and you were calling from where?

DO: Oh, that would be jail...

### PP: So tell the story! What the fuck's up with you?

DO: Well, that was step 2 or 3 in a ten point wake up call that I had been experiencing in the past 2 or 3 months. See, over the last 3 years, I probably hadn't gone more than ten days sober. At first it was amusing; it was something I did with a woman I was very much in love with, in very controlled situations and it sort of

opened my mind to the whole concept of drinking, and of something other than a straight-edge lifestyle. For myself, it has been a three year process of that behavior being less controlled, more ugly and more and more a matter of conscience self-destruction that when I step away I can see is more motivated by a sense of guilt and a certain sense of faithlessness or lack of optimism regarding my future. Over a three year period I became a very destructive, a very violent drunk...

PP: But you do realize that it's not only relegated to your drinking? I mean, you touched on it in your first book about Vegas and your compulsive, destructive behaviors overall...

DO: Well, I came from a long bloodline of extremely compulsive, addicted people. I'm not sure how much I believe in hereditary addictions, but I also think it would be an active denial not to acknowledge that an addiction killed my mother, an addiction landed my father in jail and an addiction has landed my sister currently in jail and killed most of my uncles.

### PP: Your addictions are not only chemical, though...

DO: No. My mother was a compulsive gambler and I learned to play from her. I guess I'm very fire escape and he's missing parts of most of his fingers.

### PP: Don't forget the teeth...

DO: Ok, he has no real teeth. He's a real gentleman pirate.Um, I'm sort of getting away from an analysis of what happened... That was about the fourth or fifth fight I had been involved in about a month and a half's period of time where it was basically mauling people; ripping people's heads off for the most trivial of reasons. It was indicative of a very ugly period that I've only recently realized with absolute conviction as opposed to some speculation or trepidation was to come to an end. I mean I finally feel like I'm done with whatever I needed to do to myself during that time in the last few years. That was hopefully the lowpoint and the bottom of the barrel. Being involved with people I had no feeling for, or being friends with people I had no respect for, running with what is a decidingly ugly, apolitical, passionless, violent, drug-addicted group of people was maybe something that I needed to go through, but it's also something I need to prove that I can overcome. It's not a financial poverty that leads me to those people, but maybe an emotional poverty and a lack of faith that inspires that kind of selfdestructiveness. Lately I've developed sort of a crush on myself. A fondness for Dan O'Mahoneythat people always thought I had, but what I had always felt was

much the product of my parents. My father is a brawler beyond belief. I mean his nose looks like a

ver a three year period I became a very destructive, a very violent drunk...

# I've spent the last few years of my life filling in wholes.

painfully lacking-is maybe coming to the surface. I got to a point where I realized that I was alienating the more intelligent, decent people around me in favor of impressing a sick and unhealthy crowd whom I could relate to more because I was not particularly happy with myself. Where does that come from? That is something I've analyzed in the books several times. The danger in the life of a single parent child is the removal of the parent because that is the one source of unconditional, positive reflection. And when it's gone, and gone suddenly, as my mother was, there isn't one person out there that has seen you from your alpha to your omega that knows a) that you are intelligent b) decent and c) strong...

PP: Unless you've had close friends who stuck it out with you through the years.

DO: Well, that sort of went by the wayside when I moved. My friends in Orange County did a relatively poor job of staying in touch with me, and maybe I with them, but I harbor some resentment on that front, but it's hard now to say what's accurate.

PP: I guess the book that I was hoping you'd write, and may still, would be the one dealing with high highs and real low lows and the things like your anorexia, etc...I don't think anyone had any ldea the depths of depression

you went through at the time of your and the Demon's breakup. Then came the reuniting with her which brought on the crazy drunks from you, where it had previously been silly.

DO: We probably should be referring to her as the woman I moved up here to be with, so people don't begin to believe I'm some sort of Satanist.

PP: Ok. And when that came to a bitter and painful end with her marrying another man, came the anorexia. That was actually combined, wasn't it? You headed that way in the first phase of the breakup...

DO: That puts everything on the rails a little bit. I've spent the last few years of my life filling in wholes. A person who develops their perceptions of themselves by the virtue of public response, someone who gets up on stage and states their politics and creates a rallying cry gets a bunch of positive reaction that's based on a very one dimensional part of their being. If your friends and the majority of your circle is based upon that same imagery, then you have a multitude of friendships that are sort of limited in their dimension. Then the only fleshed-out positive reinforcement either comes from your lovers or your family. In the absence of a lover that really inspired any passion in me, and in the presence of my mother's death, there was a huge void. Needless to say, the next woman who really inspired any passion in me and whose own predicaments, situations and passions moved me, created a huge addiction in me and a huge fondness. As well as a huge optimism with a belief that maybe the bad times would be over. With the bloody and rather melodramatic explosion of that after making a huge commitment to it, (leaving the most successful band I had ever been in, leaving the town that I had lived in for 24 years, folding my label) all to move up her to be close to her, just so that I could believe that there was someone out there who had a very accurate and fleshed-out perception of me. Having that filled, and then having that fall through, created the void that I no longer thought could be filled; the one thing that brought me some redemption sort of left me hollow. What follows that is just the logical conclusion that if there is strength out there it'll have to come from inside. Then you're dealing with Dan O'Mahoney, the fitness buff. Then is the idea, "Well, you are an attractive person," and physical attraction is a part of this-I've always been a kid whose been a bit overweight, I spent most of my life over 200 lbs. Then you're dealing with Dan O'Mahoney, the anorexic. Then you're a few years away from your politics, and a band to express yourself and there's a great distance between you and people because the only real method of communication you've really developed with any skill and grace is from the stage; well, then you're Dan O'Mahoney, the alcoholic because alcohol greases the tongue, and removes the inhibitions. It created a giggler and a smiler where there had always been a scowler and a chastiser. When all these passing methods, these affectations fail me, then you're back at faithlessness again. But at this point you find yourself in a chemical spiral. So then instead of filling that gap with conscious thinking time, where you'll feel your pains, endure these things, address these problems, try to find some genuine strength in self and self-love, you have a very useful tool for avoidance in alcohol or any drug. It's essentially numb time, I mean, sure you cry into your beer, but you wake up the next morning with those tears gone. I think I've always taken drugs and drank to vent; to pull the cork and get things out of my system. Because just trying to deal with things head on just got to the point that it was unbearable.

PP: But some of these things you couldn't deal with head-on even if you had wanted to...the "demon" had vanished, other demons had taken her place. Even though you and I weren't friends yet when the two of you were together, one thing I have always thought was that when that didn't work, it stopped your ability to offer that again. Hell, I've had relationships that I gave 100% of what I had, but I finally had to realize that I had shitty partners who just couldn't do the same. Where we took different paths was that I realized that the genuineness that I felt was the right thing to do, and their lack of that was on them, but ultimately, it had nothing to do with me. I think with you, you gave more than you had and it backfired so you're not going to do it again.

DO: I don't blame all of my bad behavior on a failed relationship. The relationship was symptomatic of me trying to replace something traumatic.

PP: But it has changed you in the aspect of relationships; your views on promiscuity, your views on monogamy, all that has changed.

DO: To a certain extent, yeah...We may as well flat out address what my views are...

PP: Ok let's start with monogamy. You've previously been in monogamous relationships...

DO: That's all I had been in until I had moved to the Bay Area. I've always believed that the central thing has always been sexual responsibility. It always seemed hard to fuck up and hard to be irresponsible if you just obsessed about the concept of absolute dedication. It's an adolescent perspective. In recent years, trust has just been a much more threatening concept. I was more concerned with that person's feelings for me than how that was affecting my feelings for myself, or whether they're becoming the source of my strength. I feel like by giving all of myself to individuals all my life in love relationships, I've sort of sold myself out, and put myself in the position where the removal of these people leaves this huge and ridiculous void. I no longer see the logic in giving away so much of myself that there's still not a complete me in reserve.

PP: Well there's a difference between giving honestly by giving what you can give and giving what isn't yours in the first place. I think deep down there is a lot more there that you can give to somebody, but to do that you'd feel that you were risking it all.

DO: Right, and I'm just not ready for that...not remotely. It's only been in the last six months I've even been able to romanticize the concept. It used to just make me angry. I used to have a very doctrinaire explanation as to what I think of as the love syndrome in which it's existence is an extremely glamorized concept. That was sort of a self protective philosophy I had.

PP: But it got you hurt none the less...

DO: Yeah, well it hurt a lot less than others. I mean you didn't know me when I was younger. My basic belief is this; people find it very hard to give of themselves responsibly....

PP: That's that fine line we all struggle with.

DO: And it's hard to have any more faith in other people than you have in yourself. When I feel prepared to do right by somebody I might feel more prepared to have them do right by me. I have a great resentment of people who want from me. I take it as an insult and an inconvenience.

S: But I don't think very many people would logically step up to the plate saying,"I want from you, but I'm not willing to give in return". I mean, you haven't had many worthy people step up to the plate as of late. There have been a few, but of course, I'm biased because I want you to have a person who I think is right for you. And I think that the last relationship you were in was probably closest to the best for you. She was definitely someone who could have made you happy and whom you could have made happy. But at the time you two were together, I don't think she wasn't taking from you what she wouldn't have given more of in it's place...

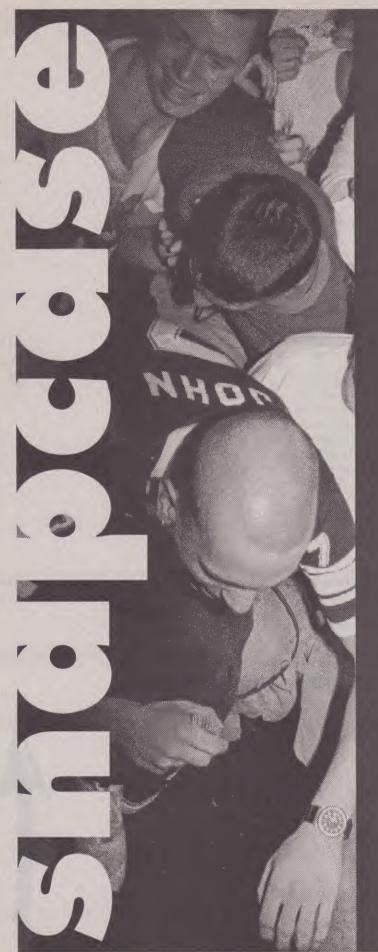
DO: I don't know what to say... I have this weird need for closure in interviews where I can make defining statements...

PP: well, you're working through a process. You're not yet at the other end of it, so really how could you summarize it? All you need to do is get through it. 

Output

Description:

It's hard to have any more faith in other people than you have in yourself.



Being fortunate enough to already know Snapcase's lead singer Darryl Taberski prior to this interview I naturally possessed a little insight into him as a person. I guess you could call his band hardcore darlings. I wanted to know why he isn't a champion of the scene that champions Snapcase. After all, there aren't too many within the hardcore scene that don't admire them. So for those that don't, read this interview and eind out why you should

INTERVIEW BY JACOB BRENNAN, PHOTOS BY JUSTIN CORRECT

Punk Planet: It seems that as of late hardcore is simultaneously at both of it's highest and lowest points. What are some of the contributing factors to this?

Darryl Taberski: I think that it's at a low point because of some of the same things that have been killing it all along. Hardcore is supposed to be this place where everyone has the freedom to speak their mind and it should be a kind of community where people can come together to learn about one another and give each other the space to speak.

PP: Do you think it's lost some of that?

DT: Yes. As far as other things that are wrong with it, through all the imagery on the albums, it's perceived as this extremely white, male oriented culture. Hardcore—as a subculture—isn't very inclusive.

PP: It seems to me that the whole exclusionary attitude is one that fares better in mainstream culture. Never mind an underground scene that is supposed to take in those that the mainstream has cast out.

DT: And I'm in a band that plays to these people. I'm ingrained into this subculture and it's a scene that's missing a lot of elements—mostly cultural elements—that I think are really important. I really thought that by this point, the tough-guy mentality would be gone. I can't get up there on stage and play to a bunch of guys that are competing to see who's the hardest.

PP: I think that the silliness demonstrated by that mentality causes other open-minded people who would otherwise be involved in hardcore to look down upon it. I mean look at how much the indie kids condescend to hardcore kids. What they miss is that there are a lot of people involved in the hardcore scene that are worth listening to.

DT: Yeah, bands just have to keep doing their part by not accepting this kind of ridiculous behavior. And they have to keep welcoming into the scene all types of people.



PP: What are some of the other elements that sour the whole thing for you?

DT: Well there seems to be a certain amount of elitism. There's just too many subdivisions of the scene and they're all too exclusive. It seems like you have to follow a group's certain code of ethics...

PP: ...because they want everything to fit in, nice and tight and categorically.

DT: Not to mention the styles and fashions and the pressures to look a certain way.

PP: Sounds like high school.

DT: Ideally hardcore should be a music that brings a bunch of different people together as a community. Personally I'd like to see a wider group of ethnic kids be introduced to the scene as well as more females. It's not going to happen if bands keep doing what they're doing and the labels keep promoting their bands—and hardcore—in the way that they are.

PP: I think a lot of people, especially myself, were taken by surprise when Victory released Deadguy's full length. Because of the style of music that it is, it being very cerebral, chaotic, arty and not your standard 1, 2, GO! hardcore record that's easy to latch onto. It really surprised me that kids did accept it and that the record did so well. It restored a lot of my faith in the hardcore scene. Now in relation to the style of music Snapcase plays and attention paid to the fact that you guys have been constantly progressing...for me, that's a direction that I want to see hardcore head in. I think that it would be great if the whole genre started to lean towards more intelligent, musician oriented bands that have something to say and are saying it through their music in a way that hasn't been said before.

DT: I'm the type of person that has a lot of respect for the originality and creativity of a band. I'm not big on rehash product. I'm not too into listening to bands that sound like all of the bands of old.

PP: Personally, I think it would be amazing if some 15 year old kid who just got into hardcore, if his or her first band sounded like Deadguy instead of Youth of Today.

DT: Well yeah, but I think that it's important for kids to know the whole history of the scene. I don't think that the music of Deadguy is necessarily better than the music of Youth of Today or the Gorilla Biscuits or any of those bands. The music of those bands is just as important. When I first got into this scene it was called the "hardcore punk" scene. It



of punk rock. Hardcore seemed to skip out on the whole drunken, heroin addict image and it stressed the positive. I thought that hardcore was punk's next logical step. I mean, if you were punk, you were anti-establishment and you understood the power of the media and that they controlled the way that we were all going to see ourselves and look and act. Obviously, punk rebelled against all of that. Initially hardcore kept all of punk's values, but it saw that if you were going to be anti-establishment that you weren't going to support the alcohol and tobacco industries. If you were really punk rock, why would you support those industries when they're only going to fuck you up and in the process make themselves lots of money? But since then, hardcore has lost all of its punk ethics. Now, hardcore is full of kids wearing the latest fashion and has become totally suburbanized. I mean, I'm from the suburbs myself...

PP: ...but it doesn't seem to be rebelling against the suburbs, it's kind of just accepted it like; "yeah this is where I'm from and I'm going to use all of Dad's money to put out these records."

DT: It seems like a lot of kids in hardcore just get into it so they can have something to do while they're going to college and working on their careers so that they can eventually go to work for one of those big corporations and drive a fucking Mercedes.

PP: These are kids that are the first ones to criticize the bands, the first ones to yell "sell out." Fuck You! Go back to the internet with the computer that Daddy bought you.

DT: I don't think that you'd see much of this mentality in the old days.

PP: Let's talk about Snapcase. When you guys first started out and started touring, you became a national band really quick. And it didn't take long before you were an international band. I think that in terms of building yourself as a band, in terms of popularity and such...at the same time, you were still developing. In my opinion you may not have been ready for all of that exposure. Since then, you guys have come a long way, especially regarding your songwriting. It's almost like your an entirely new band. Because of that, are you somewhat hesitant to embrace your past?

DT: Regarding all of the exposure...I think that stuff like that can be very easy to swallow but it can also be very dangerous. The thing about our band is that we've always taken things one day at a time and never looked too far ahead





into the future. There have been times when we've gotten a little carried away in our expectations and expected a little too much because of the things that we've accomplished in the past. But you've always got to remember what you were like when all you cared about was putting out a demo.

PP: If you look at the other Victory bands that started to come up at the same time as Snapcase did, Strife and Earth Crisis, and the way that Snapcase was then, it seems like you've all kind of developed into your own little thing and it's Snapcase that has strayed the furthest from what you were originally. Not in the sense that you sound like Motley Crüe or anything, but your songs definitely sound less like Judge. You've also stopped pushing the

straight edge message. The lyrics have gotten even more personal and there seems to be more care taken in the songwriting department, more so now than ever before. Snapcase is no longer a band that is stringing a bunch of riffs together and screaming about something that's going to warrant an extreme reaction just because it's a part of an extreme movement.

DT: Well, we don't push straight edge anymore because whenever something is so obvious, whenever something is so clear cut, I don't think that it makes people think. This idea can go for anything that you're trying to express, it doesn't necessarily have to be about straight edge. However, I do think that straight edge bands are important and that they have their place, but I've reached a certain age where I don't need the obvious statements thrown in my face all the time. I just think that it doesn't make you think at all. This applies to artwork, it applies to journalism, it applies to lyrics, it applies to writing music. The obvious is just very boring. When there's nothing to look into, then there's nothing to really think about. Our band wants to make people think through our lyrics and through the music that we write. We want people to come up with their own interpretations.

PP: Isn't that the intention of all art? Leaving yourself open for interpretation means inviting more people to relate to what you're doing. The more that we can relate to art, then the more we can relate to each other. Thus a more inclusive culture. Or in the case of those reading Punk Planet; a more inclusive subculture. For me, that's what great art has the power of doing. 

Output

Description:





You may or may not be familar with the 8 piece band Pain who hail from the pride of the South, Alabama. If not you may be wondering why you are now reading about them in the pages of Punk Planet. Well the fine folks in Pain read a decent review of the zine I work on (the other one) and sent me a copy of their CD "Midgets With Guns" to review. I was so enraptured with the disk I just had to talk to them. Now let me explain that I get TONS of records in for review and very few ever move me enough to warrant even a second listen. Let alone make me want to get in touch with the band just to tell them they're absolutely amazing. But there I was writing e.mail like I was in junior high again (cept in junior high I didn't have e.mail) telling my favorite band I thought they were totally awesome. So a couple of friendly e.mails were exchanged and here we are at the logical extreme. I can't describe the sound of Pain in anyway that could possibly do them justice. All I can tell you is that hardly a day goes by I don't find myself listening to, or humming the melodies of Pain. You really need to check them out.

INTERVIEW BY JOSH HOOTEN

There are two kinds of pain. There is physical pain, and there is emotional pain. My question, and there are two parts to it, is which do you experience more of, and which do you prefer?

Mark: This pain dichotomy is very important. I would have to say I experience more emotional pain.

### You don't fall down onto sharp objects a lot?

Mark: No, but I love to see other people do that. That's a part of the dichotomy. I experience more emotional pain, but I prefer to watch physical pain. However, I find emotional pain to be much longer lasting than physical pain.

Well I think that depends on the type of physical pain we're talking about. Like if you hack your leg off, that's pretty long lasting. Which kind of pain do you prefer?

Mark: I prefer physical pain.

So you'd rather get stabbed in the eye with a hot poker than lose a girlfriend.

Mark: That is correct.

Dan: I'd rather get hit with a dart.

Mark: I'd rather take a bullet than get hit with a dart. I can't stand darts.

You'd rather get shot with a gun than get hit with a dart? Do you mean like one of those big old lawn darts?

Mark: Like a regular throwing dart. Like if somebody was standing there with a gun, or a dart, and told me they were going to use one of them on me, I'd tell them to go ahead and shoot me.

Dan: Because in all of the good movies, getting shot with a gun doesn't really affect you that much. In the movies, you can get up and just keep on running. But if you get hit with a lawn dart, you're not going anywhere.

You could be physically pinned to the ground with one of those things.

Mark: Well there was a kid a couple of years back in Ohio who got nailed with a lawn dart and died. I'm not kidding. His brother threw it way up in the air, and when it came down it just took the kid out.

What would you say, physically or mentally, what would you say is the worst pain you've endured?

Mark: Being in this band.

Dan: One time I had a pubic hair lodged inside of my penis.

### Inside your penis?

Dan: Yeah, somehow it had managed to wriggle it's way inside my urethra.

### Do you really think it "wriggled?"

Dan: Well I don't know, but it happened again a few months later. That was the worst pain in my life.

### That's just downright weird.

Dan: Did you ever see Clash of the Titans? Remember Medusa's head? That's what my pubic hair is like.

This interview is going to work out really well for you guys. You're going to attract the right kind of crowd with this little talk. O.K., what is the worst pain you've ever inflicted on another person?

### THE GAMES PAIN PLAYS

Hopefully, you've heard of the band called Pain. Hopefully, by now, their manic songs are known to you; you've sampled their musical delights. And, if so, you may be wondering: Who are these freaks? What makes them tick? Are they monsters? Are they tax collectors? Are they girls? WE can't anser these questions, but we do know this: when the members of Pain aren't playing their cantankerous ditties, they're playing games. Lots of games. All games. Name YOUR favorite game and, chances are, they've played it... and mastered it. Here's a list of their favoirte games with ADVANCED pro tips on how to win BIG:

- 1. JAY (SAXOPHONE) ON ASTEROIDS: "Hyperspace has got to be the trickiest move on there. It can be your best friend, or it can fuck you. And take it easy on the thrusters, man!"
- 2. STUART (TRUMPET) ON TETRIS: "It's a metaphor for life. Pieces fallin' down, it's hard to make 'em fit...."
- 3. DAN (LEAD SINGER) ON AIR HOCKEY: "The puck is your friend, not your enemy. Be playful with it, talk to it, learn its secrets. Call it by name: 'Puck! Pucky-puck!' Think of it as the incorrigible imp of Shakespeare: Mischievous, unpredictable... but friendly. Remember, it isn't a question of winning, but of how obnoxious you are during the game...."
- 4. MARK (DRUMMER) ON DUKE NUKE 'EM: "Sure, you can shrink down the enemies and then step on them, or you can freeze them and then kick them to pieces (which is cool), but until you pull out that double-barrel gatlin gun thing and start tearing fuckers to bloody ribbons and bouncin' their guts off the walls, you're not really don, shit...."
- 5. JASON (TROMBONE) ON WING COMMANDER IV: "It lonely here in space. In fact, it's cold as hell."
- **6. POSE (BASS) ON WRESTLEMANIA:** "...don't forget Bam Bam Bigelow's powerful adaptation of Bob Beckwith's famous "cross-faced chicken wing" (the move that kept junkyard Dog suffering for most of the '70s). Clever players can use this secret move to subdue the mightiest of opponents! NOTE: don't try this move on the Undertaker, lest risking a cunning and as yet unnamed Tombstone-like countermove which, when implemented... no can defense."
- **7. LIZ (KEYBOARDS) ON CROQUET:** "The mallets are not weapons! The balls, however, are."
- 8. ADAM (GUITAR): "I don't play no games."

### I'M TELLING YOU MAN. STAR WARS IS THE DEFINING MARK IN MOST OF OUR LIVES.

Dan: Intentionally?

Mark: I can tell that a friend of ours in high school, while we were driving down the road back to school, yelled "Fuck Your Momma" out the window at this old lady and she fell down on her knees, grabbed her heart and died.

### Your lying!

Mark: No, no, you know that part of "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" by The Clash, when Joe Strummer sounds like he's saying "Fuck Your Momma, Fuck Your Momma?" That's what my friend was doing, and she just fell over. I was indirectly involved in that. That would be the worst.

### That's horrendous!

Mark: Yeah, but it was pretty damn funny.

Well I guess it was worth it for the story. I'm willing to inflict, and endure massive amounts of pain for a good story. Man, I wish I had a hand in something like that. But that's because I just really despise old people. I do. I know it's awful, but I do. Because they're always up to no good, and you can't trust em. Isn't that true? Maybe it's just me. I don't know, I think they're always out there causing trouble. But that story is still pretty horrendous; I don't trust old people, but I never killed one.

Mark: Well the verdict isn't actually in as to whether she really died, because we didn't really stick around to find out...

Hell no you didn't, you got the hell out of there. That's all you could do.

Mark: And how. When you do something wrong, you don't hang around to see what happens, you get out of there.

Unless you're stupid.

Dan: Unless you want to take the rap for it.

Damn straight. Since most people reading this probably aren't familiar with the band, how would you describe your sound?

Mark: I end up having to cop out and give an answer that probably doesn't help very much, but I say we're a band that's full of melody. Lot's of good times, lots of Pain, lots of melody. I think melody is the pivotal element for our sound. Apart from that, it's really tough to describe our sound.

Well you guys don't really...your influences aren't so readily apparent.

Dan: We're not very good copy cats. We try to copy our favorite bands, but we just aren't very good at it.

What do you listen to on a regular basis that kind of informs your creative process? Like what do you listen to, then think "Oh man I want to go play now."

Mark: Well sometimes when I hear something really good I don't want to play at all. I get mad, and don't want to play anything. Like the other day I was listening to some CD, and it was so good I just shut it off and didn't want to have anything to do with music anymore. Like when someone is doing something so well...kicking butt, stealing all the good melodies. Fuckers. I have this idea that bands get melodies by dipping into this big giant trough, but some people are snatching up more than their fair share of melodies. Like here we are, just wanting our fair share and some jackass has gotten their load AND ours.

### So who do you see at the trough stealing the melodies?

Dan: Well I think They Might Be Giants steal a lot of good melodies. And I think Fat Mike from NOFX is hording melodies in his gut.

Mark: Stevie Wonder was a good melody stealer.

Talk about the dynamics of having 8 people in your band.

Mark: We would never recommend it.

### And yet you do it.

Dan: Well for the types of songs we want to do, it's necessary to have certain instruments involved. We couldn't play the songs without them. We're finding out that we really can't even do them right with an 8 piece band. There's a lot of things we'd like to have in addition to the 8 piece, but that really would be...

Mark: I mean we can hardly go to the bathroom without having a big argument about it. It's really hard to get 8 people to agree on something, and as much as we'd like to have another 5 or 6 folks, we can't do it.

Do you think the push and pull between 8 people makes for better songs, or do you think it kind of deteriorates into the lowest common denominator?

Dan: It doesn't do that. The songs get done right, it's just that with 8 people the general forward momentum is slow. It slows down the process. Practicing and travelling and so forth. Creatively it's not a problem. Everything else is just twice as hard, and twice as slow.

It's hard enough for me to get up in the morning and get something done, and I'm just one person. The idea of being in a band, especially a band of 8 people, it's a creative process, and having that many people involved, having that many approaches...having that many frames of reference to determine what makes something good...it seems to me like it

### AND IF IT'S NOT. WELL YOU'RE PART OF THE DARK SIDE.

would necessarily become a big exercise in compromise after a while. Like giving up certain things in order to get certain other things.

Dan: Yeah, well as a band we're still learning about that. It can be the hardest thing in the world.

What other instruments would you add if you could?

Mark: I'd really love to have a second guitar. That would be great.

Dan: I wouldn't mind toting around some violins, and a tuba. A tuba would be great.

Since Pain doesn't neatly fit into any one category of music, who do you find your audience being? Not just the people that maybe show up to see you, but more like the people who would consider themselves fans? What kind of person is a fan of Pain?

Dan: It's pretty diverse. I talk to a lot of different people who like Pain. I prefer it that way. I'd be scared if there was only one kind of person liked us. I talk to lots of different people: guys in ties, guys in skirts. It's really a pretty healthy cross section of folks.

It must be nice to have an appeal that's broader than just 18 year old white boys.

Mark: This one old guy came up to me, I'll never forget this, it was a few months ago. He came up to me and said "You guys are the biggest thing I've seen since Ozzy Osbourne. On the back of my truck I've got me a Zildjian symbols sticker, and AC/DC sticker, and a Pain sticker." And that's all he said. He was about 35 years old too.

Wow. You're certainly in good company. To be able to appeal to a wide array of people must feel good.

Mark: We're for the kids.

Well I think most of the bands that we talk to, interview wise, are only reaching an audience of white males between the ages of 18-25. Especially when it's bands who have some political agenda, I can appreciate bands like that, but they aren't informing anybody of anything really. They're talking to people exactly like themselves, who already believe all that stuff. Nobody is learning anything.

Dan: Well it's very easy.

True. Very true. I guess you'll always have a good response. I want to talk about specific songs you do, but they're all so varied I don't know where to start. One of my favorites is the one about the girl in the parachute pants. (Lyrics: She wore sweatpants, she liked to breakdance, she wore a pair of shiny parachute pants, I was a geek and she was a superstar) I totally reminded me of being young and walking around with my radio, going to play video games. I'd play Ms. Pacman and Phoenix all day long. I'd spend so much time and money doing that.

Mark: Well if you want to talk about a varied response from the crowd, that one is the favorite of only I'd say only 5% of the people

who listen to us. People like you and I, who are a certain age can relate to it. The people who tell me they like that song are always in a certain age range.

Yeah, well I guess there's a certain...I hate to be so broad and use the term generation, but there is a specific group of people who can relate. Like my collection of Masters of the Universe figures wasn't great, but I aspired to have a great one. And video games where my life, and I carried my radio around and listened to crappy breakdance tapes and stuff. It was awesome. It was such a great time.

Mark: It really was. I think back about how much I really liked it, and I want to do it again. I have a lot of fond memories from that time.

I wish I had time to play video games now. I wish I had the guts to carry my radio around now. I think songs like that one may seem silly or whatever to someone who isn't connected to that time, but it was a huge portion of our lives where we were really happy. There was no responsibility. We didn't have to pay rent. We didn't have to do anything but go to dumb old elementary school. The biggest stress was whether we were going to play kickball or dodgeball after school. If I could just have one day like those now, where I didn't have to worry about 80 million things, I'd be so happy. Oh...are you guys crying? Cuz I'm crying.

(laughs)

It's like Star Wars. Star Wars only appeals to a certain range of ages. I took a video class with an older teacher guy who told me he could never understand what the appeal of Star Wars was. And of course I wanted to fight him. I had no idea prior to that experience that there were people whose entire existences couldn't be summed up in the tumultuous ups and downs of Star Wars.

Mark: Wow. I'm so far on your side of the fence, I can't even imagine not having that perception.

Well the good part is that our age group are all more or less in our 20's which means we'll be ruling the world soon. I think it's going to go pretty well for us.

Mark: I'm telling you man, Star Wars is the defining mark in most of our lives. And if it's not, well you're part of the dark side. The Star Wars generation is coming of age.

Dan: We should be referred to as The Star Wars Generation. I'm not part of generation x, I'm calling us The Star Wars Generation from now on.

RING THIS STUFF

# COA

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THINK I'M A FREAK!!!

NOT CONTENT TO MERELY MIMIC THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY, OR WORSE, TODAY, THE RYE COALITION CREATE THE NEXT AESTHETIC OF UNDERGROUND THEY CAN KNOCK YOU FLAT ON YOUR BACK LIVE OR ON WAX. WITH TWO SEVEN INCHES, A COUPLE OF SPLITS (ONE BEING THE NOW LEGENDARY RYE/KARP SPLIT 12" ON TROUBLEMAN UNLIMITED) RYE OR POISED. WITH THE FORTHCOMING RELEASE OF THEIR FULL LENGTH ON GERN BLANSTEN, TO REDEFINE THE PARAMETERS OF HARDCORE FOR YOU, YOU'RE WELCOME. STRICT ADHERENCE TO NO SET FORMULA, RYE DRAW FROM SO MANY INFLUENCES, WITHOUT SOUNDING LIKE ANY OF THEM, IT'LL MAKE YOUR HEAD SPIN. THEY GIVE PROPS TO THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE, THEN BLOW THEM ALL AWAY. You'd BETTER GET ON BOARD NOW HIPSTER, OR YOU'LL BE LEFT BEHIND. INTERVIEW BY JOSH HOOTEN . PHOTOS BY JUSTIN CORBETT

el in these circles have never heard before, and that's a good thing. Is this because this is the way your creative process works, or are you consciously reacting against the way things already sound?

Bass: I think it's both. It's not necessarily consious, like when we construct songs

So you guys are making sounds that people who trav-

# It's not that there's a thought out idea that we don't want to sound like the norm. less and anonymous almost. Ralph: I don't even remember what the question was. We elaborate a lot.

Believe it or not, it kind of happens naturally.

Ralph: I think maybe as much as we listen to the same kinds of stuff, we also listen to a lot of different things. We have a lot of varied influences. I think it comes together in this fucked up melting pot.

Bass: If you were to ask us individually what the number one thing we've been listening to right now is I know you'd get four different answers.

John: I think once your musical interests expand, it changes the way you write songs. I'd like to think we're original, but it's all definately built from the things we listen to. I don't think you can play a song today that sounds completely like nothing else.

Bass: It's all influences. Definately. Everything's been done before, it's up to you to modify it. All the blueprints have been printed out, it's just our turn to turn them around.

Ralph: I totally agree with what John said about expanding what you listen to. I think being able to enjoy and understand where other bands are coming from is one of the greatest gifts I've gotten from being in a band. I can apreciate way more. I admit before this band, and even maybe still so, I could be really close minded about music. But the more you listen to, the more you can expand, and the more you can appreciate.

Bass: I agree. I've heard of the Chemical Brothers and the bands on labels like Mo Wax, and I've always wanted to

listen to them. It's Dave that introduced them to me and I've found much apreciation for them. They may not be musicians, but the way they take the time to build their songs, other people may not appreciate them and may think "oh well they're just sampling," but little do they know, they take so much time out of their lives to find the perfect sounds for these songs.

Ralph: It's totally like they're writing these songs. They're writing whole songs, whether they're using samples or not.

Bass: These things should be more popular, but I think they are really underrated. They get popular by being played on the radio, but people don't really understand the work that goes into what they do.

I think electronic music is really exciting in that it's so faceless and anonymous almost.

John: That's because we're all so arrogant and want to talk all the time. We're basically a dysfunctional family. We always tell each other that we're not really friends, we're just band mates.

Bass: We have little dictatorships going where we want to make the others feel like they're lower than we are. The point is to see who can make the other members feel the worst. So it's like one of

those families where, instead of hitting you with a belt, we deal more in-mental abuse. Our band, IS

What are your vices?

John: Cigerretes

### What kind of habit is it?

John: It's pretty bad. Like I'll tell myself I'm going to quit...

(everyone starts laughing)

Ralph: Come on, give it up! This is the best question for you.

John: It's a nervous habit that is definately connected to my neurosis and my oral fixation. It's definately linked to my early childhood stages. The terrible two's.

Bass: I would say cigerrettes and alcohol as well. And the other word that I won't say on tape so people don't think we're all a bunch of addicts. It's tough to break. Smoking is like, one instance is, when you have a drink you need something to accompany it. It's the motion of both hands. The one and the two.

Drinking for me is more of a stylistic concern than it is about the substance.

John: Definately. Lighting a cigarrette is such an arrogant act.

Bass: And you don't even realize it. It's almost subconscious.

Ralph: Dave, what's your vice?

Dave: I don't know. You guys decide that.

the rest of the band offers up in a rabble what they see as Dave's

vices. The list is:

Porn

Money

Records

Being comfortable

Job

Car

Ralph: I'M JUST REALLY OBSESSIVE. I'll get a thought and I won't let go of it. That's my vice, in general.

Bass: I tend to think a lot and I reflect on things too much and I tend to ruin things, be it clothes or money. I almost get sadistic. Mostly clothes.

Ralph: I think our band is mainly based on anxiety.

# John: I think our whole generation is based on anxiety.

That's why the music that we play doesn't sound anything like what bands used to play.

Ralph: That's because the culture has changed. Now it's all angst and anxiety. Back then it was different.

Bass: Back then it was more oriented towards fun and being rebellious. Now it's changed to angst.

I don't see you guys linked with a lot of other bands, and I think that's a way people build a context for the music. I know you've done a couple of splits with other bands, but even still you seem pretty self contained.

Bass: The bands that we've put out splits with, I wouldn't say we're complete opposites, but I would say we're not really on the same kind of music level. I'm not saying they are lower or higher or anything, I mean we're just different. And I think it's good to do splits with bands who are different than you. We can get in touch with Karp's fans, or Maximillian Colby's fans.

Ralph: Marvin Gaye's fans. That Rye/Marvin Gaye split that's coming out.

Bass: And the Al Green split. I'm putting that out myself.

Ralph: It's kind of a good point. Like we don't have any other real band friends. Like we don't kick it with other bands. Like we totally apreciate other bands, but I don't know...

Bass: think Karp is the only band we've been able to kick it with and hang out and have a really good time.

John: And Dahlia Seed.

Ralph I think there's a lot of intimidation and arrogance that goes on in this whole band thing and people get weird. There's all these weird vibes going around. I don't think we want to get involved with it. We just want to do our thing. But it's kind of unavoidable. We'll be friendly with anybody. We're pretty nice guys. Despite what we look like.

Bass: The whole tour we did, the rumor going around was that we were the meanest people. And people had all these assumptions that we were mean. But as soon as we met them and hung out with them they knew better. It was just built on hype. I guess people, for some reason, get this idea about us and I don't know why. I feel like we're boring little people.

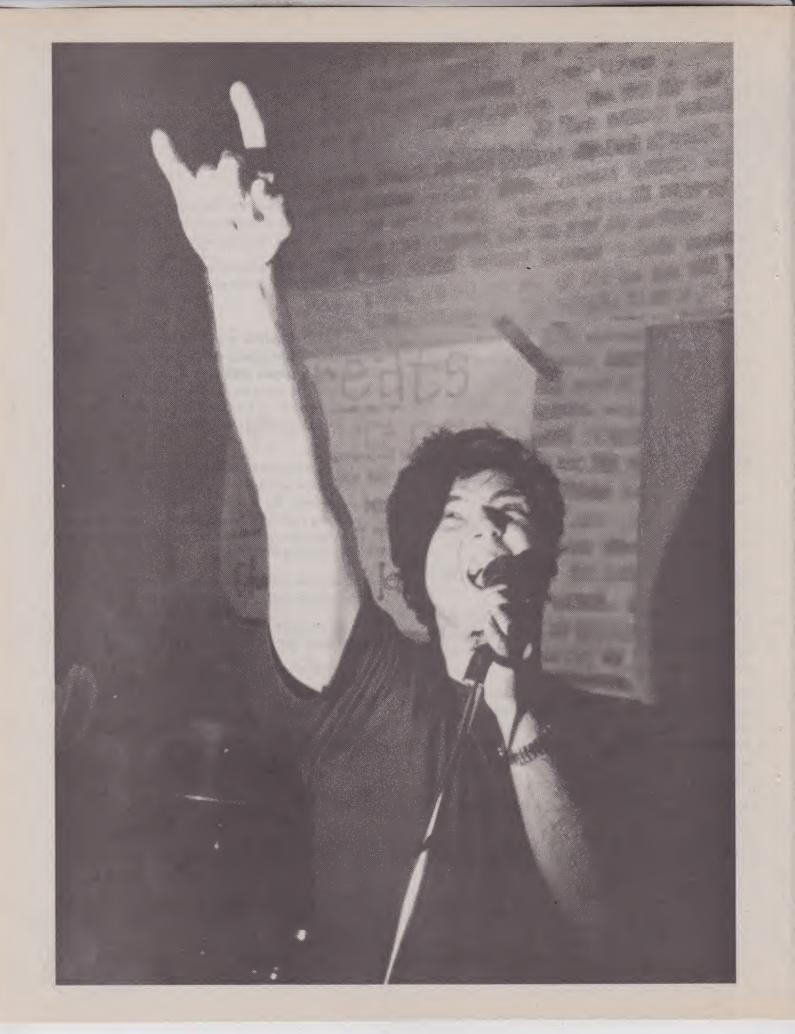
Ralph: That's how I see it. Like I just do my stuff at home, then come out and play shows, and that's it.

Well when I read the Heartattack poll that voted you guys the meanest band, that's when I decided I had to talk to you.

John: Heartattack sucks shit.

When I read that poll, I got really excited and wanted to meet you right then.

Ralph: Have we lived up to your expectations?





Well you seem perfectly nice. I'm a little let down.

Ralph:Well we could change right now. Like Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde.

Dave: We'll give you the half nelson.

# ing you like nobodies business.

Bass. But seriously, we don't mean to say that we get along with everybody. There are bands that we don't get along with, I mean...

(from out of somewhere, and I don't know where, comes the name "Texas is the Reason")

Ralph: Ohhhhh! See, ya had to say it didn't ya? You had to say it. We don't have a problem with them. We really don't.

If The Nation of Ulysses had never existed do you think you'd use hair care products and the word "baby" so freely?

Ralph:

John: Probably not actually.

Bass: We don't really use haircare products that much. I mean I use a little Vidal Sasson, but that's really only a spritz to style it.

Ralph: Well The Beatles were wearing suits before lan and all those guys were even in diapers you know, it's not like he invented any of that stuff.

But in these circles I think he's the first to really go In that direction.

Ralph: Well that goes into what we were talking about expanding your musical tastes. He wasn't the first to do it, but he brought all that old stuff to a new audience.

And they weren't, and aren't trying to fool anybody either.

### They were obvious with their Influences.

Bass: Totally. They can get away with this stuff. But there are people in the audience who are clueless about music and wouldn't know the stuff that came before. There are certain people in the audience who have absolutely no idea about the past. That's kind of good that they are bringing it back. Bands like Booker T and the MG's, The James Brown Band, The Meters.

Ralph: But for the record, they are good bands, The Make-Up and The Nation of Ulysses. They may not be entirely serious, but they are legitamately good bands and they've influenced us and a lot of other people and that's how music works.

Bass: If it wasn't for early soul and R&B there wouldn't be a lot of bands right now.

Ralph: I think The Van Pelt said it pretty well on their record. How does it go? "Stealing From Our Favorite Theives."

Dave: I think Men's Recovery Project said it better. "All Music is Shit to God."

(laughs)

Ralph: I've gotta give props to that.

Bass: All that it comes down to is that everythings been done before, and it's going to be repeated over and over. It will be recycled and renewed in another form.

### Have you ever masturbated on Christmas day?

Bass: I'm sure I have. I must have.

John: Ralph did cybersex!

Ralph: Oh there you go. Just throw that out there. I probably masturbated on Christmas a couple of times, but um...I uh...I had Cybersex on Christmas Eve once. I masturbated, I'll admit that. I don't care. If people want to read this and say "Oh that dirty fucking pig!" well forget it, I'm sure there are many dirty things that they've done that they want to keep secret. I don't care, I'm going to tell all. This is what I've done.

Bass: I can say I've definately masturbated on Christmas day moming.

Ralph: John called me up one day and was like "Oh man...I did something horrible...I think I need psychotherapy." I was like well, what did you do? He was like, "Oh man, I masturbated with a banana peel." (laughs) He told me he thought he should go see the school counselor, but I told him to calm down. That shit is totally normal. It's cool to be able to say that to someone.

You guys are close. If I did that, I can't think of a single person on earth I could call up and admit that to.

# print that about the banana peel?

Well it's too late. See the red light on the recorder? That's the satellite link and this interview is being transmitted to Chicago as we speak. It's virtually already printed.

John: If my mom reads that she'll kick me out of the house.

Does your mom read Punk Planet?

# John: No. I feel really vulnerable right now.

Ralph: You feel vulnerable? You told everybody I had cybersex. Everybody that reads this is going to be like "what a disgusting pig."

Dave: Well what about the milk carton or whatever?

Ralph: Now hold on. That was the first time I ever masturbated. That's O.K. It was the first time and I used a gallon of milk. I got all cut up and shit. It was a complete disaster.

A what? A gallon of milk?

Ralph: I don't know. I thought it would be interesting.

A gallon of milk? The first time you masturbated you were like "Whoa, I'm all tingly, I think I need a gallon of milk here."

Ralph: I was in the shower.

### With a gallon of milk?

Ralph: I was in the shower and there was an empty gallon of milk there.

### Why was there a gallon of milk there?

Ralph: I put it there. That was my intention. I planned it out.

Bass: Did you use any lubrication or anything? Any shampoo or anything?

Ralph: Well I started with Vaseline but it wasn't working.

Bass: (disgusted) Ah! Ah God!

Ralph: It was a nightmare.

John: I was just joking about the banana peel...

Ralph: No you weren't!

### Sure you were.

Ralph: I went to the doctor afterwards. I was a very ignorant kid. When I had an...orgasm...I didn't know what happened. I didn't know if it was normal or what. It hurt too. So I went to the doctor all nervous and shit. My family knew and every-

thing I'm not even lying. (starts yelling)
WHAT AM I DOING?!?!! I SHOULDN'T

BE SAYING THIS? SO MANY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO READ THIS!!! People are going to think
I'm a freak!!!

Punk 1919 Plun

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT'S IN A



Descendents have had and continue to have on the punk scene. on the other hand you'd be hard pressed to convince me that ALL have been able to produce anything remotely close to that affect. But with the physical difference between the two being only the frontmen, I'd like somebody to explain to me how they can play under one name to faltering praise and attendance, but under another to a packed house of screaming kids in any city they choose.

While bands like Black Flag and the Circle Jerks were taking things like the world seriously, The Descendents were singing songs about girls and having good clean fun. While contemporaries were killing themselves off with whatever vice you'd care to name, The Descendents were providing an outlet for the rest of us: people who looked and lived more like nerds than rock stars. I can't count how many times I've heard kids say "The Descendents got me through high school. They were all I could relate to."

I've had my doubts about The Descendents reuniting—to be honest, even after interviewing them, I still do—since they only kind of broke-up in the first place. Let's face it: how broken up are you when all you're replacing is your singer (who would still join the band on stage every once in a while), you still play all of your old songs, and you still play the same style of music you always have. I guess my real doubt is why The Descendents ever changed their name to ALL in the first place.

It was full of those doubts that, while on a lunch break from my latest shitty job, I endeavored to write up an interview full of hardball questions to confront the band with. By way of research, I picked up their new album "Everything Sucks," and decided to walk around and listen to it while I figured out how I wanted to grill them. I was rooting for the record to suck, because I wanted proof that their reunion was a charade, and I wanted to confront them full steam about the whole thing. I was listening to the record, trying to poke holes in it, trying not to like it, and watching the clock so I wouldn't be late getting back to my shitty job 'cause I'd get yelled at. When I came upon "This Place," the 5th song on side two or thereabouts. It's about Milo hating his job and how shitty he feels at work, and how he hasn't made any friends and how he's losing his confidence just being there and so forth and so on. I listened to it for about 20 minutes over and over, then went back inside and quit my job. I felt like the greatest kid in the world. I was so empowered! After that, there was no way I could hate the record. I've been listening to punk rock records since I was in the 7th grade, and the one thing that always kept me involved was the fact that these records—and this type of music—had the power to put me in motion. They gave me strength I didn't have on my own. The Descendents delivered back then, and they delivered today. That's the power of punk rock friends.

Are The Descendents selling out? Are they just trying to cash in on the nostalgia factor? I thought so. But after our talk I'm not so sure. The bottom line is that they've been doing the same thing for a long, long time now, and perhaps the times have just caught up with them.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT PUSHING BARRIERS IN EVERY WHICH

"WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT PUSHING BARRIERS IN EVERY WHICH WAY, AND I DON'T THINK BARRIER PUSHING AND COMMERCIAL SUCCESS GO HAND IN HAND."

Punk 99 199 Plune

### So how many shows on this tour would you say were sold out?

Most of them.

### Like what percentage?

So far I'd say like 99%. We had one in Canada that didn't sell out because they changed the venue three times and I guess it was hard for the kids to keep track of where it was.

### So almost all the shows as The Descendents were sold out. On the last ALL tour what percentage would you say were sold out?

A few sold out. Basically what were seeing here is...I'd say 60 or 70% of the people here are ALL people, and then there's the the 25 to 40% that are older people who haven't seen us since we were The Descendents then there are the kids we condescendingly refer to as "Mallpunks"—people that come because they hear "oh these guys influenced these other bands who are cool, so maybe they're cool too." Then they show up and see that we're ugly and don't have spikes and Mohawks and stuff and they decide that we're not cool because we don't fit the dress code. We never did.

## Speaking of that influence, it's my opinion that you guys single handedly influenced all the bands that broke punk into the mainstream.

It's hard to say, but...I mean there's stuff like Stiff Little Fingers and Buzzcocks that's gotta figure in there, Agent Orange too. A lot of those bands, if they toured they didn't tour much, whereas we, as The Descendents, toured a lot and even after that we toured a lot playing those songs. So I think we did a lot to keep that type of music alive during an era when the public ear would rather have heard speed metal, R.E.M-type music, the grunge thing, all these various little phases and fads,. We just kept doing our thing. Maybe that's why we're now being acknowledged as some kind of influence, because we just kept doing it and doing it. Black Flag I think is also equally influential in terms of popular music.

# Yeah, I just think that a lot of the bands that broke the "Mallpunk" scene, made it onto major labels, made it onto MTV...Okay, I guess I'm talking about Green Day...

Yeah. Those guys, eh whatever. I'd rather have them there than Bon Jovi or whatever I guess. They don't really sound any different than their earlier stuff. It just sounds like a much cleaner version of their usual thing. So that's cool.

### It's good and bad I guess.

Nobody likes to see their favorite bands get mega-famous because then it's not your thing anymore. That's just a normal reaction; it's like you have your secret thing, and then everyone is doing it.

### I'm sure you guys must see quite a bit of that being around for as long as you have.

Yeah but we never seem to get as big as everybody thinks we're capable of because for every accessible pop song we do like "I'm the One", we have a song like "Doghouse," or "Iceman" which satisfies us enormously but pisses the hell out of a lot of people who are lightweights and only like the fluffy stuff.

### Interesting that you would delineate your own songs that way.

Well it's not really a hard delineation. Part of what we've always been about is pushing boundaries and challenging opinions and ideas about what the music is capable of. Flat out, like how complicated a lot of the music on "Milo Goes to College" is, it's pretty

unusual for punk rock. The tempo things, the melodicism, the lyrics about girls, those are all pushing barriers. Basically we took it on the chin for those things. People called us sexist because we did songs about women. It's interesting. We've always been about pushing boundaries in every which way, and I don't think boundary pushing and commercial success go hand in hand.

### What's it like trying to put together a Descendents set list?

Basically we practice a lot of songs, then we reduce it down to 35 or 40 for the set list. we try to keep in mind things like tempo and the momentum of the set. sometimes voice preservation. we try to make sure that some of the more complicated stuff happens later in the set, so that we're warmed up. there's all kinds of weird stuff that goes into it.

# I'm just curious what it must be like to narrow down all the songs that you have to around 30 that are your favorites. It seems like it would be really hard to throw out Descendents songs.

Yeah, but if there's songs that we don't play tonight that are our favorites, next time we will. it's tough but we're used to it. As ALL we played these songs the whole time, and by now we pretty much have it down. It was cool getting Milo back because there are some Descendents songs that he handles better than any of the ALL singers and some of the ALL songs we've always been curious about what he'd sound like on. It's a two way street.

One of the press releases about you guys says that you're picking up where The Descendents left off which seems odd because you've been using the names interchangeably in this conversation.

Yeah, that's kind of odd. And for three of us it is interchangeable.

# Do you think playing as The Descendents again will limit you in what you can do musically? Do you think people will be expecting you to do nothing new and just stick to a formula of some sort?

Well people are kind of primed for that response because all the punk rock reunions that have been going on have emphasized the nostalgia factor, i.e., no new songs and stuff. And that is one of the reasons we proceeded this tour with an album of entirely new songs. We wanted it to be a viable...

### ARE YOU GUYS IN A BAND?

Yeah.

### GET OUT.

The owner of the middle east kicks us out personally at this point. I imagine he's a little upset as earlier in the evening one of his bouncers picked a fight with Bugface, The Allscendents roadie of 10 years, a fight which ended with the whole band except Milo dropping their instruments and jumping into the foray trying to break things up. Both parties wound up on the floor, with Bugface smashing idiotbouncer guys head several times with a ratchet or some such tool. Idiotbouncer guy could be found after the show standing in the middle of the dance floor, feet apart, arms outstretched with middle fingers in the air yelling "You cunt, you faggot, let's go outside so I can fucking kill you!" at Bugface who was standing on stage brandishing parts of the drum kit in a Reggie Jacksonesque posture fully prepared to smack idiotbouncer guys skull over the left field fence.

(we resume our talk walking up the back steps heading out of the club.)

I run into more butthead, impervious to reason, jock people in Boston than most places.

### Have you ever been to Florida?

(laughs)

Yeah, well Florida, that's true.

How are things different now that Milo's back in the band? It's been a long time since you were all together on a regular basis.

Well yeah, there's always a different chemistry every time we've gotten a new singer. But with Milo it's really not even an effort. Billy and him have been best friends since they were little kids and all. Him stepping back in has been really natural. He's sung some on our other records doing back-ups, he's donated songs. He's always been there, sort of. When we'd pull through whatever town he was in he'd always come up onstage and sing a few songs. He just couldn't commit full time due to his science obligations. It takes a big man to walk away from something like that, you know what I mean?

I was actually gonna ask what he quit to come back.

He walked away from Bio-chemistry. Researching his Ph.D at The University of Wisconsin, Madison. Pretty heavy stuff huh?

Wow. Yeah that's a bold move. One last question, on the list of Descendents records, where would you rank the new one?

It's hard for me to say. Honestly we do this stuff all the time. We make a record every year so I'm not in a position to judge. It would have to be for somebody outside of the band.

What's the payoff for doing this after all this time?

Having a good time.

### It doesn't get old?

Well not if we're still writing new stuff, no. If we're writing new stuff it's all perfectly acceptable to us. I still like playing with everyone involved, travelling together. It's like a goddamned Willie Nelson song or something. As far as the cynical view of the financial impetus behind us doing this, the reality of this is that Milo is losing money doing this. He's a scientist. He gets paid well for that shit. It's funny. I think everyone is really cynical these days. Milo is not capable of impure motives with music. If we'd wanted to make money we could have probably cashed in and become a speed metal band like everyone else did.

That's true.

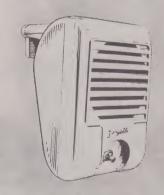
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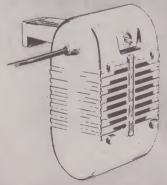
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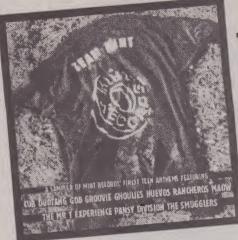
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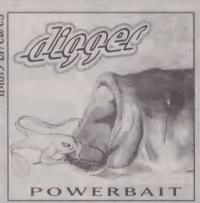
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4 C --\_ -(4) \_\_\_ by joel shalit

All work is honorable, yet art is just a job,

Let me spend a paycheck on a beer

No heroes no, no leaders, no artists, no gods

I'm a worker, you're a worker,

Would you like to be a worker too?

— The New Bomb Turks

'Born Toulouse-Lautrec' 1992

# COLD WAR ROCK

The Cold War defense buildup created the economic infrastructure and cultural imperatives that gave birth to rock'n'roll. The affluence of the permanent wartime economy of the post-war period provided the largest generation in American history with the purchasing power to make rock the quintessential feature of modern mass culture, providing it with hegemonic possibilities lacking in all cultural mediums, except television. By the height of the war in Vietnam, the recording industry's productive output reached an all time high that was not approximated again until early 1992 when Billboard magazine changed the surveying system by which it calculated the progress of new releases, and Nirvana and Pearl Jam reached the top of the charts.

The resuscitation of the hegemony of the American recording industry is difficult to explain because the economic and cultural conditions which facilitated its rebirth in the early nineties were entirely different than those conditions which preceded its initial implosion during the height of the Cold War. America had already experienced two recessions, first in the mid-seventies as a result of the Arab Oil Embargo, and the crippling inflation caused by the Nixon Administration's mishandling of the economy; second, in the early eighties, due to the Reagan Administration's radical deregulation of the market, and its lowering of interest rates. Followed by massive cutbacks in defense spending as a result of the termination of the Cold War, and an extraordinary surplus of weapons, munitions and spare parts, rock'n'roll's cultural hegemony could no longer be attributable to warfare state generated affluence, or economic productivity in other fields spurred on by defense spending.

The two primary factors responsible for the revival of the recording industry were new techniques in the production, distribution, and promotion of new music introduced to the market by punk record companies, and the consolidation of the economic hegemony of already established musical acts left over from the heyday of American affluence during the sixties in the form of the Classic Rock radio programming format. Unknowingly conspiring with one another to create a renaissance of production and consumption, punk and Classic Rock came together for the first

time with the introduction of grunge to the mainstream music market in the form of Nirvana, Pearl Jam, The Stone Temple Pilots and Soundgarden.

Grunge was instrumental in restoring the recording industry to its previous levels of production precisely because as a genre it brought together sixties and seventies rock burned into the collective unconscious of the American public by Classic Rock radio programming, with the aesthetics and grass roots, community based market strategies pioneered and developed by punk record companies. As a result, the recording industry was allowed to expand its already massive institutional infrastructure into the intimate, local sphere of economic activity opened up by small, independent labels.

# BACK TO GOD HOUR

Grunge couldn't outlive the market it rejuvenated because it was never a coherent musical genre that transcended its punk and hard rock predecessors. Kurt Cobain's suicide in the spring of 1994 symbolically terminated the period of unprecedented economic growth in the alternative muscial industry first inaugurated by the multiplatinum success of Jane's Addiction's 1989 LP, prophetically titled Nothing's Shocking. Despite the success stories of Nirvana's offspring such as Bad Company soundalikes Everclear and sugarcoated Nirvana clones such as Bush, grunge faded into its own convenient break even high school niche market by 1996. Sales plunged tenfold, and new records by groups like Pearl Jam, The Gin Blossoms and Hootie and The Blowfish sold less than a third of their original debut.

The music industry fell back into its traditional red tape crisis mode because its investments ceased to bring in overwhelmingly profitable returns. Now it was back to spending more money on videos than records, dropping bands who failed to move less than a hundred thousand units, and buying alternative lables like Sub Pop and Matador for their back catalogues instead of for their projected future returns with the exception of groups like Pavement and The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion.

The only echoes of the alternative bull market that could still be heard were the whimpering moans of Green Day's nouveau riche Billy Joe crying out about how bored he was stuck in his filthy apartment off of Telegraph avenue in Berkeley, and

LUTIONARY ING STR AND POLITICAL RHETORIC, SO THE REAL TERMS OF THE DEBATE ABOUT SELLING OUT
CONTINUED TO ENHANCE THE OEDIPEAN CONSEQUENCES OF THE WHOLE POINTLESS SADO-MASOCHIST 

Punk 51 Plane

the repetitive sharpening of swords at Maximum Rock and Roll HQ in San Francisco, where editor Tim Yohannon continued to deride the morality of the labels he had fostered for not being punk enough because indepedndent labels like Epitaph managed to score top forty hits with records by bands such as The Offspring.

The sounds of rival gang leaders flushing themselves down their porta potties had never been any louder. If punk had been the political party it always tried to be, this would have been the equivalent of factional infighting amongst upper middle class Trotskyites condemning each other over differences of opinion in implementing revolutionary strategy. As usual, everyone remained clueless about the political meaning of what they were really quarrelling about. No one in the scene could differentiate between revolutionary marketing strategies and political rhetoric, so the real terms of the debate about selling out continued to enhance the Oedipean consequences of the whole pointless, sado-masochistic melodrama.

Nevertheless Yohannon and his burrito hungry band of fashionable teenage cultists could safely say that their admonitions against straying into shopping malls was indeed correct. Politics had transcended marketing, and someone had actually killed themselves over their inability to reconcile commerical success with cultural authenticity. Driving the point home with the subtlety of a cruise missile slamming into a children's hospital in Bagdhad, Yohannon began his thoughtful indictment of his rebellious progeny by publishing a picture of a faceless person with a cocked revolver stuck in their mouth in the first issue of MRR after Cobain blew his brains out.

Two weeks later punks began pointing their fingers at each other in a confused and misguided attempt to blame the older generation for their own growing market clout. Goaded by MRR's increasingly self-marginalizing denunciations of Jello Biafra and his label Alternative Tentacles for creating the aesthetic recipe that made punk profitable, homeless crusties descended upon Biafra several weeks later at the Gilman Street club in Berkeley, beating him savagely for being a rock star, and a sell out.

Nothing epitomized the conservative tendencies of punk politics any better. As the godfather of the American independent ideology, Biafra was ritually scapegoated because of the limitations of his own political program. Redistributing cultural goods is not the same thing as redistributing wealth, and it never will be. But Biafra never really explained that. After all, the name of his own record label was enough of a dead give away: Alternative Tentacles. Nevertheless, Biafra was held accountable for destroying a counter-cultural movement that never really understood him, let alone itself, in the first place. The terrible irony of

Biafra's fate is that his own denunciation of rightwing punks in The Dead Kennedy's seminal *Nazi Punks Fuck Off*, ended up, instead, being turned against him. Maybe punk rockers were the wrong people to be proselytizing to after all.

Not long thereafter, the final stage of punk's redefinition of the music market began in full force. Green Day managed to capitalize on the pioneering efforts of thousands of punk bands that had preceded them by scoring several top ten hits after signing to Reprise, making pop punk a household word. And Rancid made mohawks popular again by posing as former members of the Exploited singing songs with fake cockney accents that reminded everyone of London Calling-era Clash. The cultural momentum that began with The Sex Pistols obscenity-laced appearance on Bill Grundy's talk show on British television seventeen years earlier had come full circle. Nothing could have driven the point home better this summer than hearing a middle aged Johnny Rotten repeating No Future, over and over again in American sports arenas during the Sex Pistols reunion tour. Rotten was right. History always repeats itself.

# EFFICIENCY AND PROGRESS

It is strange that it took so long for punk to become incorporated into mainstream, massed produced culture in America given its success in reviving a declining industry. The economic downturn of the mid-seventies and early eighties are largely responsible for the initial marginalization of punk from mainstream music production, promotions and sales. Despite several successful experiments with groups like The Dead Boys, The Sex Pistols, Richard Hell, The Gang of Four and the Buzzcocks, major labels were disinterested in producing and marketing punk bands because they lacked the promotional imagination necessary to make investments in borderline groups sufficiently pay off in a large and segmented music market.

By 1986, the minuscule financial success of independent labels convinced major label executives that an economic infrastructure had been created which could support their expansion into a once controversial, albeit fringe market for new music. Initially signing groups with long sales histories such as the Replacements, Husker Du, and Soul Asylum, major labels had a great deal of difficulty in turning any kind of profit except great record reviews by a new generation of rock critics, such as Greil Marcus, Gina Arnold, Ira Robbins, Gerard Cosloy, and Eric Weisbard, all of whom in

another era would have ended up writing poetry reviews for The New Yorker, The New Republic, or The Nation.

It was not long until staunchly independent punk groups like Sonic Youth, economically embittered by their experience of the corporate world on the independent level, began to entertain the idea of signing major label contracts. Their reasoning could not have been better. What was the point of remaining poor and impoverished on an independent label when they knew they could be receiving better pay elsewhere? At the least, they would be able to devote more time to their art even if it meant taking the risk of going into debt by prematurely accepting too large an advance on predicted future sales. It was worth it, the post-Cold War period of economic downsizing had begun, and they had to preserve their livelihood. Acutely aware of the effects that the economy was having upon small businesses, bands began leaving independent labels in droves, and the signing process, abetted by an increasingly worse economy has continued unabated since 1989.

The exception to the rule of poverty occurs when highly profitable independent record companies make profits their bottom line. The Offspring's recent legal battle to sever their contract with Epitaph in order to move to Columbia provides a riveting example. After selling eight million copies of the group's fourth LP, Smash, Epitaph began to treat the band as though they were a commodity. One article reported this summer that label head and ex-Bad Religion guitarist Brett Gurewitz went so far as to take out a life insurance policy on lead singer Dexter Holland. Another story contended that Gurewitz sold all of Epitaph's publishing rights to Sony without telling any of the bands on his label.

In a recent interview, Holland explained that the only time The Offspring ever heard about changes at the label was when they would come across stories of Epitaph's business transactions in The LA Times. Holland argued that the reason the band moved on to a major is that Gurewitz had effectively sold them to one anyway. By breaking their contract and moving on to Columbia on their own accord, Holland contended that the band was in fact taking back control over their work that his band was in the process of losing at an indie that they would have more than prefferred to remain with had they been treated more like friends and less like products.

Regardless of whether or not the Offspring weren't always a commodity is besides the point. Greed infects the music industry, just like it does any other kind of business. The problem with punk ideologies of independence and economic autonomy is that they pretend that it is possible to engage in certain kinds of business practices like entertainment without being subject to the law of

ACUTELY AWARE OF THE EFFECTS THAT THEECONOMY WAS HAVING UPON SMALL BUSINESSES, BANDS BEGAN LEAVING INDEPENDENT LABELS IN DROVES, AND THE SIGNING PROCESS, ABETTED BY AN INCREASINGLY WORSE ECONOMY, HAS CONTINUED UNABATED SINCE 1989.

Punk Light Plane

supply and demand. Hence how ridiculous it becomes when music critics and fans alike are surprised when a particular designer label like Epitaph, Sub Pop or Amphetamine Reptile does really well financially and then proceeds to exploit its artists in search of even bigger dollars.

The problem is that American punk in particular is supposed to be inherently political, meaning anti-capitalist. Or so the Do It Yourself ideology contends. Independent record labels end up acquiring the same kind of political meaning that punk bands are supposed to adhere to because we've been taught by their advertizing to see bands as extensions of labels themselves. The problem is that we end up glorifying corporations by investing them with a kind of emancipatory potential for political liberation we otherwise reserve for political parties, prophets and religious leaders. Nothing could be more regressive, because what this means is that deep down inside we believe that we're being saved by entertainment conglomerates and the mythologies that they create to justify further consumption.

# PINNING THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY

The movement to major labels has sparked several years worth of intense debate, name calling, and cries of betrayal within the punk and otherwise bohemian music establishments. While no one seems to be clear what the precise reasons are for branding a previously beloved act a traitor, or even worse a sell out, the artistic and political climate in which American punk emerged during the early eighties provides many answers to an otherwise ridiculously easy to put together puzzle.

The major label rejection of radical American punk groups such as The Dead Kennedys and Black Flag centered around the cancellation of their contracts with IRS and A&M over censorship of artistic content. Neither label was interested in promoting groups that appeared to promote radical politics, though Black Flag were merely articulating upper middle class resentment against low forms of consumer culture, whereas the DKs were fueled by a quasi-Marxist, anti-fascist political program centered around a critique of everyday American life,

defense-based economics, and religious revivalism. As a consequence of their marginalization, both groups started their own labels, SST and Alternative Tentacles, and subsequently began to develop a critique of mass culture, a theory of entrepreneurial economic decentralization, and a theory of septimeroletarian 'do it yourself' aesthetics tailored for class conscious, anti-consumerist middle class adolescents and college students.

The loss of these egalitarian ideals is what is mourned for in the discourse about selling out. Unfortunately, these ideas are transposed into a discourse about radical aesthetics, and how it is compromised by major label, multi-national relations of production, and disapproval of disproportionately high salaries for anti-establishment musicians. The danger inherent in remaining unclear about what the real stakes of selling out are is that it obfuscates understanding punk's compatibility with capitalism, particularly its modes and relations of production, its cultural institutions, and their administrative function in modern society. In order to make this problem clear, it is necessary to go back to the concept of labor and mode of production that lies at the heart of American punk ideology.

As a result of having been shut out of the productive process of mainstream American popular music, punk intellectuals such as Jello Biafra and Tim Yohannon formulated an economic strategy by which they were able to help construct their own artistic institutions and markets within which to create and disseminate their own music and literature. The strategy which they adopted to accomplish this is paralleled by the New Social Movements strategies of the sixties and the seventies, which attempted to politicize cultural institutions to counter state intrusion into the public life of individuals engaged in the pursuit of unrestrained economic interests. The goal of such forms of politicization was to make institutions into resources which could help preserve the possibility of resisting political authority in response to an increasingly interventionist state bureaucracy which progressively limits the capacity of individuals to think for themselves freely in association with others.

# NEVER TRUST A COMMIE

The adoption of New Social Movement strategies by American punk was not a conscious decision. It was formulated as a political response

to an economic form of marginalization imposed upon artists within a fairly conservative and aesthetically unsophisticated popular artistic tradition. What is not coincidental, however is how these influences became channeled into the construction of the punk community, particularly in the San Francisco Bay Area where Yohannon, a member of the Communist Party and a former student activist at Rutgers during the nineteen sixties, set about putting together Maximum Rock'n'Roll with precisely these goals in mind. He deliberately politicized an industry which he saw as having a critical function for young and old people alike in American culture that could be a place to reconstruct the political idealism he was fed as an adolescent during the heyday of the student movement.

The primary facets of the new punk ideology as disseminated in Maximum Rock'N'Roll was very simple: Write music for oneself and one's friends, produce it independently, utilizing all the means at one's disposal that one did not have to contract out to someone else to do, and manage one's own business affairs in order to retain control over the creative and political aspects of one's own work. As this ideology took hold, small record companies such as Alternative Tentacles eventually grew larger, signed other artists, and for the first time developed a class of music bureaucrats who fulfilled the administrative and productive roles that artists within this community had been taught to assume themselves. Subsequently, the whole notion of aesthetic, productive and administrative autonomy went out the window, and what emerged was a petite-bourgeois imitation of the economic and social organization of a larger business community whose purpose was to produce and disseminate popular music on a mass scale.

The co-optation of the new punk counterhegemony was inevitable. In their struggle to establish themselves as autonomous institutions, punk record companies and magazines had to rationalize new aspects of the music market previously ignored by major labels and larger entertainment conglomerates. Having identified exploitable shopping outlets such as privately owned record stores, clubs, mail order catalogues, and L.L. Bean style 1-800 credit card order services, punk institutions began to compete with the very firms they were 'seeking independence from. Accordingly, larger labels began looking at the possibility of taking over such markets as a legitimate response to the competition posed by punk having opened them. By virtue of their own superior financial resources, larger entertainment consortiums could eventually take over these new markets without much expense at expansion, and eventually take punk producers and consumers away from the institutions they had grown up in and had been educated by.

# PROJECT MERSH

Economic facts aside, punk was coopted because it lacks a coherent critique of capitalism. Instead of advocating the overthrow of capitalist relations of production, punk insists on reverting to an early form of capitalist development which emphasizes the necessity of the imagination, skills and hard work of the entrepreneur as opposed to the blindness and stupidity of the corporation and the bureaucrat. In this light punk appears as a critique of mass culture instead of a critique of capitalist culture. Subsequently, punk becomes an apologetic aesthetic defense of high culture in opposition to culture's lower, less authentic, proletarian forms such as heavy metal, rap, country, and rhythm and blues.

The transition that punk has made from entrepreneurial capitalism to mass production does nothing to influence the entertainment industry to become more self-reflective. Instead, mass produced punk has the function of helping mass culture adapt itself to critiques leveled against its authoritarian administration of culture. By giving the system the appearance that it is able to tolerate artistic and political novelty when it cannot, the capitalist superstructure cancels out whatever reflective possibilities punk could inspire.

Mass culture in and of itself is not wholly oppressive. If it were, there would be no way to even imagine that it restricts our capacity to think about art, society, and politics. The notion that mass culture restricts reflection to the point that one is unable act in their own enlightened self-interest anymore is precisely the foundation upon which the punk critique of mass culture rests. In light of what the Bad Brains once called The Big Takeover, it is fair to conclude that the punk critique of mass culture was generated by its economic marginalization during a period of recession. The ideology of aesthetic and administrative independence emerged as a result of the brief ownership of the means and forms of production by artists who during another, more fortunate moment in history, might have been on someone else's payroll.

Punk 61/8 Plane

little over a year ago, I felt a small lump in my breast. Despite the fact that cancer runs rampant in my family, I said nothing to anyone about it. My own mother had already had a mastectomy due to late detected breast cancer and still I said nothing. Doctors were simply something I didn't do, and if no one knew, no one could force me to go to one. I wasn't particularly concerned if I was sick; if I was meant to die, I was going to die.

As the lump grew it became more of a problem. It was situated near my sternum where the swell of my breast began, so it wasn't hidden within the fatty tissue. As it became larger, it also became visible. I remember standing shirtless before the mirror every morning, wondering if it was truly visible or if I was simply seeing things because I knew where to look. Because I was scared. Soon, however, there was no question. Depending on my bra or the shirt I wore, I could keep it hidden. Tight shirts or thin shirts (like t-shirts) I simply didn't wear anymore. It became painful. Laying on my side was impossible as my breasts pressed together, and laying on my stomach was out as well. Finally, I told my mom. After the "what the hell is wrong with you, not saying anything for so long" lecture, she called my dermatologist, who in turn injected me with tetracycline and sent me on my way. A reaction to the Accutane I had been taking, she said, nothing to worry about. When it went away a week or so later, I figured she must have been right.

Several months later, my mother died of the cancer her surgery failed to detect. She had undergone radiation treatments on her lymph nodes that literally burned all the skin from her armpit, leaving a pussing expanse of hot pink muscle tissue. When the radiation didn't help, they began massive chemotherapy injections that made her diabetic and weakened her heart until it failed. Still little improvement. It seemed to me that the treatment was worse than the

disease. Watching what she was going through kept me silent about my own condition when the tumor reappeared. No way was I going through that. It was just a tiny bump, like a popcorn seed, so I ignored it. Maybe it was just scar tissue from where the tumor had been. As long as it didn't grow.....But it did, slowly at first. Afraid he'd find it on his own, I told my then-boyfriend about it, telling him it was just a little cyst and nothing to worry about. I was single before it became noticeable again, so I concealed it as I had before. Since no one was touching me, no one would know. It would go away on it's own this time, I was sure.

The embarrassment of having a prospective bed partner discover the tumor was almost worse than the thought of doctors. How would I explain something like that? I already had a complex about the size of my breasts, about my body in general, but an abnormality such as this was simply too much. As a result, I kept my flirtations to a minimum. When I finally met a boy I really liked again, I didn't want to ruin the mood by saying, "oh, by the way, honey- I have this tumor in my left breast so I'd rather you just not touch me there, okay?" Not very sexy. I tried to tell him nonverbally. I repositioned my body when he reached for my left side. I moved his hands from my cleavage to the outside of my breasts. I did anything I could to keep him from discovering my secret. I was disgusted by it, and sure he would be as well. He began to joke with me- in private- about how I was the "girl who didn't like to be touched". Little was further from the truth, but I kept silent. If that's what he wanted to think, who was it hurting?

When it continued to grow and the threat of discovery became more prevalent, I mentioned it to the dermatologist again. She injected it as she had before but months later, it was still growing. I made another appointment, expecting a stronger dose of tetracycline to kill what I figured must just be a



Repercussions

Silence

by Molly Grabill

rather stubborn infection. My doctor no longer wrote it off as a minor annoyance. She suggested I go for a breast exam. Though she was almost confident it was nothing to worry about, my mother's death made a follow up by someone who specialized in internal medicine necessary.

Needless to say, I wasn't thrilled. My friend Tammi and I were sitting on the trunk of my car a week or so later, talking about some new (most likely boy-related) trauma and before I knew what I was doing, I said, "oh, and by the way- I'm most likely really sick." Of course she wanted an explanation, so I took her hand and placed it on my chest. By this time, the tumor was nearly the size of a half-dollar, thick and hard like a marble. Quite a surprise when you're not expecting it.

Avoiding doctors was no longer an option once Tammi took over. She literally called me 6 times a day and nagged the shit out of me until I relented and made an appointment to see a general practitioner. Since I could afford the bill with the help of my medical insurance, I saw no need to bring my dad into it. Why worry him if it turned out to be nothing? Besides, when he found out I'd let something potentially life threatening go untreated for so long, I was really going to hear it.\No, thanks. I'll pay the ten dollar deductible and keep the appointment to myself.

After sitting in the crowded waiting room for well over an hour, I was summoned into the examining room by a nurse with all the bedside manner of a DMV employee. After weighing me and asking a few questions for my charts, she left me with the oversized paper towel I was supposed to be wearing. Alone, I sat on the table, thinking that this had to be the worst thing I'd ever had to go through. I was humiliated by the whole thing, and there was condescension in the voices of every woman who'd asked me how long ago I'd noticed the lump. You mean you noticed it a year ago? Yeah, I noticed it a year ago. And no, I didn't say anything. Fuck off. There was no way to make anyone else understand it and quite frankly, my mental quirks and insecurities weren't any of their business. I wanted to just leave, to put my shirt back on and get the hell out of there before I felt any stupider. Just as it occurred to me that I was sitting half naked before an uncurtained window facing Congress Ave., the doctor arrived

for my examination. She asked me to tell her the whole story, which I did. Following a quick exam, she ordered a mammogram and subsequent surgery. Mammogram? I was 22! You're not supposed to need this shit until your 40s at least! And surgery- that had never even entered my mind. I expected, at best she'd inject me with something stronger than I'd been receiving at the dermatologist, and at worst, to have the cyst aspirated that afternoon. In either scenario, further doctor's visits weren't a factor. Now she was talking surgery?

When I was dressed and ready to go home, she said, "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?" and I commented that the bad was still to come. "Well, better you than me!" she laughed and disappeared into another examining room. I didn't see the humor in it.

I was under the impression that, in medical school, aspiring doctors were instructed not to say things such as, "Oh my god!" upon first looking at a patient. Apparently my surgeon forgot this.

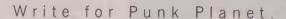
I've been thinking a lot lately about the fact that I may soon simply cease to exist. Even if I wasn't sick, it could happen at any time- car accident, random gunshot, freak heart failure- but every time I look in the mirror, I'm forced to think about it. I'm forced to deal with it. I've been unintentionally starting some really morbid conversations with people, many of whom simply don't appreciate it. It's hard to find a middle ground. What is too much to share? Where does the comfort level lie? Being around someone my age who is this sick forces people to confront their own mortality, and it makes them uncomfortable.

The most common seven words I hear now are: "Don't talk like that, you'll be fine." But we don't really know that. We don't know that at all. I don't need a false sense of optimism here, I need someone who will listen to me, who will let me talk like that because it's how I'm feeling. I realize that no one really understands, they remain on the outside no matter how much they say they can sympathize. I'm the only one who's there behind the curtains with the doctors, I'm the only one who hurts constantly and is unable to sleep or dress or move without a constant reminder that all is not well. It isn't over for me when the phone is placed back into it's cradle. 

Output

Description:





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#### GIRL PUNK WANTED

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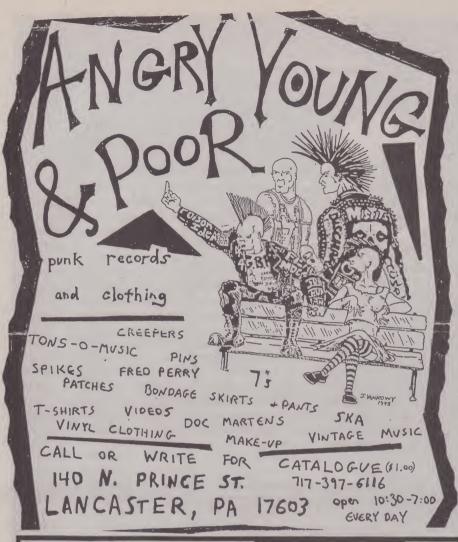
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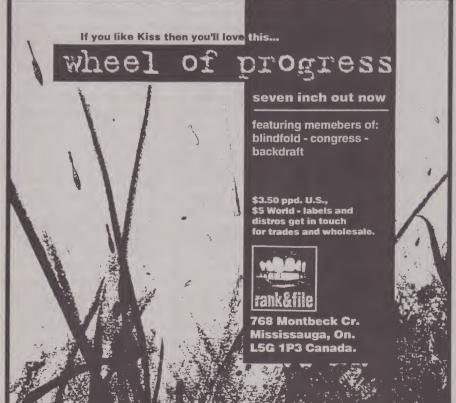
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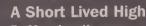
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By Meaghan Keenan

She sits across the room from me, her eyes are as black as coal, and equally as hard. They bore holes through me and I squirm uncomfortably. "How could you do this, you little bitch? How could you do this to me?" she asks.

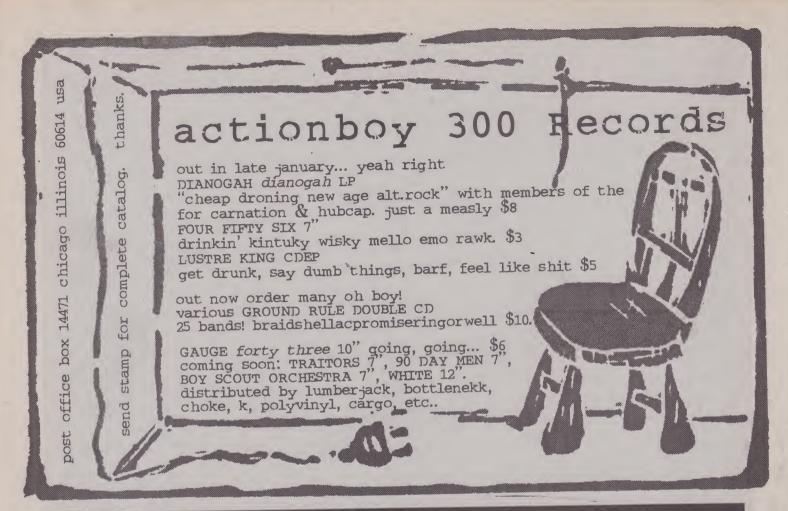
These are the first words she's spoken to me all day. I don't respond. My words would not be heard in her ears. The blankness of the plain white walls is so bright it makes me squint. The door to the room opens and in walks a nurse all decked out in white, like some sort of twisted angel in a fantasy of heaven. Another nurse follows her, she is holding two white bottles and some tubing. They walk towards me and I press myself back against the pillows, trying to create distance between myself and what I knew was about to happen. They tell me to look straight forward and swallow continuously. Then the tube makes its way up my left nostril. I can feel it in the back of my throat as my eyes begin to water. It felt like an alien invader to my stomach, I feel like throwing up and I do. While the nurse scrambles for the bed pan, the other nurse starts squeezing black liquid from the bottles up the tube. I feel unsettled in my stomach, my throat is very dry. A few minutes later more tears spill out of my eyes and a waterfall of black tar pours from my mouth into an awaiting bedpan. The nurse who is responsible for pumping the mystery liquid into me is ordering me to keep swallowing-if I keep throwing up, they'll have to keep pumping me full of the black shit until all the drugs in my system

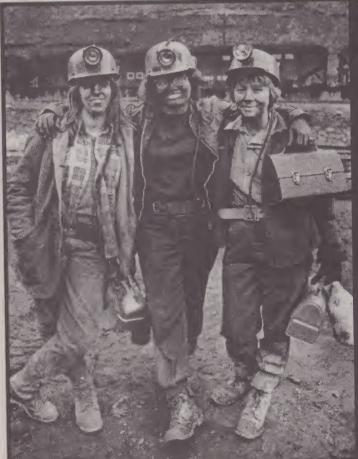
have been absorbed.

And it is all familiar to me, it has happened before. At that time I vowed it would never happened again, but here I am, on a first name basis with the ER staff. Why? The answer is both familiar and unknown to me. I begin to cry, to sob. All I wanted was to find a high to feel happiness, not to go into convulsions at the day treatment center I was forced to attend. I refuse to open my eyes as the tears roll down my cheeks. I feel the familiar pricks in my arms, an IV in my left hand, a blood test being taken from the crook of my right elbow. All the while I wretch and spew black tar like an oil well. I cry harder and begin to scream, "take this fucking tube outta my nose!" over and over again until I'm spewing up blood with the tar. I hear a voice suggest sedating me, oh good, I think and start laughing to myself as a Ramones song pops gleefully into my head. Some time later I feel drowsy and drop off into an uncomfortable daze.

My mind wanders back in time while I doze, to happiness and thoughts of unicorns and rainbows. To stories my father used to tell me to make me smile. There is a lot of pain in my past that I have pushed away to the furthest corner of my mind. Even in my slumber I wasn't ready to face it or feel the hurt. My head pops up and my eyes fly open as the tubing is pulled from my nose and the last of the tar escapes my lips. I reach up and feel fresh blood running from my nostril to join the already dried blood on my face. The nurse smiled and told me the worst of it was over.







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#### FILES

#### Scanning for Fanzines

By Daniel Sinker

with special guest, Davey from The Promise Ring

ver the past year or so, I've noticed a marked increase in the number of zines being produced at least in part on a computer. From what I can figure out, this increase is due to three things: the increasing savvy of the art of the Kinkos scam, moving from free copies to free computer

access; the fact that a majority of high

Davey at 150 ppi

schools and colleges now have open-access computer labs; and to the relatively inexpensive prices of new computers as well as the huge amount of dirtcheap used computers available. For whatever the reason, fanzines are finally entering the computer age.

This transition has been met with varying success. Some zines have made the leap beauti-

fully, with eye-catching design, and attractive use of type; or with simple, easy-to-read pages. Other zines haven't fared as well, at least when it comes to one aspect of computer design: scanning photos.

As opposed to type, where you can just fire up something as straightforward as a word processor and start typing and that type is going to be more readable then that old type-writer in your closet, or your chicken-scratch handwriting, bringing photographs and other art from the real world into the digital world actually takes some effort and knowledge.

I'm sure you've seen zines that have fucked up something in the scanning process, and their pictures look like they're made up of little squares, or they're too damn dark, or something else is just butt wrong with them. There are just a few simple rules to remember and precautions to take when scanning things into a computer. Following these rules can make your pictures much clearer, and your zine more readable.

#### **RESOLUTION GIRL STYLE NOW!**

Remember those little squares I was talking about? Well, those squares are actually called pixels, and they're supposed to be there, you're just not supposed to be able to see

them. All pictures, once they've been scanned in are made up of pixels. Each pixel is a color or a shade of grey, and when they're small enough, they're able to make an extraordinarily accurate representation of your original art. However, if they're not small enough, then you're gonna be able to see those bad boys as plain as day.

What we're talking about here is something called resolution. Resolution is measured in units called PPI, or Pixels Per Inch. A lot of people use Pixels Per Inch, and Dots Per Inch (the number of black dots a printer can produce in a one-inch-square space) interchangeable. Those people are wrong. But I'm getting off the point. When you first go to scan something in, somewhere in the scanning software there should be a space to input the number Pixels Per Inch (believe it or not, a lot of software even calls it DPI, those people are wrong too, but you know what? It really doesn't matter). Here's the trick of the trade: your resolution needs to be twice that of your line screen.

"Oh Shit!" you're saying, "what the fuck is line screen?"
Don't get your knickers in a twist, fella. Look at some of the photographs in this magazine. You'll see that they're made up of a bunch of dots. Those dots can also be called a screen. The screen is made up of lines of dots (set at an angle, so as to be less obvious to the eye). Yep, you guessed it. Line screen is how many of those lines appear in an inch. Punk Planet uses a line-screen of 72 LPI (lines per inch, duh!), which is fairly standard for newsprint zines. Copied zines can go slightly lower (more like 65 LPI), and zines printed on really nice offset presses can go higher (ask your printer for those specs).

But for ease, I'm just going to talk about what we do. Like I said, we print at 72 LPI, that means that I have to scan at 150 DPI, roughly double my line screen. NEVER EVER scan at the same resolution or lower as your line screen. You're going to be seeing pixels something awful (check out the Davey photos on these pages to see what I'm talking about). The reason you go double is because that ensures that the edges of the pixels are going to be masked by the dots. It works like a charm. In fact, it works so well that 99% of photos you scan AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT DOING FULL COLOR WORK (this isn't graphic design 101, buddy, this is fanzine scanning, who's doing full color fanzines? Not you.) can be scanned at 150 dpi.

"But wait, if 150 is good, then isn't 300 dpi even better?" Nope. There's no discernable difference between scanning at 150 dpi and 300 dpi if you're printing at a fixed line screen. The only difference is your file sizes are twice as large and everything takes twice as long to do. Believe me when I tell you if you're going to newsprint or copiers, 150 dpi is all you need.

#### SIZE MATTERS

Yes, 150 dpi may be all the resolution you could ever need for photographs, but if you're going to be blowing that photo up larger than you scanned it, then you're fucked for sure. Josh Hooten makes this mistake all the time, and I have to beat his ass every time he does it. The computer isn't a magic box, it can't create information out of thin air. If you want a photo to run bigger than 100%, then scan it in at the size you want it to run. Otherwise, those nasty pixels show up again!

Sure there is some leeway, but there's not much at all, and you're better off getting into the practice of scanning things in at the size you want them to run, and not the size they really are.

The same goes for things that run at a smaller size. Granted, you're not going to get weird pixel effects showing up when you scale something down, but there's no point in scanning something at 8" x 10" if it's going to be printed at 2" x 3", you know? It's just a larger file and more information than you need.

#### **DARKNESS FALLS**

So you've got the resolution of your scan set & you're not getting all those funky pixels all over the place. In fact, it looks really great, but when you go to Kinkos to get it all printed up, it ends up looking super dark. What's up with that?

What you're experiencing is the phenomenon known as "dot gain". Like I said earlier, all photographs when they're scanned & then printed out on laser printers (or inkjet printers) get converted into a dot pattern (also known as a halftone). When looked at from a normal distance, the dots are small enough to trick your eye into seeing them as a continuous tone of grey.

However, when you print those pages on an offset press or a copier, the dots get larger, hence the name "dot gain". A really nice offset press doesn't give you much dot gain, but if you're going with newsprint or xerox, you're gonna be gaining something awful. Typical dot gain for both newsprint & xerox is 15%. What that means is that all those little dots are going to be 15% larger than they really are. Overall, your image is

going look way darker.

Luckily, you've got your photo in the digital medium, which means you can lighten up that sucker to your hearts content. It takes some practice, but eventually you'll be able to predict what your dot gain's gonna be and compensate for it.

Until you've got it down, your best bet is to make sure that your blacks are no darker than about 85% (as opposed to 100%), and overall the photo should look a little underexposed, with more light-grays than you'd normally feel were appropriate. Experiment though. If you've got access to a free printer and copier, then tweak your photos until you've got it perfect. It's really not as hard as it sounds.

#### **OTHER TIPS & TRICKS**

If you've got color photographs you want to scan in, don't scan them in color & then convert them to greyscale. All scanners give you the option of scanning in color or greyscale. If your zine is going to be black & white, just scan the fucker in as a greyscale photo. Your color-to-grey conversion is going to be better & faster than if you scan as color and then convert down. However, if you are scanning color pictures, even if you scan them in as greyscale images, be prepared to do a lot more fancy work on them, 'cause the tonal quality of the photo is going to be pretty flat.

Another thing to keep in mind is that most scanners are slightly miopic, so your photo is going to be a little out of focus. Most programs you'll use to touch up your photos should have a filter or setting called UNSHARP MASK. I don't know what the fuck it means, but it does an incredible job of refocusing a photo. There should be three different numerical settings for unsharp masking. One is called Threshold set it to 1, it's a pointless function that just reduces the impact of

the other two settings. The setting called Radius works best at setting just under or just over 1 (.8 is usually what I use), then the final setting is called Amount. The amount you need for general refocusing after a scan ranges from 60%-120%. Something in there should do the trick. Don't overdue the unsharp masking though, it can really fuck things up. But when done correctly, it's beautiful.



And that's all you really need to know in order to get good looking scans into your fanzine. Good luck!



# TRASH COO BONUS!

OK, so you get paid tomorrow, but tonight you're broke and the cupboards are pretty bare, so what are you gonna eat? Well, here are some ideas to use those almost old vegetables up and make room for all the cereal and frozen pizza that you're going to buy tomorrow.

#### **My Famous Two Onion Sandwich**

This is a fab dish if you like onions at all, especially if onions are the only thing that you have in the house.

OK, gather the following:

2 med. (or one large) onions, any variety but I think yellow is best.

a good roll or two slices of bread

Mayo or dijonaise yum!

Optional: cheese of any kind (feta is real good if you have it left over from that one time that you had some money, but now you don't know what to do with it)

It's real simple: slice up the onions thin, don't chop them, 'cause that's tacky. Fry the onions over med-high heat with the oil and a little salt and pepper. Keep cooking the onions until they are cooked and golden brown (burnt is good too.). Put the cooked onions on the well dijonaised roll and add cheese, if desired.

### Tips for Dressing Up Plain Old Food

Saute some crushed garlic in olive oil. Add frozen peas and toss with pasta. This is great for

when you run out of pasta sauce.

Once you drop the noodle block into boiling water, stir in an egg that you have whipped with a fork. The egg will cook in the time it take the noodles to cook. Add seasoning.

Try adding thawed frozen or canned corn, fresh tomatoes and black olives.

Mix a little peanut butter with chocolate chips, spread on bread (white is best) and toast. Spread leftover frosting onto crackers or pretzels.

#### **Veggie Soup with Depth**

The are, of course, 5 million ways to make vegetable soup, but this I have found to be the easiest and best way.

Ingredients: Potatoes carrots celery frozen corn and/or peas onions any other random vegetable that you may have lying around. veggie bullion cubes

Chop the onions and sauté them in a

large pot with some butter (vegans can use margarine duh!) over medium high heat for a few minutes until they start to soften. While that's happening, go ahead and chop the rest of the vegetables into bite-sized pieces making sure the potatoes are on the small size so that they don't take a year to cook. OK, as soon as the onions are wilting a little, turn off the heat and throw the rest of the vegetables into the pot (save out the corn and peas, we'll add them at the end) Now you want to cover the vegetables in the pot generously with stock. The easiest way to do this is to fill the pot with water until it covers the veggies by about 3 inches (or more if you like a thinner soup). Then throw in 3-4 bullion cubes and some salt, pepper and herbs (if ya got 'em). The bullion is real important. You can make your own soup stock by boiling down old almost bad veggies with salt and then straining out the chucks, but it's the nineties and few people have time to do that. Anyway, put this all back onto the stove, fire up the heat and cook, simmering over med. heat for 45 min-1 hour, depending on how thick you vegetables are. Toss the frozen corn and peas in after the potatoes are soft. Now here's the secret to a rich flavorful vegetable soup.

Shhhhhh.

Once all the vegetables are soft and the soup seems done, add a jar of pasta sauce (any flavor) or a big can of tomato paste or sauce. Heat the soup up just a bit more and enjoy! (freeze some so that you don't get sick of eating this too soon. It will last for months in the freezer)

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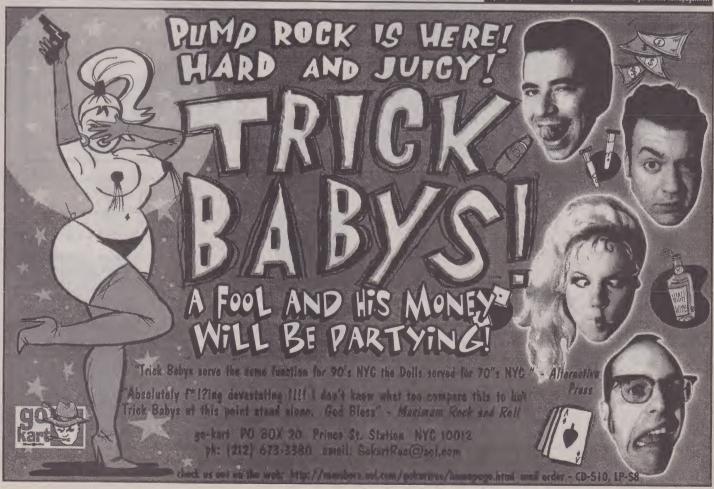
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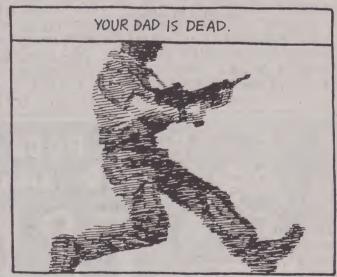


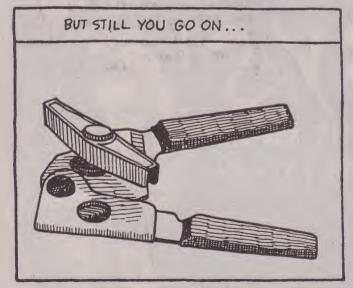
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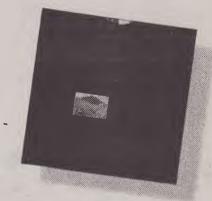
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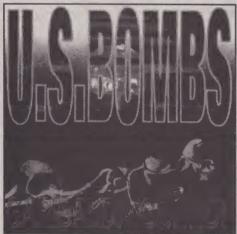


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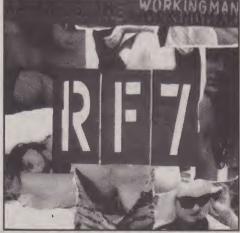
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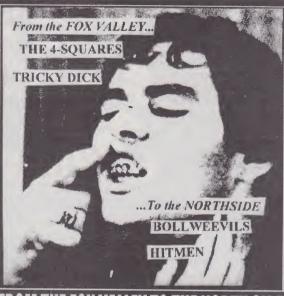
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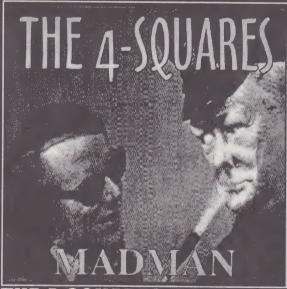
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# A Is For Advertisement







CD-EP/CASS

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#### The 4-Squares-Madman, 7"

The 4-Squares do not stop to take a breath as they barrel through four distortion-ridden 'punk" hits. This clear vinyl single will make you want to drink malt-liquor and buy lots of metal spikes. Word. (MD)

Quincy Shanks; PO BOX 184, Wayne, IL, 60184

#### 7 Inch Boots-7"

Slow, dirgey, metal type stuff that sorta reminds me of the almighty Neurosis, but not nearly as good. At least with Neurosis they keep it interesting with their tribal influenced drum beats and crazy sound effects and samples. 7 Inch Boots could learn a lot from them... Although the band is from Germany, all the lyrics are in English which is nice. Excellent packaging with some good pictures of Bruce Lee on the insert. (MM)

Jochen Eckrich Rudolph-Breitscheid-Str.15 35037 Marburg Germany

#### 8-Ball Shifter-Hanson, CD

Standard garage-rock/lo-fi punk, only with more of a Misfits/Vampire/horror thing. (BVH) Lanarama Records: P.O. Box 4522, Allston, MA.

#### Action Patrol-Untitled, 7"

Action Patrol have the unique ability to be goofy and still make really powerful music. This 7" is just as good as their album (which was awesome), and in a way, even better, because this came out after they broke up. In case you haven't heard them, Action Patrol play energetic, speedy punk tunes with vocals that are all over the place and some pretty clever lyrics. This 7" has a small fold-out poster insert. This is just great. (SM)

Assprted Porkchops, PO Box 4022, Wilmington, NC 28406.

#### Active Ingredients-everything sucks, CD

If this band didn't sound like NOFX, they wouldn't sound like anything. Sign 'em to Fat and they'll be rock stars. This is good upbeat speedy thick pop, melodic and tight and all that. Big surprise, they're from So. Cal. If you're into this kind of thing, then this is your kind of thing. (SM)

Beer City Records / PO Box 26035 / Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035.

#### Adjusting Distorted Individuals-Train of Thought, CD

Juuggh... this is really bad. Imagine Primus dukng it out with Pantera, except worse. It sounds like all the vocals are doubled, which gets annoying quickly especially since the singer is awful... oh this is horrible... (MM)

Rigged Records PO Box 7165 Rochelle Park NJ 07662.

#### All You Can Eat-Manga. LP

OK- Two words- fucking rad! A few more... great vocals (especially on the more emo tunes), varied styles, tons of songs, sometimes a sense of humor, all in all, my new favorite band. This is the LP to get this bi-month and I could not recommend anything higher. (JP)

One Foot Records c/o Triton Music PO Box 622, Auckland, New Zeland.

#### Ambassador 9 Ninety/The Makeshift Conquest, split 7"

Enjoyable, light, dischordant emo. Suffering from the problem that I have with this genre, while it is nice and enjoyable I find it hard to tell one band from another and while they all have good stuff going on, none really stand out. Even the packaging, which prides itself on being so unique and original has become a standard. Ambassador 9 Ninety are certainly the winner of this split though, with a tighter sound and a better recording they receive more head bobbing and overall good innovative parts. If you like this kinda stuff (like the lighter side of Ebullition), you'll probably be weeping over this. (WD)

Voice of the Sky; 1473 Neil Ave; Columbus, OH

#### Antiseen-"We're Here to Ruin Your Groove" LP

Aging fogies of the guttery/backwoods world. I know those are strange words to juxtapose (gutter and backwoods) but I'm trying to communicate how much I detest these guys. Bad punk with gruff vocals. The kind of band that believes in onstage violence. I think you understand the deal. They cover an Alice Cooper song which is kind of cool I guess. These guys are probably an acquired taste. I have one of their LPs and that's better than this. Its pretty old, so maybe their new stuff is bad. (GG) Baloney Shrapnel PO Box 6504 Phoenix, AZ 85005

#### Ashera-Essence of Life, CD

Winner of the worst lyric of the year award: "You say I'm sheltered/ I say your (sic) tainted/ Too bad we're both/ so insatiated." To call the lyrics (mostly by Jill Kurtz) pretentious and annoying is a profound understatement. I can't review the music

objectively, because the lyrics are so bad that they've poisoned my view of the whole record. I guess the music itself isn't too bad (and on "Under my skin," and "Pills" quite good) but the lyrics detract more than I can say. In fact, they're so bad at points that I'm wondering whether the album may be worth buying to listen to how bad the lyrics are. (DC)

Herbine Records, P.O. Box 8097, Cambridge, MA 02139-8097.

#### Astream-Woodfish, LP

A melodic, speedy punk band along the lines of Good Riddance, Funeral Oration or maybe Pennywise. And, they're from Sweden. But they sing in English. The CD has a really funny picture of the band standing in front of a pentagram and acting all satanic, so I would guess they have a pretty good sense of humor. Some of the songs are pretty forgettable, but there's a lot of catchy, enjoyable stuff here too. (SM)

Bad Taste Records, Box 41, 221 00, Lund, Sweden.

#### Astroland-Sweep the Leg, 7"

Starting off with a sample (and title...) from the Karate Kid I was ready for action. Somewhat disappointed I found fairly typical, drunk, fast, "we hate everyone" punk rock. It didn't change my life, but the singer sometimes sounds like the guy from Grimple though, and that's cool. The handscreened covers were a nice touch, too bad they look all fucked up... (WD)

Exit Records; 25 Guion St; Pleasantville, NY 10570.

#### Automatics -Makin' Out, 7"

The Automatics play great pop-"punk" rock 'n' roll with simple, catchy beats and vocals. Slightly melodic music that is perfect for you next dance party. This is not their finest release, as the songs sound a bit like mediocre Queers rip-offs, but The Automatics are still a great, great band. The only hard part of this single is "makin' out" the lyrics...oh ho! Lucky for us, the words are included in the liner! (MD)

Mulant Pop; 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR, 97330.

#### Aviso' Hara-Untitled, 7"

I wish I knew more about this band. The cartoon cover of this single might suggest that they enjoy JAPANAMATION. The music is interesting, with different rhythms being mixed up together. Has some definite SONIC YOUTH(Post SISTER era) tendencies going on. (SY)

Alien Records, PO box 154 New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0154.

(MG) Mike Gellar, (JP) Joan Pixie, (MD) Marie Davenport, (BVH) Bret Van Horn, (MH) Mark Hanford, (GG) Greg Gartland, (DC) Darren Cahr, (MM) Matt Miller, (SM) Scott MacDonald, (WD) Will Dandy, (SI) Scott Iahtzee, (EA) Eric Action, (DS) Dan Sinker

#### Bearing / Sky Falls Down-Split, 7'

Bad poetry and bad emo hardcore music occupy this record. These bands sound like they are from Washington DC (with tons of octaves and midtempo rhythms) but they are not. Hey maybe you will see these bands make the next HeartattaCk main feature. At the same time, maybe if people stopped buying music like this, bands would stop making it, Hey, how do you think they got rid of disco? (SY)

IDERY Records, (Bearing, 1270 Mt. Horeb Rd. Martinsville, NJ 08836.

#### Bert-Ambient Doug, 7"

As I already knew, I hate this band. Pulsating trash with annoying vocals. I swear, you don't need a more in-depth review. (WD)

House of Pain; PO Box 120861; Nashville, TN 37212.

#### Beta Minus mechanic/Holden-split, 7"

Beta Minus Mechanic has gorgeous vocals and emo core guitar, sounding a lot like Copper, which means they are a beautiful, soothing, yet totally raging band. This is a damn fine song, I hope we hear more from them in the future. Holden is more indie rock, but basically follow the same formula, so it's good. Worth the \$\$ by all means. (JP)

Fistheldhigh Records PO Box 2562 Madison, WI 53701.

#### Billyclub-Self Help / Homicide, 7"

According to the sticker on the cover, this features members of UK Subs, Exploited, and Battalion of Saints and it shows. Side A is a short, fast blast of the kind of punk you'd expect from members of the aforementioned bands. Side B is a cover of the 999 tune which may be better than the original. Get this. Gold vinyl. (MH)

Idol Records; PO Box 720043; Dallas TX 75372

#### Billy Syndrome-All You Gotta Do Is Lie, 7"

Ow... vocals sound like Elvis, it's all slowed down this is something of a pale Cramps imitation. pass... Wait: in a catalog included, they say this is a "legendary NYC band". Well, at least we know what's wrong with them now, they can't help it. (JP) Slutish Records 327 Bedford Ave #A2 Brooklyn, NY 11211.

#### Bippy!-Jacking Off to Three's Company, 7"

Pop. High school kids would love this locker room mentality. Maybe in the earlier eighties this could have went side by side with the Meatmen. This isn't quite the caliber though. (EA)

Bippy! Records, OCMR Box 723, Oberlin, OH 44074. Blanks 77-Killer Blanks, CD

Complete pogo punk and it is at its best. This band mixes the right amount of punk and oi and lets you dance. Though there are a lot of songs here, the price is a little steep at suggested retail of \$13.98 list. Who puts that on a CD cover anyways (even if it is promo), that is not punk. Don't let it steer you away form one of the better releases of

Radical Records, 77 Bleecker Street, NYC, CY 10012.

#### Bleed-True Colors Running, 7"

It's good to see that a label as influential as
Ebullition is wasting their time & money on retro
88 style hardcore like Bleed. I checked my X-Files
calendar and it's definitly 1997, so why does this
record try so hard to be 1998, that was 9 years ago
now! Get over it. (DS)

Ebu lition PO Box 680 Goleta CA 93116

#### Blender- The return of the Heavy Metal Farmers (from hell), CD

Speedy punk from Sweden, with vocals sung through a megaphone which is more grating than creative. Boring— all the songs sound the same. Take this album and throw it really far—back away slowly and don't look. (DC)

X-Blended Records, c/o Berstrnd. Ringvagen 151 A, 116 31 Stockholm, Sweden.

#### Blitzkrieg-The Future Must Be Ours, CD

I assume this is a re-release for this classic British punk band since the liner notes say this was recorded in 1991. If you like bands like GBH and the Exploited you will probably like this, although this could never move me the way those bands did about 12 years ago. The two live tracks are better but still not anything special... blah. (MM) Retch Records 49 Rose Crescent, Woodvale,

#### Bolweevils/Doc Hopper- split, 7"

Southport, Merseyside, England PR8 3RZ.

How many releases must these two bands put out for their fan's to figure out that they are not that great. Very uninspiring stuff from two of the larger pop-punk bands around. I would suggest finding their earlier releases. For you completists, it is out here. To make it even worse, the Bollweevils cover "Silly Girl" by the Descendents. (EA)

Ringing Ear Records, 9 Maplecrest, New Market, NH 03457.

#### Bottom-CD

I thought this would be interesting, since the packaging is unique. I actually expected it to be (dare I say it) emo because the DIY looking cardboard cover wreaks of it. Emo it is not... What it is slow pop that is just plain, well, just plain. My room-

mate just said he would have thought this was okay when he was in jr. high. That's more than I can say for it. (MM)

VBT Records 304 Newbury St #319 Boston,
Mass 02115.

#### Brand New Unit-No Heroes, CD

This is upbeat emo-pop punk. I can't describe the sound, all I know is it's good. Brand New Unit is another band that leads me to believe the bands overseas are just trying harder than the ones in the USA. There are so few bands in the US doing fairly original music, it's time to start sending our import dollars out. (JP)

Heartfirst Records Bockhstr, 39/10967 Berlin/Germany.

#### Brine-Learning Process, 7"

Pretty decent hardcore along the lines of other bands that play such crazy fastcore (ulcer comes to mind for some reason...). The main problem I have with this though is that it sounds to clean. Instead of the distortion being brutal it sounds nicely done and smooth. Personally I'd like it a little rougher on the edges next time. Nice looking though... (WD)

Amendment Records; c/o Dave A.; 580
Nansemond Cres; Portsmouth, VA 23707.

#### The Bristles-"This Bomb's For You" 7"

This raging fucker of a vinyl slab will rip open a new asshole for you, tear your grandma's coffin out of the ground and piss on her tombstone, swillin' beer and yellin' Oi! along the way! These are some of the most rockin' fuckers from the great state of New Jersey you're ever bound to come across. (I should add that the Bristles continue to put out the kind of records I am proud to be associated with. This is what punk rock, and specifically '77/Oi, is meant to be. Another great release from them.). (GG)

Pelado Records 521 W. Wilson #B202, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

#### Buglite-Love and other sorrows, CD

Good clean fun here. A CD so squeaky-clean even mom would be proud. The tunes are upbeat poppy rock, and while the vocals are a little unexciting, the songs are good. Definitely catchy. Lyrics about girls and kids and nice stuff. There's even a hidden track. A good CD, fer shure. (SM)

One oot Records / PO Box 3834 / Cherry Hill, NJ 08034-0592.

#### Butterdog-"Feeling Alone + 3" 7"

Hey its Japanese pop punk, pretty typical. Limited to 1000, but only 250 in the USA. The cover art was a bit too much for me though...bestiality is just not my style. As for value, this is one of the longest 7"s I've ever heard, cramming as many seconds in as 33 RPMs allow. (GG)

Waterslide Records 518 East 83rd St., #1-B, NY, NY 10028.

#### Buzzkill- Up, CD

I can't stand this guy's voice. Dull punk guitar, putrid lyrics and uninspired joke introductory track. However, the vinyl case designer deserves an emmy for best costume design. (DC)

Curmudgeon Music, 237 Plainfield Ave., Edison, NJ 08817.

#### Cabal-Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch, 7"

Here ya go a short and sweet review. Four songs and four things that this 7" made me think of: Ska parts (yuck), 7-Seconds (yeah), Loud mixed Cow Bell (ouch!), and the fact that this could fit on any of the Better Youth Organization LPs of early days.

Reccomended though. (EA)

Moo Cow Records, PO Box 616 Madison, WI 53701.

#### Candy Snatchers-Live on a Five: Volume #2, 5"

NJ 07432.

Having seen the Candy Snatchers live numerous times, I can say that the Candy Snatchers are one of the greatest live bands ever! A live record will never be a substitute for seeing them live. This 5" is great because Larry sings through the entire song and the recording has that great raw live sound. The problem with this 5" is it only gives you a small idea of what they are like live. Unlike most bands, the Candy Snatchers have an interactive show which results in a violent orgy of fun resulting in the banding spiting on the audience, bleeding, lights fires, and break bottles with the crowd going crazy and turning into a swirling mass of bodies. In conclusion: buy this 5", buy all there other releases, and see them live or be damned forever!!!! (MG) Headache Records, PO BOX 204, Midland Park,

Candy Snatchers / Screaming Bloody Marys-split, 7"

The Candy Snatcher tracks are real old, summer of 1994 and sound like a demo tape. Not as metally as their new full length and I honestly like it better. Less bull, stripped down. The Screaming Bloody Marys side has one great song, "Ill Repute" and one total throwaway, "Police Truck" by the Dead Kennedys. Did they have to flatter East Bay Ray that much. He produced the sessions. If you are a fan of either band, get it while the getting is good. (EA)

Frispee Records PO Box 130, Ardsley, NY 10502.

#### The Candyland Carcrash-s/t, 7"

Really full, fast, driving hardcore with enough tempo changes to make it interesting.. in theory. For some reason, while this should keep my attention, it doesn't. There's nothing new going on here, that's for sure. (DS)

Fountainhead Records 2865 S. Eagle Rd. Box 329 Newtown PA, 18702

#### Carnage-Beast for Bastard, 7"

Before putting this on I was thinking about Acme, I don't know why, but I was. And I wasn't far off. A mix of crazy, dischorant, aurally violent hardcore and a bit of chugga chugga. It makes me nod my head up and down out of control. So it goes. I'm rockin' out, why aren't you? (WD)

Rex Rotari; Forsterstr. 38; 66111 Saarbrucken.

#### Caught Inside-Bad Breath +3, 7"

Mid-tempo melodic punk. Kind of raw, but overall pretty good. Doesn't blow me away, but it's a lot better than many of the bands who are playing this kind of stuff, which seems to be getting really popular as of late. Decent, but not spectacular. (MH) Smooth Lips Records; POB 165736; Miami FL 33116

#### Choking Victim-Squatta's Paradise, 7"

If these guys sounded as much like OPIV as they wanted this 7" might be a little better. But as it stands, it's not too bad. Decent political punk/ska without the NOFX edge and more of a traditional punk sound. (BVH)

Whattsa Matta U Rekidz: P.O. Box 44 Cresskill, NJ 07626.

#### Christdriver-Everything Burns, CD

Although I am becoming a bigger and bigger fan of sludgey music, just don't like this band. I swear to God the singer sounds like the guy from Metallica. I'm sorry, but it's true. Long, long songs, that should be over before they are and sound metal. (WD)

Profane Existence.

The Chrome Cranks-"Love in Exile" CD

One of the long running minimalist punk bands.
They are still making quality music with a very stripped down style. Good stuff. (GG)
PCR Entertainment PO Box 1689, NY, NY 10009

#### The Clarkenova-Highway Star, 7"

Like garage meets modern distortion and sucks. Please, why kid yourself. I like the name of the label though. (WD)

Man's Ruin; 2415 3rd St.; suite 239; SF, CA 94107.

#### Contempt-War on the Poor, 7"

Typical polical punk. Nothing new. Nothing exciting. (DS)
(Harmony Rec. AM Grafler Damm 5, 27356

(Harmony Rec. AM Grafler Damm 5, 27356 Rotenburg/Wümme, Germany

#### Corrosive/Bohrolm, split 7"

Wow, hand-stamped, stapled, ripped, and pasted, this is nice packaging to a T. The music is fast and blurry. Corrosive remind me a little of LuzifersMob in their sheer attack and wall of noise. Good catchy hardcore. Bohrholm is even fucking crazier. Whipping by in a blur they remind me of Systral's fast parts. This record is insanely intense and really good. (WD)

Fucking Kill Rec.; Chris Munch; Goldenbuhlstr.6; 78048 Villengen.

#### The Crabs-Brainwashed, LP

Very nice stripped down guitar & drums two piece. The songs are hooky as hell and the sound is surprisingly full considering the simplicity of the band. Some songs are as minimal as guitar & bells, while others are full-on rockers with drums, guitar, and a few background instruments. Definitly worth picking up. (DS)

K Records PO Box 7154 Olympia WA 98507

#### Craw-The Adventures of Cancer Man, 7"

Craw play better than average discordant emo hardcore similar to Clikatat Ikatowi. There is only one song on this but it's on both sides of the record. One side is normal and the other side has beeps so you can turn the page and follow along in the comic book insert... very reminiscent of grade school film strips or those comics with story records you used to have as a kid. The comic is well done and so is the music. A really good release. (MM)

Super Model Records 614 South 8th St. Suite 377 Philadelphia, PA 19147.



#### The Cretins-I Feel Better Already, CD

This is on the punk side of pop-punk. It's got buzzsaw guitars, solid drums (though too loud at times) and bass. The CD starts off with a raging punk song about a guys popularity after his suicide, but unfortunately the band can't match the quality of this song for the remainder of the CD. The other songs are mostly mid-tempo tunes about lost girlfriends (a topic that gets old very quickly) and ends off with a couple of cover tunes that are pretty wretched. You should spent your money on solid 7" instead of this, guys. (MH)

Melted Records; 21-41 34th Ave.; Suite 10A; Astoria NY 11106

#### Crise Total-E a Crise Continua, CD

It's a shame that this is all in Portuguese because there are liner notes and lyrics printed. I think this s a reissue of Portuguese, Discharge/Exploited (more Discharge) from the mid-eighties. The lyrics appear to be political in nature. There are some catchy tunes and this doesn't fall into the same monotonous rut that most Dis-bands have where all the song sound the same. (MG)

Fast N'Lound, Apart. 13037-1019, Lisboa Codex, Portugal.

#### The Crumbs-Shakespeare, 7"

ve never heard of the Crumbs and I don't know if they have anything else out. If this single is as good as there other stuff I'd be interested in hearing it. Two songs in a '77/punk n'roll sound one is midempo and the other is faster. There really isn't an obnoxious or snotty edge that usually goes along with this style of music instead this has more of a pop edge but that doesn't diminish the music at all. A good single that's worth getting. (MG) Lookout Records.

#### Dagger-Geek Love, 7"

don't care how many times I hear a band in the Weston vein of geeky pop punk, I'll always be a sucker for this style that can't ever be overdone! This is cute- I'm in love with the lyrics to "Geek Love" and the band has a certain style to them that makes me love this 7". Neat-o. (JP)

Hopeless Records PO Box 7495 Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495.

#### Damnation, CD

Bad, cheesy, not metal, but, kinda. More like glam ock. Just lame. (WD) Last Resort Records.

#### Date to Defy/S.F.A.-Dead People Make the Best Friends, split 7"

One original and one cover from each of these tough guy hardcore bands. S.F.A. simply destroy the Avengers' "We Are the One" as does DTD to "Redbone in the City" by the Bad Brains. Why would anyone want to do that to two perfectly good songs? Their originals are both that typical NYC up tempo hardcore. Yuck... (MM)

Too Damn Hype Records PO Box 1520 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276-1520.

#### Dead And Gone / The Gaia-Split, 7"

DEAD AND GONE are one my favorite bands ight now and this release only strengthens my ondness for them. Crazy, noisy, and always intense hardcore. I got my first taste of Japanese Hardcore on the WELCOME TO 1984 compilation. To me it sounded like heavy metal, but I oved it anyway. THE GAIA are no exception to this. Yet there is an element of chaos in their music that separates them from all others. DIS-CHARGE and NAUSEA could be good comparsons. They may have longer hair then NAPALM DEATH, but they are definitely prettier! Another great release from PRANK records. (SY)

PRANK, PO BOX 410892, San Francisco CA, 94141-0892.

#### Deadclownpile-Untitled, CD

Discordant, noisy music with stops and starts and bangs and booms and it's all pretty heavy and angry. There's even distortion on the vocals. It's not bad, but it's kinda uncomfortable to lisren to (SM)

Overture Records, 47551 Iroquois Ct., Novi, MI 48374-3635.

#### Descendents-Everything Sucks, LP

thought I was going to have a great set-up for the bad review I just knew I was going to have to give yet another reunion band in that title, Everything Sucks. Thankfully, though, the Descendents do not suck today (nor did they ever, if you ask me). This is a great album, and it seems as if the guys have picked up where they left off and it's obvious that they had no intentions of changing their sound in the least. May the Descendents be a lesson to all punk bands- your sound, as long as it's yours, will always sound right!! This is a must in the days of crappy reunions. Now I want to go to the shows!!! (JP)

Epitaph Records 2798 Sunset Blvd Los Angeles, CA 90d26.

#### Diesel Boy-Cock Rock, LP

Very tight, melodic "punk" with heavy distortion. For what it is, it is not bad. Diesel Boy uses some good chord progressions and what not, so none of the songs are redundant. If you are into this sort of Epitaph-Nitro-Fat Wreck Chords thing, definitely check this out. (MD)

Honest Don's Hardly Used Recordings; PO BOX 192027, SF, CA, 94119.

#### Disciple-Lantern, CD

Ok, so I like Earth Crisis, so I like these guys. Hardcore well done with more chugga chugga than you think you can stand, BUT t's Christian rock. "As the blood drips from the cross I feel the sorrow as your life's lost for me." Good stuff, but I wouldn't spend money to support it. (WD)

One Crow Records; POB 253; Watertown, TN 37184.

#### Distraught, 7"

Finally a record from these guys. While I wish that the recording was a little better the ong-writing is top notch. Lots of Discharge influence. Probably one of the best dis-bands around. Definitely worth checking out if you're into hardcore. (WD)

Havoc Records; PO Box 8585; Minneapolis, MN 55408.

#### Dodge Main-Kramer Tek Morgan, LP

Wayne Kramer and old friends are doing a bunch of covers and a few originals(?). A very decent full length but again I would rather pull out my Stooges or MC5 vinyl and enjoy t the first time around. Covers of City Slang (Sonic Fred Smith Rendezvous band) and the classic I-94 are the two stand out tracks. (EA) Alive Records, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

#### Doug Savercool-Weird Poetry, CD

The title pretty much sums this up, except 'd replace the word "weird" with the words 'uninteresting and banal." (DC)

Vagrant Records & Studio, 6536 29th Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98115.

#### Downer-Wrestling With Jesus, CD

Shout at the devil! We love heavy metal! (JP) Ammunition Records PO Box 461 Bellflower, CA 90707



#### **Dub Narcotic Sound System-Boot** Party, LP

Groove your way into the mellow funk of the Dub Narcotic Sound System. The flava' of these fresh rythms along with the suaveness of the super-hip vocals make these 10 songs a pleasure to listen to time and time again. The Dub Narcotic S.S. has a very Beck-esque type feel (said in the most complimentry fashion), but still manages to add creativity and originality unlike many bands I review for PP. "Boot Party" is, without a doubt, a fabulous album. Your record collection is naked without it. (MD)

K Records: Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507.

#### Eldopa-Untitled, 7"

I love this record! It is a band like ELDOPA that completely allows me to keep my interest in hardcore in 1996. Completely heavy and pissed off, yet sloppy in all the best ways. Imagine RAW POWER getting in a fist fight with BORN AGAINST. This is the second awesome release I have heard this month from San Francisco's PRANK records. Keep up the good work! (SY)

PRANK, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, Ca 94141-0892.

#### Emory Swank-Untitled, 7"

Pop Pop Pop. Very sweet sounding stuff in the vein of (BEN DEILY) LEMONHEADS and SUPERCHUNK. Catchy choruses and positive lyrical remarks. It takes more guts to write happy songs then angry ones, especially in this shirty world. Therefore, don't pick this one up if you want to stay depressed. (SY) Watermark, 111 W. 24Th St. 6Th Floor, New

York, NY 10011.

#### The End of the Century Party/Palatkasplit 7"

Wow... I'd heard good things about both of these bands and I'm glad to say they were right. The End of the Century Party rock that new school emo-esque hardcore and ad some super fast parts in for good measure. Palatka start mellow and quickly explode with power, playing feedbacky fast stuff. Totally awesome! The label art tells me these Florida kids have roots as they rip off classic DRI and COC logos. Get this record. (MM) No address given.

#### Everready-El Gato Loco, LP

Has Everready been oppressed? They seem to show more anger on this album than I have heard on their other releases. They play very tight "punk" rock with an edge, smoothed out only with snotty, melodic vocals. This one is for the kids. (MD) Cool Guy Records; 10140 Gard Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA, 90670.

#### The Fairlanes -Hi! We're..., 7"

Take Screeching Weasel and put them in Colorado, throw in a little 50's pop influences, and you got yourself the Fairlanes. While this isn't original, it is good. Catchy, upbeat simple songs about girls. You can't help but bob your head and tap your feet. Good stuff. (SM)

Suburban Home Records, 1750 30th St. #365, Boulder, CO 80301.

#### Fall Between-tape

Four songs of a metally chugga chugga variety. The songs are a bit too long and the guitar parts are a bit too much, but overall I'd say they have a lot going for them and a big future in hoodies. (WD) Fall Between: PO Box 719; Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002.

#### Fastbreak-Untitled, 7"

(this review meant to be chanted out loud in classic youth-crew-back-up-vocal style) Me! You! Youth! Crew!! This! Record! Sucks! Shit!! Generic! Rehashed! Straight! edge!! A! Ridiculous! Self! Parody!! (SM) 11 Roberts Dr., Bethel, CT 06801.

#### Fighting Cause/McRackins split 7"

Five songs, turquoise vinyl... Both bands are of a similar raspy, pop-'punk' nature. The songs are very catchy and consist of simple chords, distortion, and driving beats. Song wise, this record is worth your money if you dig bands like this. (MD)

Last Resort Records; PO BOX 2986, Covine, CA, 91722.

#### Finway Fish Camp-7"

See 4-Quares "Madman" review; it applies here as well...except that this record is on clear green vinvl. (MD)

Quincy Shanks; PO BOX 184, Wayne, IL, 60184-184.

#### Finway Fish Camp-Untitled, 7"

This record has what is possibly the dumbest cover art in the whole world. The music on it isn't the dumbest in the world, but it's not anything I'd be real comfortable calling "good." It's more of that punk rock stuff that kids keep insisting on playing. Badly, in this case. (SM)

Quincy Shanks, PO Box 184, Wayne, IL 60184.

#### Flakes-What Do You Call that Noise?, CD

Heavy guitar driven alternative rock from Sweden. These guys are the Vapors of the 90's, but I can't decide if that is a good or a bad thing. This CD kept my attention all the way through, though, so they must be doing something right. They'll probably get signed to DGC and make it big. (MH) Incredible Shrinking Records; Box 129; 401 22 Goteborg; Sweden

#### Four/The Eight Bucks Experiment-Blood, Sweat, and Beers, split 7"

Four remind me way too much of "My Brain Hurts" era Screeching Weasel. The Grateful Dead reference is a bit late as that guy died well over a year ago... The Eight Bucks Experiment side is bad punk music with muddy production, so muddy that lit's often difficult to hear what's going on. (MM) Blue Moon Records 2075 s University Blvd #264 Derver Colorado 80210.

#### Giants Chair-Purity and Control, LP

Giants Chair's second release finds them standing proudly on firm ground. They're sound remains virtually unchanged from their first album: well produced and so-tight-it-hurts hardcore. If you liked their first album, Purity and Control is sure to not dissapoint. (DS)

Caulfield Records PO Box 84323 Lincoln, NE 68501

#### The Goblins-"Giant Robot Rock n' Roll" 7"

Pretty standard garage circa now. They wear ski masks, probably in hopes of netting a comparison to the Rip Offs, but that ain't gonna fly with me. At times they sound like the Neanderthals, but I don't think that's a good comparison cuz that's an obscure reference...how about semi-stompin' prototypical midwestern garage? Works for me. The cover art is friggin' rad nonetheless, big Ultraman looking monsters. Cool as hell. (GG) It Won't Go Flat PO Box 379463, Chicago, IL 60637

#### Gray Before My Eyes-7"

GBME play heartfelt, stompy hardcore with an interesting drone at times. They're not afraid to use dynamics in their music either, which is something that a lot of bands could stand to do these days. The music is not metal at all but it has that certain groove that makes you want to nod your head. The lyrics deal with violence directed at women and children and the insert has some very good information on rape and spousal/partner abuse including what steps to take if you are raped. They also urge people to do something with themselves like organize a benefit rather than worry about who is sXe and what limited 7" you have. Reminds me of a joke that my friend tells me repeatedly... Q: How

many punks does it take to change a light bulb? A: None, punk never changed anything. Anyway, this is an excellent record. (MM)

Mod Cow PO Box 616 Madison, WI 53701.

#### The Great Brain-Satan Superman, 7"

I saw The Great Brain at the Fireside a few months back and wasn't very impressed by their pretentious power rock. I'm still not. (DS)

Son c Swirl Records PO Box 770303 Lakewood OH 44107

#### Greiving Eucalyptus-Just plain rock 'n' roll, CD

Three 90's kids who are living, eating and playing the fifties. Take a speedy pop punk band and add a whole bunch of Buddy Holly influences and you have G.E.—and it's good stuff. Male/female vocals trade off on songs about dancing and teen love and other fifties-type stuff. (SM)

Good fun. FOE / PO Box 4 / Bethlehem, PA 18016.

#### Guttermouth-Teri Yakimoto, LP

If you like NOFX, you will dig this album. (MD) Nitro Records, 7071 Warner Ave. F-736, Huntington Beach, CA, 92647.

#### The Halo Benders-Don't Tell Me Now, LP

Riddle me this: how is it that Calvin Johnson of K records fame can put out so many consistently great records, and yet every band he's ever been in sucks ass? Yet another to write off here. Novelty music. (DS)

K Records PO Box 7154 Olympia WA 98507

#### Hammerbrain-One Word Idiot, 7"

Hammetbrain plays feel good, catchy hardcore. For fans of Rancid and the like, you know, before they went mainstream... (MD)

PO BOX 589, NY, NY, 10014.

#### Hammerbrain/Sewage split 7"

Sewage play hardcore/punk that has a "chugga-chugga" feel. The singer sounds like he is impersonating a tough guy and he keeps going, "ne ne ne ne na na na." There track is funny because it's so pathetically bad! Hammerbrain on the other hand contribute a good track that was recorded live a CBGB's.
Ramonesy pop-punk with a little edge and a some "ohs" and "ahs" to make you feel all warm and tingly all over. This single is worth it for the punk song on side A and the comedy on side B. (MG)

Intensive Scare Records, PO Box 142, NY, NY 10002

#### Hammerbrain / Sewage-Split, 7

Sewage = trashy, sludgy rock. Guitar solo. Sucks.

Hammerbrain = old-school punk rock with a leaning towards the rock. Live at CBGB's, and the recording sounds pretty good. The song, however, does not, although it's miles above the Sewage song. This is something I would rather have never heard. (SM) Intensive Scare / PO Box 142 / New York, NY 10002

#### He's Dead Jim-Pump No. 12, 7"

Heavy hardcore with breakdown parts from California. This is a cross between California hardcore and NYHC although it doesn't have any metallic edge. They have a female singer who sings with a deep monotone voice. While this kept my attention it's very energetic and there is not anything new going on. (MG)

On the Rag, PO BOX 251, Norco, CA, 91760-0251

#### Headwound -Look good ... ? It is!, 7"

I was expecting something really brutal from a band called "headwound," but what we have here is your standard 0I punk. Songs that would be appropriate in an English pub in 1979, I'm guessing. Not bad if you're into this sorta thing. (SM)—Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

#### The Hi-Fives-It's up to You, 7"

This is what seven inchers were created for. A great A-side backed with a decent B-side. You actually want o pick the needle up and play it again. We are getting lazy with CDs these days. The Hi-Fives do the Billy Childish crossed with Lookout! punk style unbelievably well. I suggest their debut LP, it is killer. Two great tracks, plus a new LP soon. (EA) Lookout Records (you know the address).

#### Hoodrat-Fuck Corporate Punk, 7" EP

Lo-fi, unproduced generic punk/hardcore and one reggae song. These guys seem to have a good attitude, and the xerox packaging of this is really cool, but the music does nothing for me. The vocals are too loud, and the instruments too quiet. The songs are plodding and tiresome. Bands really should wait awhile before they release a record. (MH)

Hoodrat; 1011 Upper Middle Rd East; Suite 1314; Oakville, Ontario; Canada L6H 5Z9

#### Horace Pinker-Burn Tempe to the ground, CD

There's not a whole lot of bad stuff you can say about this CD. It's a solid set of speedy melodic tunes. The vocals really stand out —they're hard to describe, but they add a lot of character to the songs. The layout of the CD booklet is really fantastic, too. Consider this a good review. (SM)

One foot / PO Box 3834 / Cherry Hill, NJ 08034-0592.

#### Hot Water Music-You can take the boy out of Bradenton, 7"

The artsy-fartsy looking cover (and overall layout) really had me thinking bad thoughts about the record before hearing it. Then I heard that they might tour with Assuck, and that had me thinking something totally different. Then the record came on... very nice melodic stuff. At points bands like Samiam or Fuel come to mind, but they seem more 96 than that, with a more up to date emo slant. Nice and enjoyable. (WD)

Schematic Records; no address...sorry.

#### Howitzer/The Skegs-Split,7"

Howitzer is fun pop in the Weston/ Screeching Weasel/ Plow vein and I like them a lot. Basic+fast+loud+fun = you can't go wrong. I'd like to see them live. The Skegs play really fast, sing along, punk rock. Both of these bands are great- not pretentious/boring/stupid... punk rock!!. (JP)

No address

#### I Farm / Thirsty-split, 7"

I Farm is super fast melodic hardcore that gets kinda spazzy at times. They even do the Mary Tyler Moore theme. Thirsty is fast pop punk with songs about relationships. Nice fuzzy guitar sound and vocals that remind me of J Church. Both bands complement each other on this split, which is the way these things should work, but too often don't. S'good. (MH)

Crap; PO Box 6784; Ithaca NY 14851

#### ICONseven-Untitled, 7"

A member of ICONseven sold their car to put this record out. That is pretty fucking cool. 2 songs on this one. The music is midtempo and very melodic. Sounds like FUGAZI without the funk. Worth your money. (SY)

Third Wheel Records, PO Box 3004, Vacaville, Ca 95688.

#### I.D K.-To Kill For the Good of the Fight For the Right to Be Right, CDEP

I guess these guys had to make up for their short band name with a hellishly long album title. At times, corny-sounding melodic hardcore with some heavy mosh parts and metallic vocals. (BVH)

Bush League Records: P.O. Box 10165 New Brunswick, NJ 08906-9998.



some of the world's shittiest bands come out of the 212 area code

#### Instigators-Never has been, CD

Kinda poppy, gee whiz, the singer sounds like he should be in Skid Row. What is this crap? Goddamn. (WD)

Retch Records.

#### Jake & the Stiffs 7"

El lamo, sucking la wanga. Real bad rock crap. (GG)

Algy Suicide 214 N. Everhart Apt. F, West Chester, PA 19380

#### Jaks-Carnation/Bloodsucker, 7"

This is ten times better than the Jaks CD out last year. Screaming girl, pounding drums, driving bass and strong guitar make this a record to get. I think they have called it quits, too bad, they were well worth checking out live. I really suggest this one. You will fall in live with the mesmerizing sounds. Oh Yeah, Joel probably paid big bucks to Steve Albini to record this. (EA)

Makota Records, PO Box 50403, Kalamazoo, MI 49005.

#### Irony of Lightfoot-Untitled, 7"

IRONY OF LIGHTFOOT play melodic tight-rhythm punk rock. The music on this vinyl is great and the vocals are twice as great. Completely honest vocals sung in a completely flustered state. Might sound similar to, but they are much cooler then the NATION OF ULYSSES. (SY)

Wreck-Age, PO Box 263, New York, NY 10012.

#### Jakkpot-You Ain't Shit, 7"

Straight forward punk rock-n-roll here. It even has the cheesy guitar solos. I wouldn't play it for my Mom though. I think the B-side is a BLACK MARKET BABY cover. Fans of the NEW BOMB TURKS and the DWARVES should enjoy this. (SY)

American Punk Records, 802 S. Broadway, Ballimore, MD 21231.

#### Jermflux-Ruiner, 7"

If the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion decided to play only hardcore and replace their singer with Darth Vader, they would be Jermflux.

What more can I say? (MD)

Jethro Skull Records; PO BOX 5326, Hampton, VA, 23605.

#### Jihad / Inourselves-Split, 7"

These 2 Bands play very heavy, mentally distressed punk-influenced metal. INOURSELVES is the least upset of the two with their problems being mostly psychological. JIHAD on the other hand, might have some bigger problems. I sense much hostility towards Anglo-Saxon ethnocentrism, but you will just have to see for yourself. JIHAD is also the perfect example of what happens when you listen to BLACK FLAG and too much VENOM in the same day. (SY)

Makoto Records, Contacts at PO Box 50453, Kalamazoo, MI 49005.

#### John Sinclair & His Blues Scholars featuring Wayne Kramer –Full Circle, LP

Suffice to say that I am not a member of the intended audience of this LP. A bunch of old blues guys got together and played some blues stuff and then this guy John talked over it. There's pretty detailed explanations of everything that's going on in the booklet. (SM)

Alive Records, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

#### The Joypoppers-Official Program, 7"

 Think about a poppy sing along band. Now add parts later Descendents with some ska thrown in. Hard to picture? Hard to listen to as well. (EA)
 Zowie Records, 91 East Cleveland Ave., Newark, DE 19 11.

#### Jughead's Revenge-Image is Everything, LP

Speedy thrashy punk rock stuff with vocals that annoy me. Reminds me of later-era Circle Jerks (like the IV album), but not as good. Or maybe it's like Good Riddance but not as good. Oh well, either way it comes up short. (SM)

Nitro Records, PO Box 7071, Warner Ave., F-736, Hurtington Beach, CA. 92647.

#### Junior Varsity-Got to the Ice Cream Social, 7"

Gotta love when this kind of thing gets sent to Punk Planet. It is not punk, but is a poppy, happy 50s inspired piece of vinyl. I am not sure who buys this stuff, but it is fun for the ears. Think about that new Tom Hanks film. That is what you hear. Not as frat as say the Henchmen but more Beat. (EA)

Peek a Boo Industries, PO Box 49452, Austin TX 78765.

#### Kevin K Band-"Party Down" LP

I really like NYC. Ask anyone I know, I constantly yammer about its finer points — countless good pizza places, great bagels, constant stimuli, etc. But I am not going to front for one second: some of the world's shittiest bands come out of the 212 area code. Aside from the Devil Dogs and the Ramones,

it really doesn't have much to offer. Chugga chugga types love the kickboxin' NYHC, but for punk its a black hole. Kevin K is no exception to the rule. He does the annoyingly typical NY thing — when in doubt, cover a Johnny Thunders song. Lame retro punk, the sleeve has glamour shots of the guys in their leopard print outfits, this thing sucks, don't waste your money, etc. (GG)

13th Street Ent., 338 East 13th St. #4-D, NY, NY, 10003.

#### Kina / De Crew-Split, 7"

Well, I can't for the life of me figure out where this record is from, because I certainly am not familiar with the language involved here. Kina have two songs, the first of which is a bad rock tune, but the second is an upbeat, poppy, mid-tempo little number which saved the first song from completely ruining their side of the record. De Crew's songs names are in English, as is the little essay that goes along with their songs. The essay doesn't really make sense. Their music is fast with melodic vocals, and in one song they go "woah" a lot. A forgettable record. (SM)

Blu Bus / Via Consolata 5 / 11100 Aosta.

#### Liar-Falls of Torment, LP

A vegetarian/drug-free death metal band from Belgium. The artwork looks like it should be from a Bolt Thrower album: all Dungeons & Dragonstype paintings of fantasy battles with swords and spears and all that, but the lyrics should be out of an Earth Crisis record: they even have a song called "Stormwind" (Firestorm?). Anyway, despite the obvious self-parody, this is death metal all the way, with double bass drum and chugga-chuggas all over the place, so fans of death metal: you've been warned. (SM)

Good Life Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BEUGIUM.

#### Lifetime-An Outstanding Recording Achievement, 7"

What the title of this record is talking about, I'm really not sure. There's nothing outstanding at all about this typical Lifetime record. Is it an outstanding recording achievement that Lifetime can release a song that clocks in at just over a minute as an A side? Maybe. This is defintily not the best Lifetime record by a long shot. The tooretro-for-its-own-good packaging doesn't help much either. (DS)

Jade Tree 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmington DE 19810



### Lickity Split-Volume Won, CD

God, stop the hot licks and stop trying to sound so cool. Your music is boring and makes me think you suck booty. Lame poppy, drivel. (WD) Double Deuce; POB 515; NY, NY 10159.

### Limecell-CD

Up tempo metal twinged drunk punk that isn't bad... well it's not good either but I've heard a lot worse in my day. They rewrite the lyrics to the classic "Young 'till I Die" by 7 Seconds making it 'Drunk 'till I Die" but some of the verses don't really make sense... Come on guys... (MM)

Headache Records PO Box 204 Midland Park NJ 07432.

### Loose Change/Buford-Split, 7"

Loose Change do that Doc Hopper/Sinkhole thing perfectly. It's not bad, it's just been done so many times by now. Buford has a Crimpshrine/
Screeching Weasel combo sound that I like- it just works as a sound and it kicks. This record id worth checking out. (JP)

Noise Patch Records PO Box 1646 Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

### Lynyrd's Innards-Amscray, CD

Really catchy, rough around the edges pop-punk rock is what these guys specialize in. In fact you don't even realize the tongue-in-cheek lyrics until you look at the lyric sheet. Good stuff Maynard. (BVH)

Harmless Records: 1437 W. Hood Chicago, IL 60660.

### Mad Daddys-Get yer Tat Tas out!, CD

This is one of those CD's that made you wish it sounded a little more alive, or warm. I was told that this is being re-released on Demolition Derby on vinyl and re-mastered, let's hope. The Mad Daddy's did nothing to impress me on their split 7" with the Devil Dogs. This is live and has better selections, but do to the recording falls flat. Typical songs about booze, girls and drugs which make you feel kinda stupid for listening to it, almost. Don't get me wrong I listened to this quite a few times and think it is a keeper but there are so many great lo-fi rockers that this doesn't quite stand above. (EA)

Flipside Records.

### Man Will Surrender-Five on the Dime, EP

Super-fat production that makes everything sound like a million bucks. Too bad it's metal-tinged hardcore. (DS)

Equal Vision Records PO Box 14 Hudson, NY 12534

### Maximum Penalty-East Side Story, 7"

My first impression from the cover and first few seconds of music; tough guy NYC hardcore complete with tattoos and overgrown jocks. When the singer started singing (not screaming) I was shocked... dare I say it reminded me of Rock for Light era Bad Brains. While that was a pleasant surprise, this is nothing new musically. The singer is certainly no HR and this is too new to be very interesting in the 1990's. (MM)

Too Damn Hype Records PO Box 1520 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276-1520.

### The McRackins-Back to the Crack, CD

It just suddenly struck me—The McRackins are new wave, especially on this release. Bil's vocals sound sorta like Elvis Costello, and the music, being melodic and all, sounds like some of the punk-edged brit wave bands from the late 70s. There are also parts that remind me of early Jam. Hell, even the two eggs and a dog schtick follows the dorkiness of new wave. There are some faster punk songs on this too, like other McRackins stuff, but taken as a whole, this is the new wave. Very enjoyable. (MH)

One Louder Records; PO Box 1NW; Newcastle Upon Tyne; NE99 1NW; UK.

### McRackins-It's Raining, 7"

The A side is what I've come to expect from this band- fairly quirky pop punk. Both of the B-sides, especially, "oi oi oi" are pretty much throwaways. This is only OK as records go. (JP)

One Louder PO Box 1NW Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK.

### The Meatmen-"War of the Superbikes II" LP

Another reissue, another band cashing in. this has a sticker on the front that advertises "Brian Baker from Bad Religion" being involved. Its an odd world that makes a big deal about him being in BR when they suck but ignores the fact that he was in Minor Threat when they were making some of the most important music of the last 20 years. This also has 10 new songs. Hey, its Tesco Vee, they've been around. It's an OK record. I guess. (GG) Go Kart Records PO Box 20 Prince St. Station New York, NY 10012

### MIJ

There's a three-way tie between MIJ, Silver Scooter, and Stella for the best record I got to review this bi-month. MIJ is upbeat & synchopated without being remotly pop-punky. They're similar to Copper or Samuel with female vocals, and driving, loud, hardcory music below. Beautiful har-

monies. Absolutly phenominal. I can't wait to hear more. (DS)

1% Records PO Box 141048 Minneapolis MN 55414

### Miss May '66-"Self Titled" CD

Sorta riot grrrly in a way I guess. Its OK for that style of record too, not quite Bikini Kill but good in their own right. (GG)
Dragonlady Records, 162 W. Hubbard Ave.,
Columbus, OH 43215-1440.

### Mocket-Bionic Parts, LP

Holy shit. Everything I've said this entire issue is wrong. This whole time I've been blathering on about a three-way tie between Stella, MIJ, and Silver Scooter for best record of the bi-month, when the reality is that Mocket has held the title all along. Sure, all those other records are great and all, and are definitly the best in their respective genres, but Mocket defies genres in a fashion that I haven't heard since the late, great Huggy Bear. Noisy, catchy, male/female vocals, fullon crazy and completly filled with hooks. The kind of record that you put on and stop everything you were doing because you just want to swept up in it all. This is one of the most exciting records I've heard in a while. I can't wait for more. (DS)

Punk in my Vitamins PO Box 2283 Olympia WA 98507

### The Mod Fun-Past Forward, CD

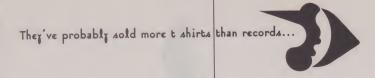
Holy Crap! This is pointless. Picture Oasis crossed with some of the sub-par bands of the sixties. You got it, crap. (EA) Get Hip Recordings, PO Box 666, Canonsburg,

PA 15317.

## Monorchild-Then the Mutes Begin to Root, 7"

Remember when it seemed like Gravity couldn't release a bad 7"? Well those times are past. This is awful novelty music that gives me a stomach ache just listening to it. Someone take the singer out and you may have a band here, until then you've just got shite. (DS)

Gravity PO Box 81332 San Diego CA 92138



### Moody Jackson-Dreams of a Punk Rock Princess, 7"

Here you go, nice and short. Guitar heavy, but poppy. Three originals and one insulting Cheap Trick cover. At least they didn't do "Surrender". A disappointment compared to their other releases. (EA)

Burnt Sienna Records 207 Powhattan, Columbus, OH 43204.

## Motorhead-"Ultimate Reissue Sampler"

Hey, its fukkin' Motorhead! Can't say that I like them, but I can say that they're old!
They've probably sold more t shirts than records, and this crap shows why. Metal non-sense. (GG)

Dojo Records

### Mr. Bubble B. and the Coconuts-Bun, CD

I was somewhat surprised by this release, especially considering the ridiculous band name. Good thing the music was much better, falling in the vein of old Snuff. Lots of neato hooks and tight performances make this German punk outfit an act to look out for—as long as they cut it out with the poorly-performed ska. (BVH)

Wolverine Records: Benrather Schlossufer 63, 40393 Dusseldorf, Germany.

### The Murderers, 7"

Drunk hardcore that's silly and straightforward. Reminds me of bands like
Submachine. While I bet they are really good live, they only come off as so-so on record. A better recording would do them a world of good. Fun punk. (WD)

Havoc; POB 8585; Minneapolis, MN 55408.

## Mystic Eyes-The Whole World is Watching, LP

Boring, typical Get Hip stuff. I would suggest you buy the Kinks greatest hits instead. Not punk, but the roots match. Time to cut rehashing this stuff, really. This coming from a fan of said genre, don't waste your money. (EA) Get Hip Recordings, don't write, they never answer their mail, but you can find it in the stoles I am sure.

### Naked Violence LP

Sounds like they got together trying to ape a few bands style — kinda' like New Bomb Turks with Speedo from Rocket from the Crypt on vocals. Not very good really, but I might hold onto it. They thank Swank Magazine in the liner notes if that means anything to you, and it probably should. (GG)

Naked Violence PO Box 42629, Portland, OR, 97242-0629.

### Nancy Vandal-The Debriefing Room, CD

With the exception of a ska song, this CD contains nineteen hardcore/oi! tunes. However, this is hardcore/oi! with a sense of humor. The lyrics are NOFX like with song titles like "We're Not Getting Any Nuder" or "I Want to be a Gladiator." This was surprising good, and I especially like the fact that the band doesn't take themselves to seriously. (MG) Hall Arsed Recordz, PO BOX 434, Richmond, Australia

### National Guard-Star Spangled Losers!, 7"

This is a cool release. Old style hardcore, that's just fast. No melody or mosh parts just speed. It's too bad they don't include a lyric sheet because I would have liked to see one. Lyrical they deal with jocks, neighbors, patriotism and thinking for yourself. (MG) Smooth Lips Army Corps, PO Box 165736, Maimi, FL 33116-5736.

### Nerdy Girl-Twist Her, LP

This album consists of steady beats, clean guitars and female vocals; it is pretty poppy. They experiment with some nice melodies on "Georgiana" and although some songs drag a bit, most are great and do not surpass three or four minutes. A fine release indeed. (MD)

No Life; PO BOX 461778, LA, CA 90046.

## The New Salem Witch Hunters–Hot Sauce & Happenings, CD

Real clean sounding and well produced garage (complete with organ) with folk leanings. This is a departure from the savage lo-fi garage that has been coming out lately. Not over the top but this should appeal to someone. (MG)

Get Hip

### New Sweet Breath -Demolition Theater, LP

Driving upbeat pop songs that are pretty energetic and not too long. There's actually a pretty diverse selection of sounds here. It's kinda radio-friendly, but not so much that it makes it unenjoyable. It's actually quite enjoyable. It's just a little close to the indie-rock/college-rock side of things. And despite the goofy posed picture of the band, this is a good record. (SM)

Ringing Ear Records, 9 Maplecrest, Newmarket, NH 03857.

### The Nines-HiFi Lo Mein, CD

My oh my, cheese a rama. This CD finds ground between 80's power rock (you know, the stuff on infomercials that's supposed to make you fall in love) and the bottom of the barrel 90's indie rock. Sorry. (JP)

Clamarama Records PO Box 422 Allston, MA 02134

### Ninja Attack-My First Time, 7"

This makes me think of the late eighties in poppunk. Seven songs crammed on a seven inch, cheap mastering, all songs about girls. Think about Brent's TV or any other early Lookout! band. I really actually liked this record a lot. Kind of brought me back and remembered a different time. I suspect these kids are fairly young. I hope so, they sing songs about girls with Braces (in her mouth, not to match her boots, oi). (EA)

Trickshot Records 815 Rosedale Ave. #1, Wilmington, DE 19809.

## No Redeeming Social Value-Rocks the Party, CD

Tough-guy NYC style hardcore with a touch of skinhead pride. Think Warzone (won't those guys ever give up?). Not exactly my cup of tea. Songs about girls, beer, skins, etc... yawn. (MM) Striving For Togetherness Records PO Box 564571 College Point NY 11356-4571.

### Nostril-Long Division Soufflé, 7"

The PICK OF THE MONTH, by far goes to nostril. Not only do you get the most elaborate hand crafted jacket I have seen. Paste, Duct tape, glued photos and burnt spots. Wow a lot of work went into making these. That means nothing unless the insides hold up and let me tell you. Think of the first Minutemen EP, think about it again. Actually put it on your turntable (oh yeah that is a classic in deed). Now put on Nostril, notice the similarities. Fuck, it took so long for someone to match the energy, the high guitar and spastic bass of the Minutemen. Really, it is good. (EA)

Class Records, 5 Paterson Terrace, East Kilbride, Glasgow G75 OBA, Scotland UK.

### N.O.T.A.-Give em enough dope, CD

I just don't understand what people see in this band. Generic old school hardcore. It's got its catchy moments, but it also can just be lame! The singer totally ruins it though. 26 songs, including "Hitler was a vegetarian" (WD)

Unclean Records; PO Box 34627; San Antonio, TX 7826.

Since they don't list the speed I've decided that about 40 rpm would be the best speed for this band. I do not find them enjoyable at all though. Pop. But who cares? (WD)

Roc Quary; PO Box 1651; Tustin, CA 92781.

### The Onyas-Live for Rejection, 7"

This sounds like the Stooges crossed with the Amphetamine Reptile. Mid-temp to faster paced sounds. This is a good release that's not great but stands above most stuff out there. (MG)

Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Drive, Nanaimo, B.C., Canada, V9R 5Z5

### The Optic Nerve-"Lotta Nerve" LP

Get Hip reissue of an 80s band that rode a 60s revival wave. Its not garage though — its sugar sweet candy assed pop. I guess the song writing is OK. It sounds like there was talent in their chops (heehee) but I can't admit to being a big fan. the CD itself looks cool though, sort of like an orange and yellow whirl pool. (GG)

Get Hip Recordings.

## Pansy Division-For Those About to Suck Cock, 7"

Hard rock from the kings of homocore. They do one original (Headbanger) about trying to score with a metal dude and two cover tunes—Kiss' "Sweet Pain" and Judas Priest's "Breaking the Law" (with additional lyrics). This is also more rockin' than many of their releases, which has been my complaint with them in the past. You should really play this for your white trash cousin. Also comes with a hilarious Beavis and Butthead sticker. Clear vinyl. (MH)

Lookout Records; PO Box 11374; Berkeley CA 94712.

### Pin Kai-Greasy Kid Stuff, 7" EP

4 chord hardcore punk with some good melodic guitar leads and off-key singing (one of my major pet peeves—if you can't sing on-key, then scream please). Raw but decent production. This is a good first effort from a seemingly young band. Blue vinyl. (MH)

Smooth Lips Records; POB 165736; Miami FL 33116.

### Poorhouse-Rollin, 7"

The vocals on this single remind me of Sewer Trout, but less interesting. The music is your typical 3 chords, distortion, or course, with a catchy chorus.

Every once in a while something caught my interest in this record, but overall, it is nothing special. (MD)

Sandbox Records, PO BOX 4536, Whittier, CA, 90607.

### Prema-Drivel, CD

Pretty nice emo, nothing that really stands out though. The singer kinda bothers me, but they're kinda nice. I don't know if I'd ever listen to this again though, so it goes. (WD)

Equal Vision Records; PO Box 14; Hudson, NY 12534.

### Pridebowl-Drippings of the Past, CD

Wow. Really cool melodic hardcore with Epitaph production qualities from out of Sweden. These guys are tight and solid. They have that SoCal hardcore sound down. Good vocal harmonies and nifty melodic guitars. Very cool. (MH)

Bad Taste; Stora Sodergatan 38; 222 23 Lund;

Bad Taste; Stora Sodergatan 38; 222 23 Lund; Sweden.

### Project Kate-...The Way Birds Fly, CD

Hmm... while I normally detest the singer-song-writer types, this is actually tolerable. Although I'm not sure if it's because the person doing it is "cool" and part of the scene or if I really do like it.

Unfortunately, I think it's the former, the more I listen to it the more annoying it becomes because there's nothing to make it stand out from the millions of other "projects" like this. Kate's songs are way too typical, so typical, in fact, that a few of them would probably do well on so-called alternative radio. (MM)

Equal Vision Records PO Box 14 Hudson, NY 12543.

### Pry- EP, 7"

It's that "alternative" rock sound, metal-influenced stuff with some funky guitar sounds and a bit of screaming here and there. Kinda sounds like Soundgarden, which is partly a guess because I never listen to that band. There's some interesting percussion, but not enough to save this CD from getting the Grand Flush. (SM)

Temperance, PO Box 685, Northfield, NJ 08225.

### Psychomania-Rebel Set, CD

Another self-consciously ironic CD, made by a bunch of self-consciously clever pop-culture unkies who sound like the evil bastard offspring of the Romantics, the Smithereens and the Ramones, with some late '60s "Nuggets" era garage rock thrown in for good measure. Oh, and some sarcasm. A great deal of sarcasm. I give the guys credit - they're catchy, they're diverse, and they don't have a formula. Yet they're a bit too self-consciously "clever" for my taste for me to give them a whole-hearted thumbs up - in my mind, if you're going the self-consciously clever route, you'd better be REALLY clever. Oh, and they cover a Cindy Lauper song — "Girls Just Want To Have Fun." If you like that kind of thing, you'll like this. (DC) Tonic, 315-525 Seymour St., Vancouver, BC V6B 3H7.

### Pulley-Esteem Driven Engine, CD

This is the band that feature members of (I think) Strung Out and Face to Face, with Scott, the old singer of 10 Foot Pole (and pro-baseball player) on vocals. Solid melodic hardcore falling somewhere between early Dag Nasty and mid-period Bad Religion. It's got that high quality Epitaph production, that, along with great vocal harmonies, make this one a winner. (MH)

Epitaph; 2798 Sunset Blvd; Los Angeles, CA 90026.

### Punk\*A\*Rama -S/T, 7"

Poorly produced melodic hardcore with rock leanings. Nothing to wet your pants about here. (MG)

Idol Records, PO BOX 720043, Dallas, TX 75372

### Quadiliacha, CD

When I saw these guys live I was soooo impressed. The energy they created was just insane. Without knowing any songs I just wanted to sing along and dance. Although I'm not sure if that could ever be captured on record this does a pretty good job. Fast, catchy pop-punk. Sometimes like 7 seconds, sometimes like early I Spy, always head-bobbin' fun. Great stuff and if they're ever in your town you should be at their show! (WD)

Passive Fist; POB 9313; Savannah, GA 31412.

### Quixote-Self Titled, 7"

Though I think that mid-tempo is what kills emo, these boys do it all right. Think Sideshow and the likes. Featuring ex-Jihad and Cavale you can expect that the kids will go nuts over this stuff. (EA)

Makota Records, PO Box 50403, Kalamazoo, MI 49005.

### Radiobaghdad-Full of it, 7"

The goofy-looking hand colored cover set me up for a bad experience but these guys are a pretty enjoyable pop-punk band. No real imaginative song-writing, but I'm swaying back and forth. Completely, and surprisingly enjoyable. Keep up the good work! (WD) Friendly Cow Records; ??.

### Rain Like The Sound of Trains-s/t. 7"

This was recorded in 1994, and it still sounds ahead of its times. Classic RLTSOT, grooving, rocking, funky and catchy as all get out. If you liked RLTSOT when they were around, then you've probably already ordered

### Absolutely horrible psychedelic wank-of music



the record. If you didn't like 'em (and that would be most of you), then this record isn't going to change your mind any. (DS) Spring Rathausstr. 13A 69126 Heidelberg Germany

### Returnaround-Babies with Rabies, 7"

Lots of info on rabies can be found within this record. Bad music, with a whiny singer and a band that tries to be innovative, but because of it loses any semblance of being catchy. Bleck. (WD)

Mark L; 136 Moccasin Dr.; Warwick, RI 02886.

### Roxylocks-Angels of Love, 7"

Pop punk that isn't near as terrible as I thought it was going to be. I like the first side better, mainly because the production is better and the guitar is in tune. I think the songs are better too. The female singer's voice is very pleasant when she is trying to actually sing, it makes this record. I wish they would have put more of her phone call to the radio show on the record, it was just about to get funny when it cut off. Not too shabby, but nothing to run out and buy. (MM)

Minor Label 16480 Soda Springs Rd. Los Gatos, CA 95030.

### The Ruckus-Alley Punk Rock, CD

The Ruckus play mid-tempo punk rock that borders on melodic. Not only do they play punk, they look the part too... We're talkin' painted leather jackets with studs, spikes and stickers, spiky bracelets, and mohawks (of course). Nothing new here... (MM) Las: Resort Records PO Box 2986 Covina CA

91 722.

### Rustweiler-Assholes of the Universe, 7"

The layout looks like something Aaron Cometbus would do. The music sounds like older Crimpshrine without the melodic sense of Jeff Ott's vocals and more pissed off. Go figure. (BVH)

Underdog Records: 2252 N. Elston 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60614.

### Science Diet-Thru the Igloo, LP

How best to describe this.... how about 'absolutely horrible psychedelic wank-off music." That about fills the bill. There is so much reverb on this record that it must have been recorded at the bottom of a very deep, very dank well. Next. (DS)

Berlemoth Sound Recordings PO Box 874 Lindenhurst NY 11757-0874

### Screeching Weasel-Bark Like a Dog, LP

This new album sounds way more like the Riverdales than like old SW. In fact, this is a lot better than the Riverdales LP because the songs are better and it seems like they aren't trying so hard to be the Ramones. However, this does have buzzsaw Ramones-style guitars and catchy vocals. All in all, this is a winner. (MH)

Fat Wreck Chords; PO Box 193690; San Francisco, CA 94119.

### Sea Monkeys-Bowery to Baghdad, 7"

Garage-tinged rock and roll punk that's catchier than most others in this genre. Kinda like Gas Huffer with less punch and wit. White vinyl. (BVH) Vital Music Mail-order: P.O. Box 210 NYC 10276.

### Serpico-Rumble, CD

The legendary Serpico releases yet another album, and with this release find themselves settling into more of a melodic feel. Less prevalent are the metallic sounding riffs and in their place are more hooks and the soft crooning of John Lisa. If you like old ALL or Dag Nasty, this is for you. The Cranberries cover may be a little too much though. Sorry. (BVH)

Equal Vision Records: P.O. Box 14 Hudson, NY 12543.

### Shaft/The Nimoys-Split, 7"

The Nimoys have their punk spirit down perfectly, and this is the type of music that got me into punk in the first place- fast, tight, and total fun. Shaft has that Pennsylvania thing going on (even though they're from Texas), sounding like a rawer Weston. Either way, this is a great split- two solid bands. (JP) Chafa Records 1747 Eoltorf #29 Austin, TX 78741.

### Sick & Wrong-Hot Beef Injection, CD

Sounds like a biker version of the Sex Pistols meets garage rock. The singer is a female who has real gruff vocals. This did not capture my attention and is boring to listen to because the songs never seem to go anywhere. (MG)

Vagrant Records, 6536 29th Ave, NE Seattle, WA 98115.

### Silver Scooter-1353, 7"

Wow, this ties with Stella and MIJ for the best records I got for review this bi-month. Silver Scooter is a light emo (in the best sense of the word)-rock enemble that packs a surprising amount of punch into their beautifully simple songs. They've even worked a cello into the mix. This is a must own. (DS)

Swingline Record co. PO Box 95888, Seattle WA 98415-2888

### Silver Scooter, 7'

Hmm, light, ummmm, no distortion, three guys playing cute little music, errrr, kinda nice, but, well, who listens to this? Dork rock.. (WD) Crank; 1223 Wilshire Blvd #173; Santa Monica, CA 90403

### Sinkhole/New Sweet Breath-spilt, 7"

New Sweet Breath plays very poppy sounding stuff and Sinkhole has a rougher edge, more like a scaled down Jawbreaker. Four catchy songs by two cool bands. (BVH)

Ringing Ear: 9 Maplecrest Newmarket, NH 03857.

### Six/Gutfiddle-split, 7"

Six sounds like they might want to be new wavestyle punk, but then again, it might just be the production. Gutfiddle has that kiss-of-death, Screeching Weasel sound. (BVH) Dirty Records: P.O. Box 82471, Phoenix, AZ 85071.

### Slapstick-Lookit!, CD

After I put this in my CD player and heard the first few seconds of music, my initial reaction was, Oh, no. Just what the world needs, another skacore band..." As I listened further, I found that Slapstick is actually a damn good ska-core band. The ska parts are so good that I wanted to dance (something I rarely do). The excellent horn arrangements sure didn't hurt. The punk parts are good too, and they mesh well with the ska. This band would be radio friendly as hell if it weren't for the Grimple-esque "fuck" in every song. Wow. a real eye opener, surprised the heck outta me. A must for rudies and punks alike. (MM) Dill Records PO Box 35585 Monte Sereno CA 95030-

### Sleepasaurus/Buford-split, 7"

5585.

This is my pick for the issue. Sleepasaurus plays a super melodic guitar style, overlaid with vocals that are a dead ringer for Serpico vocalist John Lisa. Damn catchy song here. Buford is my new favorite band. Pure melody and emotion with tight performances, excellent musicianship, incredible songs and a swift kick in the ass. It's beautiful, and it's something to be proud of. (BVH)

Noise Patch: P.O. Box 1646 Redondo Beach, CA 90278

### Slushfund / Parafanelia-Splitting Headache, split 7"

Slushfund: speedy punk stuff, not all that memorable. Parafanelia: more unmemorable punk stuff, this time with dumb lyrics. Not a very good record. Red vinyl, though. (SM)

Peep Show, 402 Fassett St., North Tonawanda, NY 14120.



### SNFU-FYULABA, LP

This is one band I have heard of, yet never heard all along. I wonder why? They're good, despite having the Epitaph sound down pat. Lots of fun pop culture related. What I don't understand, however, is how they could have a song about Space Ghost and neglect to have Brak taking over the world. That aside, this is a fun LP that has high energy and is an enjoyable listen at the least. (JP)

Epitaph Records.

### Snotboy-Coolest Girl in the World, 7"

Snotty, go figure. Poppy, hey its on VML. A Stiv Bators cover, great selection! What else can you say out, this is p-u-n-k-r-o-c-k. Thanks. Brought to you by the makers of completely horrible live Fireside Bowl recordings, (EA)

VML.

## The Snow Queen-Travesty Befalls the Snow Queen, 7"

I swear to god I've reviewed this record before. It's still a really great 7", driving, upbeat, poppy emo, with really tinny production. That's all the review you get 'cause you've sent it in twice. (DS) Smilex Records POBox 45956 LA CA 90045

### Space Cookie-"Come on Down" 7"

This ain't that bad. Has some cool vocals and the occasional rad element, but also can taste like flat Coke sometimes — bad. Still, its satisfying at some moments, and that's much more than I get from most of the things I review these days. Also, a few months ago I would have told you that this record is \$3, but that goes against our new editorial policy here at Punk Planet, so I won't do that. (GG)

Reservation Records PO Box 7374 Athens GA 30604.

### Spazz / Monster X- split, 7"

It's grindcore, kids, and it's pure brutality on both sides. Spazz's five songs include a cover of 7 Seconds' "War in the head," which makes the original sound really wimpy. Monster X's four songs include a cover of Negative Approach's "Your Mistake." To quote my pal Phil, "Monster X's vocals sound like a blender on a low speed." You get the idea. This is awesome. (SM)

Reservoir Records, PO Box 790366, Middle Village,

NY 1379-0366.

### Speed Racer-Railer, CD

These guys listen to Crimpshrine (they even cover them on this one), Green Day and the like. The singer sounds like Billie Joe even. The production is oud, and very punchy. Not sure what the point is here, but it is high quality stuff. Oh yeah, they have

a Beverly Hills 90210 fetish, the CD starts off with the theme song and has a couple samples. Yeah. I hope you are all sick of this stuff by now. (EA) Last One Picked, PO Box 4236 Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

### Speedy Huffer Kings-He Doesn't Have a Nose, 7"

Hiding in this idiotic punk record from a Canadian four-piece is a really funny, intelligent critique of the current state of pretty-boy-politics hardcore, "Anarchy in Mom's Car", with the rousing last line, "we're so white it hurts." You can't beat that. Unfortunatly the rest of the record sucks royally, apparently all their brain energy was spent coming up with the lyrics for Anarchy, and so they had to write stupid fucking shit for the other three songs. (DS)

Hardcore Noises 3 Elm Street Ottawa ON K1R 6M9

### The Speedking Trio-Delvina/Faker, 7"

A really nice, light layered emo band. Good stuff in the way that you expect from Troubleman and their silly afros. Hard for a not too emo-knowledgeable person to describe, they have that catchy, but not rocky feel. Kinda jerky, and really nice. One gets the impression that they're great live. (WD)

Troubleman; 16 Willow St.; Bayonne, NJ 07002.

### Spent Idols-Spent City Rockers, CD

I think Spent Idols blow! Everybody seems to think they rule but I'd like to know what toilet they have their head stuck in? Pathetically weak retro late 70's punk that tries to be offensive and snotty but fails miserably. It amazes me how people seem to love these geezers when they suck. (MG) 1+2 Records, distr. by Get Hip.

### Squirtgun-Mary Ann, 7".

Squirtgun are the band that doesn't get enough credit. They sound as well as Screeching Weasel or the later Queers, yet you don't rarely here of them. Their recordings, including this one, are very well produced (Mass Giorgini is in the band) and are definitely worth repeated listenings. The best part of this release is on the B-side. We get some of the finest Casio keyboard playing in the Mid-west. Two thumbs up. (EA)

Lookout!

### Stampin' Ground-Starved, 7"

A terrible name for a good band... these Brits kick out some American style hardcore that'll have you starting lawnmowers and wind-milling in no time. The lyrics are good too, dealing with such topics as vivisection and religion. A good solid release. (MM)

Too Damn Hype Records PO Box 1520 Cooper

Too Damn Hype Records PO Box 1520 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276-1520.

### Steel Miners-Irony, CD

This is great. What you get is sixteen savage rock n' roll tracks. This reminds of me of the Dummies but more punk than garage. Most of the songs are fast and fun but there are a few loser tracks which tend to be slower and less crazy. (MG)

Double Deuce Records, PO BOX 515, NY, NY 10159.

### Stella-s/t, CDEP

According to the liner notes of this CD, Stella existed for 5 months and broke up while recording this album. It's a damn shame because, along with MIJ and Silver Scooter, this is the best record of the bimonth! There are definitly some rough edges n this debut recording, the vocals are off-key cometimes, and the tempo shifts slightly in parts, but all in all it's very impressive. The music is low key, with guitar, bass, and drums forming a competent background for the beautiful harmonies sung by Andi Camp, the singer. Her vocals make this record what it is, forming heart-wrenching harmonies with herself that bring this record beyond the standard female-vocal-boys-in-back record. I hope Andi continues. (DS)

Grafton Records 2411 Durant Ave. #7 Berkley CA 94704

### Subzero-Happiness without peace, LP

NYHC all the way. Chugga-chugga youth anthems with sing-along choruses and throaty vocals. Actually, this goes a bit beyond the standard Sick Of It All type stuff and throws in some interesting guitar sounds and some pretty melodic stuff, so it's pretty original for this type of stuff. (SM) Damn Hype records, PO Box 1520, Cooper

Too Damn Hype records, PO Box 1520, Cooper Station, New York, NY. 10276-1520

## Su cidal Supermarket Trolleys-Shut Up and Drink, LP

Typical drunk punk. Nothing that stands out, but there are two versions of the song "Beer." Really pretty unexciting, generic punk rock. (WD)

Profane Existence.

### Surf Trio / Psychotic Youth Split, CD

This is perfect soundtrack for a mid-eighties rite-of-passage film staring Anthony Michael Hall, Phoebe Cates, and the girl who played Natalie on the FACTS OF LIFE. (SY)
Woverine Records, Benrather Schlossufer63,

40593 Duesseldorf, Germany.

### Sweater Weather-Untitled, 7"

You wake up Sunday morning and it's raining out. You make some coffee and stare out the window, kinda depressed and kinda just wishing there was somebody there to share your coffee with. This is record is the soundtrack to that scene. Two soft, contemplative songs. The music is subdued, but it gets a little louder in parts, then calms down and goes on with what it was doing. This is a really good, very well-done record. (SM)

Divot, PO Box 14061, Chicago, IL 60614-0061.

### Sweep the Leg Johnny-Untitled, 7"

This is a very good record. It's soft and loud and angry and contemplative and it even has a saxophone, and it all mixes together and works really well. This is one of those kind of bands that has a sound that's very hard to pin down, but I can say it's one of those good midwestern bands, if that will help. The guitar sounds a lot like Rainer Maria, and there's a lot of booming in places. Give this a listen. (SM)

Divot, PO Box 14061, Chicago, IL 60614-0061.

## Sweet Diesel-Search and Annoy, 101/CD

This has one of the coolest titles, ever! However, the music isn't that great. Hard edged indy/rock and cover of "Power" by Agnostic Front. That's the best song on this six song EP. (MG)

Go-Art/Soundviews, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012.

### Swoons-You Ass, Ey!, CD

This is a really good band, with female vocals that have no intention of sounding girlie—she has a strong voice and it works perfectly. There is something of a new wave feel to the

set up of the songs, but for the most part, this is punk rock. Songs like "GG Allin Sings AT Heaven" show how good this band is with lyrics. They start there and keep it strong through fourteen songs. This is really cool. Pretty amusing coverpic, as well. (JP)

Las Resort Records PO Box 2986 Covino, Ca 91722.

### ! TCHKUNG!-Post World Handbook, CD

I counted at least 38 different instruments on this album, a lot of them homemade. It might be punk, it might be industrial, it might even be country music! A surprise in every song! What NEUROSIS will be doing 6 years from now. Nice use of a 12-gauge pump. (SY)

Tim Kerr Records, Inc. PO Box 42423, Portland, Or 97242.

### Team Dresch-Captain My Captain, LP

Holy Cow! This is unbelievably great. I loved this bands single on Kill Rock Stars, but this blows that away. Made me think of Tsunami with balls (sorry for that one). Though lyrically most songs on the outside appear to be about Lesbianism and such, each song seems to be about personal relationships of any kind. So even if you are a male or straight female you will still like the songs and can kind of sing along. One of the few CD's to stay in my player for a long time. Highly Reccomended. (EA) Cardy-Assessment Records/Chainsaw, distributed by Revolver.

### This Side Up / White Frogs-Split, 7"

A two-band, two-continent split. That alone is pretty impressive. This Side Up is from Italy, and their two songs remind me of old Youth Brigade a lot. Melodic and upbeat, but still pretty aggressive. The White Frogs are from Brazil, and remind me a lot of Bad Religion, circa Suffer/No Control, which is backed up by their cover of "You are the government," which isn't bad, but I would rather have not heard it on a record. Both these bands sing in English, and the lyrics are a little nonsensical in a few places since it's not their native language. Still, I'm going to have to give this a thumbs up. (SM)

Goodwill / Dario Adamic / CP 15319 / 00142 Roma Laurentino / Italy.

### Thrall-Chemical Wedding, CD

Mike Hard (of God Bullies) new band, and it's a solid, heavy punk band with a good album. Good songs, and nicely ominous vocals — lots of atmosphere. If you like that kind of thing, and I'm guessing you do, you'd be well advised to buy it. (DC) Alternative Tentacles.

### Ting-Which Way Willabee +2, 7"

Very rudimentary guitar, bass, and drums with off-key, sometimes yelled female vocals. Reminds me in a way by early (less rhythmic) stuff by The Slits. Side A was good in a semi-musical way, but Side B plodded along boring me very quickly. Dark green vinyl. (MH)

Won't Go Flat Records; PO Box 379463; Chicago IL 60637.

### Tree-Downsizing the American Dream, CD

Heavy moshcore stuff with an environmental stance. Not my cup of tea, but a good message nonetheless. (BVH)

Cherry Disc Records: P.O. Box 990424 Boston, MA 02199.

### Turtlehead-back slapping praise from back stabbing men, LP

Very melodic, borderline poppy "punk" rock with a twist: in three words, 'Softcore Swedish Punk.'
Clean vocals, the whole bit. (MD)

Bad Taste Records; Stora Sudergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden.

### Turtlehead-Go, EP

See review for Turtlehead LP. Everything is the same, but this has 5 songs. (MD)
Bad Taste Records.

### Uncurbed: Punk and Anger, CD

Typical dis-core. I like it, but nothing original. It's very well done for what it is though. People with 40 lb. leather jackets take note. (WD)

Finn Records; c/o J. Lehto; Norrgatan 43; 703 56 Orepro; Sweden.

### Union-In the Shadows, CD

This what happens when you take chugga chugga hardcore into the metal arena. Lots of guitar hot licks and nice musical parts. Honestly I kinda like it. (WD)

Ferret; 72 Windsor, DR; Eatontown, NJ 07724.

### Vandals-The Quickening, LP

If I heard this and didn't know it was the Vandals, I wouldn't like it. Knowing it's the Vandals makes me like it even less. The same band that did "The Legend of Pat Brown" on Suburbia is back with a CD that has a song making fun of Agent Orange. Hrmph. Like I said, I didn't like it. (SM)

Nitro Records, PO Box 7071, Warner Ave., F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647.

back into rock-a-billy. The excellent packaging,

### Violent Nine-"Punk-A-Billy Rules" 7"

Hmm, punk a billy at times, poppy at others.
Scratchy sounding recordings...is 9 the official number of the punk? Satan has 666, the sweet baby Jaysus supposedly laid claim to 7, Freemasons like 3, I guess punk rockers like 9...Ice Nine, Round Nine, Blind Nine...Violent Nine. Are there more? This is a really strange phenomenon that I'm going to watch more closely, you betcha....(GG)
Little Boy Records PO Box 2698 Colo. Springs, CO 80901.

### Virgo Snakes- s/t LP

Once you get past the raspy, singer-has-strep-throat type vocals, you can appreciate this album for what it is: an original rock LP with steady beats and clean guitars. Many aspects of this album, such as a variety of songs, prove that the two Bobs of the Virgo Snakes utilize a sometimes over-looked quality: creativity. Buy this. (MD)

Spit and a Half Records; PO BOX 18510, Denver, CO, 80218.

### Vitamede-Everything you need, CD

If this is everything I need, then I really need to lower my expectations. It's that borderline metal with gruff vocals crap. The songs are short, but that doesn't make up for them being really bad. Really bad cover art too. Too bad CDs don't fit down toilets. (SM)

Bong Load records / PO Box 931538 / Hollywood, CA 90093-1538.

### The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black-s/t, CD

Long-time NYC shock-rock avatars definitely lose something without the floor show. The songs are decent, semi-melodic heavy rock, but the real thrill of The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black is seeing them live. If they're still around, and they come to your town, I'd take a look — if not simply to see the police raid. And hey, as Jill says, the CD is a worthwhile purchase for the naked titty pictures in the CD jacket. (DC)

Soapbox/Go-Kart, P.O. Box 20, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

### The VSS-s/t, 7"

The VSS are on this earth for one reason and one reason only: to save us from ourselves. This 7" serves up another helping of The VSS's trademark rock 'n' roll: completly over the top, and yet keeping their feet planted firmly on the ground. "Atop mount fucking everest" indeed. Get this before all the kids are talking about it so you can seem cool too. (DS)

Gravity PO Box 81332 San Diego CA 92138

### Walter Krug-type of girl b/w back in 88, 7"

Positively foot tappin. Two sweet, goofy, melodic and catchy pop punk tunes about girls. I don't think a Weston comparison would be unfair, especially considering they're both Lehigh Valley bands. Keep in mind I may be biased a bit because I know these guys, but this little blue record gets my recommendation. (SM)

FOE / PO Box 4 / Bethlehem, PA 18016.

### Wandering Lucy-Leap Year, LP

If there weren't already about a million records competing for the best record I reviewed this bimonth, then Wanderingly Lucy would make the list too. Wandering Lucy comes off as very ecclectic on this release, with some songs sounding reminiscent of Heavenly, while others are much less poppy, and more noisy and abrasive, others are slower and sadder, while others still are beautiful sonic experiements of occilation and reverb. While all of the variations of WL are great to listen to, it doesn't make for a very consistnat listen. (DS)

K Records PO Box 7154 Olympia WA 98507

## The World Inferno Friendship Society—"the models and the mannequins" 7"

I don't like this record. Its just not my thing — not for one second does it contain anything I am interested in listening to. Still, I can not deny that there is some genius at work here. Their sound is wholly unique, utilizing (in their words) traditional instruments in strange arrangements to create sounds I've never heard before. I am not sure who to recommend this to, because chances are nothing you listen to will sound like this, but nothing in the world sounds like this. (GG)

Gern Blandsten PO Box 356, River Edge, NJ 07661.

### Yum Yum Tree-Riot\*Up\*Your\*Ass\*, 7"

It always sucks when has good lyrics and mediocre music to along with the lyrics. Yum Yum Tree's lyrics deal with not conforming to the mainstream or punk which I like because most punks consider themselves original even if they look like every other punk since '78. However, the music falls flat, heavy punk/hardcore stuff with bad production. (MG) Vital Music, PO BOX 210, NY, NY 10276

### V/A-Anderson, 7"

This has one song from Kimusawa, Ambush, Zorn, and Hitler. Don't get this for the Ambush song though, it's on the "Pigs" album. Kimusawa play slow, hard-hitting stuff with some mellow parts. Ambush play their usual style of chaos while Zorn sound like a slightly less chaotic and very less metal version of Acme. Hitler's track starts as acoustic rock-a-billy and then diminishes in to chaos and somehow reforms

## V/A-15 Bullets: the Wolverine Compilation CD

I was put off by the intro to this compilation. However, I listened on. This compilation is well put together and doesn't get boring and is very listenable. The music ranges from hardcore to punk to bubblegum but while it is good the music is generic. Not generic in a bad way but nothing here is incredible. All the tracks are previously released and this is to be a sampler for the Wolverine label. (MG)

Wolverine Records, Benrather Schlossufer 63, 40593 Dusselfdorf, Germany.

### V/A-Buried Alive 2, CD

Journey back to a time when BAD RELI-GION was actually a good band. 25 songs of early eighties west coast punk (not all bands may necessarily be from the west coast). This album re-releases tracks from previous compilations and LPs With great featured bands such as REDD KROSS(!!!), RF7, and M.I.A. occupying many a track on this disc, you can't go wrong. Lyrically, you get everything from political insight, to locker room machoism, to self destruction. Some of the best lyrics ever sung! I don't know about the rarity of these tracks, but this is the best punk compilation I have heard this year! (SY) BOMP, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

### V/A-Die Human Race, flexi 7"

Free with Profane Existence #28+29 comes this flexi. Pretty cool stuff for hardcore fans with big names like Hiatus, State of Fear, Luzifers Mob, Civil Disobedience, Assrash, etc... Don't expect unreleased songs (well, some aren't yet...), but it is a good sampler of Skuld and P.E. releases. (WD)

P.E.: POB 8722; Minneapolis, MN 55408.

### V/A-Do it yourself, 7"

Five bands from Italy and a nice fold-out cover fill up this record nicely. Eversor's song is truly great; melodic and catchy—well done. This Side Up sound a bit like old Youth Brigade, which is good, but their song could stand a better recording. N.I.A. Punx have some very melodic vocal stuff going on. I Fichissimi are the only band that doesn't sing



in English. Point of View have a melodic song that sounds almost metal. It's hard to find a comp record with no really bad songs... I'm impressed. (SM)

Goodwill / Dario Adamic / CP 15319 / 00142

Roma Laurentino / Italy.

### V/A-Ear Piercing Punk, CD

I pulled this CD out of the player a half dozen times to check if I had the right disc in. The cover has a 77' pierced punk rocker girl, you know right out of Punk magazine. You would expect 77' style rock n roll ala Sex Pistols or the Clash, right? Nope you get some really fine 50s and 60s inspired music. Sounds like something you would expect on Estrus or a higher quality Get Hip. Not what I expected, but I was pleasantly surprised. Maybe this is from that said era and I am an idiot. That would explain why it so much better than the retro crap of 1996. P&C 1996 Archive Int'l Productions, (EA) address.

## V/A-From The Fox Valley Side... To The North Side, 7"

The four bands (The 4-Squares, Tricky Dick, Bollweevils and Hitmen) all possess the top three qualities bands can have- high power, snotty vocals and an understanding that punk is not about turning your back and crying. This is the true meaning of tight and fast punk and I like it. So there you go. (JP) Quincy Shanks PO Box 184 Wayne, IL 60184

### V/A-The Goodlife, CD

95150.

A European Straight Edge Compilation. Chugga Chugga and preaching from foreign lands! Yawn. (WD)

GoodLife; POB 114; 8500; Kortrijk, Belgium.

### V/A-The New Breed, Vol. 3 CD

It's a comp CD with 21 fairly well-known bands, so I'll just list them and you can decide for yourself. Rhythm Collision, The A.G.'s, Sinkhole, The Kindred, All Day, Strung Out, Diesel Boy, Active Ingredients, Nobodys, White Trash Debutantes, Das Klown, The Connie Dungs, Automatics, The Invalids, No Empathy, Betty's Love Child, Falling Sickness, Jack Killed Jill, Everready, The Fixtures, Nukes. There isn't an insert with lyrics or band info, which sucks, but there are some good bands in this assortment. (SM)

V/A-Pogo Strut Slam Swivel and Mosh, CD

Swingin" Utters, Wynona Riders, Zeke and Youth Brigade and JFA plus more, more, what can you say about a comp like this. Normally they are worth the listen but often fall short with throwaway tracks, covers and songs from releases you already own. Ninety percent of this are unreleased and fall into the earlier categories. Some great bands and for the new or for the completists I would say get it. (EA)

Devil Doll Records, 2533 E. Broadway Ste. 8, Long Beach, CA 90803.

### V/A-Punk Chartbusters Vol. II, LP

I'm growing bored of these '77 comps. More old punk songs, repackaged for Western consumerism. Yav. (GG)

Wolverine Records Benrather Schlobufer 63, 40593 Dusseldorf Germany.

### V/A-Punk Chartbusters 2, CD

Different from above LP. Lots of European bands doing some horrible and some hilarious covers. I am not normally into hilarious, but this isn't too bad. You got Die Toten Hosen, Gigantor, Wizo, Toy Dolls plus 24 more tracks. Covers include: Oasis, E.L.O., Depeche Mode, U2, Bob Dylan, Small Faces'and more. You figure out if could actually listen to something like this. Oh yeah, mostly pop stuff here. (EA)

Wolverine Records, Benrather Schlossufer 63, 40593 Dusseldorf, Germany.

### V/A-Punk Dwellings, CD

Twelve New York City bands do one original and one cover each. Some very outstanding stuff here: Yellow Scab, The Wives, Electric Frankenstein, Snuka and The Stallions stand out the most. I like the idea of saying that each bands does an original and a cover that way you don't get a comp full of bands that do covers and you don't no if their originals are any good. The selections of covers are not great though. Two Misfits covers (they aren't even form NY) for instance. Yellow Scab's "My Sharona" is a rare jem indeed. (EA)

Dwell Records, PO Box 39439, Los Angeles, CA 90039.

### V/A-Raise the Flag-harDCore vol 1, 7"

DC hardcore comp. Positive State, Rejekts, Unabomer, No Credentials, Mant, Neurotiks, and The Infertil grace this record. One of those generic records I wish didn't exist. I think that they're trying to pretend that this is Flex your Head or something. Ugh. (WD)

Out Cider D.C.; 307 Charles ALexander Ct.; Alexandria, VA 22301-1500.

## V/A-Sideshow Presents...14 Death Defying Acts, CD

Half of this compilation is really good with styles ranging from Punk to noisy theatrical melodies, and the other half sounds like SUB POP, But hey, what ever makes you happy. Wonderful standout tracks by Pipe, Pee, Dame Darcy, and Skulpey. If ya trim the fat, then this is a pretty good comp. (SY) SIDESHOW RECORDS, PO Box 2045 N.Y.C.10009.

### V/A-This is Bad Taste-The Ultimate Punk Party, CD

A sampler of bands on Sweden's Bad Taste label (including stuff licensed from the US). Most of these bands are Swedish, with the exception of 10 Foot Pole, 88 Fingers Louie, and Turtlehead (from Scotland). The majority of this is fast melodic hardcore with solid production that isn't entirely memorable but is pleasant to listen to and would probably work good at a party. Sounds like there a quite a few great Swedish bands right now. (MH) Bad Taste; Stora Sodergatan 38; 222 23 Lund; Sweden.

### V/A-Vol. 1: Nobody Rides for Free, CD

A compilation featuring four bands on the Bomb label, three songs per band, pretty much covering all punk bases. A mixed bag - two good ones, two mediocre ones. The first band, Lamb's Bread, is a hip-hop hardcore band, with some pretty strong dynamics. Very tight. Sort of like a more interesting Biohazard. The second band, Jay the Babe, are power punk. Nothing special, but certainly not bad either. The third band, Tree, is a heavy riff band, in the Helmet mode, who don't really add anything to the Helmet formula, though they rock pretty hard while trying. The final band, Saccharin, a two person (one man, one woman) anthemic punk band, makes songs that sound like Husker Du or Fugazi led by a female singer. Very good. (DC)

Bornb Marketing, 50 Terminator St., Bldg 1, Charlestown, MA 02129.

## V/A—World Domination Recordings / Independent Project Records, CD

FILE UNDER: CLICHÉ ALTERNATIVE ROCK. (SY)

World Domination, PO Box 8097 Universal City Station, North Hollywood, CA 91618.



f you haven't noticed, there's a great scene of underground films that are being made and shown around the country. My punk friends, who used to collect records, now collect underground videos. There's a lot of hype about independent film, but it's mostly Industry, Jr. bull-shit with the occasional true low budget film thrown in for credibility (sound familiar music fans?). Some of this stuff is too cool to pass by without being written about, so here it is.

First, I'd like to start with some cool indie features that I've seen lately that have only gotten limited distribution or no distribution at all. Check these out if you see them playing at festivals, at the local arthouse theater or at the cool video store. First off, is The Delicate Art of the Rifle which is a twisty, meandering retelling of the Charles Whitman (guy from the roof of the University of Texas in 1967) shooting from the viewpoint of his geeky roommate. The story goes off on a million tangents, only to be brought back together in a brilliant conclusion. I don't think I've ever seen a film like this. It's made by the Cambrai Liberation Collective from North Carolina and has been playing the festivals for the last year. If it doesn't get established distribution, the CLC will get the film out themselves, so keep your eyes open for it.

Then there's the fantastic looking *Toast of the Gods*, a modern day version of the *Odessy* but it takes place in Seattle and the characters are strippers and drug dealers instead of Gods and Goddesses. The parallels to the original story are so inventive that it makes you want to read (or reread) *The Odessy* just because New York filmmakers Eric Magun and Latino Pelligrini did such a good job. Featuring a small scene with Seven Year Bitch.

A Gun for Jennifer is the story of

BY SARAH JACOBSON

a girl who moves to New York and gets caught up with a gang of rapist-killing strippers after they save her from being attacked. Actually, they make Jennifer kill the guy herself in this gritty, dark, feminism-dosed-with-a-reality-check tale. It was made by Todd Morris and Deborah Twiss, who wrote the film after a bad night of stripping and got the money from one of her customers.

Peter Hall's *Delinquent* is a great study of a bored teenage boy who lives in a trailer park with his asshole cop Dad whose fantasy world dangerously intersects with reality. There's a great score by Gang of Four and the film is thoughtful and realistic, not some girl-on-your-arm, motorcycle riding wet dream like the title suggests. The kid's performance is so natural; he draws you back to when you were young, bored, restless, and striving to control your own life.

I recently saw *The Year of My Japanese Cousin* by Maria Gargiulo. It's an interesting film, but I didn't do backflips for it or anything. I saw it with some of my girlfriends who are in bands and they loved it. For them it was totally realistic, so maybe you might like it too. It stars Janis Tanaka from the band Stone Fox and Selene Vigil from Seven Year Bitch, who puts in a really sparkling performance. It's about this girl's Japanese cousin who comes and visits her in Seattle and everyone thinks the cousin is cooler than the girl. It's got some great girl-perspective moments.

Get Over It by Nick Katsapetses is a black and white film shot for \$9,000 about a guy who gets dumped by his boyfriend and can't get over it. It's shot very interestingly and the dialogue is hilarious. The film has great characters that are typical but not cliche: the obnoxious fag hag, the closeted straight guy, the

# UNDERGROUND continued...

evil superslut cute guy, the always happy lesbian couple. I couldn't believe that Nick put together such a sharp film for so little money and resources.

Another amazing, four figure budgeted indie black and white film is Jim Sikora's Bullet on a Wire. Bullet explores the world of a girl whose life is turned upside down after her clinic doctor's disturbed brother comes into her life. The film examines crime and media hype in a calm, straightforward manner. The cinematography is great, the transitions are beautiful and the characters are all complex and realistic. Featuring solid performances from Jesus Lizard's David Yow as the girl's boyfriend and Paula Killen as the clinic doctor. I never knew what was going to happen next and was interested from beginning to end (my only criticism being that the film could have ended a little bit sooner). A great film. Both Get Over It and Bullet On a Wire are what the future of indie film should be, not these bloated bullshit we-want-tomarket-your-generation with \$3 million dollar 'low budget films.' A good script, inventive camera, realistic characters, an ability to scam and a vision. What are you waiting for?

Now for my spotlight. I usually write about recent underground films, but there are two cult classic films I've seen lately that just rock my world. Now, all of us cool chicks (or those of you who have a cool chick feminine side) are waiting for the independent film world to catch up to music and zines in the rad girl department. I can only think of one recent film that really showed me a girlview that I've never seen on screen which is Welcome to the Dollhouse. But if you go back ten years, both Times Square and Ladies and Gentlemen The Fabulous Stains are amazing girl films that will blow your mind. Times Square is better known because of its all-star soundtrack, including the Ramones, Suzi Quatro, Patti Smith, Lou Reed, the Cure, Gary Numan, XTC, Roxy Music, the Pretenders and the Talking Heads. Trini Alvarado plays a young girl who is being raised by her politician single father who is more concerned with his political image than his daughter. She suffers from nervous disorders and is taken to the hospital to be checked out. It is there that she meets one of the coolest, psycho chicks to have ever graced the screen, played by the amazing Robin Johnson. I think this was her first and only film role and oh my God is she cool! She's a hell raiser who grew up in New York City's backstreets, homeless and 'burdened' with a terrific attitude problem, who sets down her amp and starts wailing on her guitar wherever she pleases. But her aggressive attitude gets her thrown in the hospital to be checked out for mental problems.

The two girls meet and Trini is amazed by Robin, who eats flowers and steals pages from her diary. They run away together and squat in Times Square's abandoned buildings. Trini gets a job at a strip joint where she dances, but not topless (okay, so the film's not an exercise in realism). In the meantime, Robin gets her band together and starts causing a sensation among the underground Times Square scene. Somehow, Tim Curry gets involved as a radio DJ who gets calls from Trini for help. He finds out about her politician father and starts profiling the girls on his radio show for ratings. Robin and Trini start to throw televisions off of rooftops as performance art under the moniker 'The Sleaze Meanwhile, the lesbian relationship between the girls is so heavily implied that it only stops short of any major love scene. This movie is so great, it's fun from beginning to end and the film is always on the girls' side. There's no pro-ladylike sentiment here! I know that Jenni Olsen (she runs PopcornQ on the web) in San Francisco owns a copy of the print and Leather Tongue (www.leathertongue.com) in San Francisco has a VHS, but I haven't heard of where else to find this film. Usually you spot the soundtrack in some of the cooler record stores. You'll have to do some digging to find the film. If you have internet access go to the cult movies news group and ask if anyone knows where to get a copy. If anyone out there knows about other video stores that carry the film, let me know and I'll list it in my next column. It's really worth seeing.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Stains is another, bad attitude, rocker girl film that stars Diane Lane (The Outsiders, Rumble Fish), Marin Kanter and Laura Dern (Wild at Heart) as 15 year olds who start a band to get out of their lame hometown and end up going on tour with the 'Metal Corpses,' an Alice Cooper type band who used to be big and are now playing small time clubs, and 'The Looters' an English punk band with a real life stellar line up: Steve Jones and Paul Cook from the Sex Pistols, Paul Simonon from the Clash and the dreamy Ray Winstone who played the lead Rocker in Quadrophenia. From the opening credits, Diane Lane puts out lots of fuck-you attitude, being interviewed for a 20/20 type news show that tries to portray her as a helpless girl victimized by industrial America. She barely acknowledges the interviewer as she thickly applies her super shiny eyeliner and declares, "My name isn't Corrin Burns. It's Third Degree Burns and this is my band, the Stains."

The rasta tour manager catches her on TV and when lead Looter, groupie-magnet Ray blows off her request to open for them on tour, the rasta

guy invites her along, spouting cheesy advice like some dreadlocked Confucius. Diane changes her look to a new wave 'skunk' haircut and see-through blouses as she asserts from on-stage, "I'm perfect, but none of you get me because I don't put out!" Soon one of the Metal Corpses dies of a drug overdose and it's just the Looters and the Stains. A romance blossoms between Diane Lane and Ray Winstone (did I mention how cute he is in this film?) which turns to professional rivalry when she steals his attitude, his poses and his big song, 'The Professionals.' (I just found out that the song 'The Professionals,' which must be played twenty times in this movie, was a real song by a real band that consisted of Steve Jones, Paul Cook and Paul Simonon.) The Stains eclipse the Looters in popularity from the help of a TV newswoman who gives them lots of coverage, respect and on air plugs of their tour dates as girls from all over the Tri-State area flock to the concerts dressed like Skunk clones. Some of the tour scenes from this movie seem so realistic that it's weird, but then parts of this film are totally melodramatic. There's lots of pro-girl sentiment, especially when Christine Lahti (who plays Diane's aunt and Laura's mom) is being interviewed about the band's success. She says that her parents put her down and never thought she'd amount to anything, and she's sorry for doing the same thing to her daughter. She's completely supportive of the fun her daughter is having as well as the rippling impact of the band. That's something vou don't see too often.

Like *Times Square*, this film is only available through bootlegs and rare viewings on late night TV, except it seems to be even harder to find. One of my girlfriends told me she heard about this film forever, but didn't believe it ever existed until I showed her my copy. Both films are so excellent, not only because the girls are punk rock, but also because the girls are never severely punished for their exploration of forbidden rebellious territory. Take note future filmmakers!

Before I go, I'd just like to say that you can look up my old columns for the website Film Zone in the archives at www.filmzone.com or you can send \$2 and two stamps and I'll send you a collection of them if you want to read about what was happening in underground film in the last year. Also, if you want to let me know about other underground film zines, filmmakers or if you want to send me stuff to review, I'd love to write about it, but please, none of that let's-see-a-naked-chick-in-astraight-to-video-slasher-flick schlock bullshit and I'm not into wannabe Stan Brakhage abstract nopeople-in-it film either, so don't bother. Anything else goes, but just to warn you, I only write about stuff I like. Send to Station Wagon Productions, P.O. Box 471807, San Francisco, CA 94147, email: SWPchick@aol.com. See ya next bi-month!



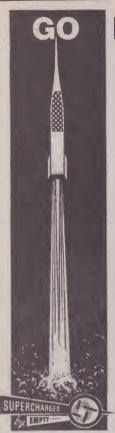
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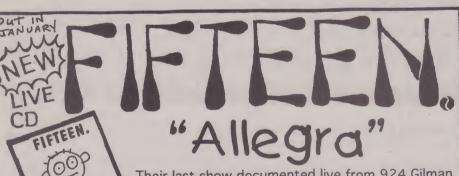
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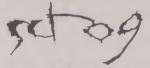
### incoming:

It looks like the Soup 7" might be aborted so the next project is a comp CD.Send your band's tape, no matter what the style, etc. Mainly just looking for bands of the independent variety. Songs must be recorded, not a boom box recorded demo.lt'll be sold for about \$5 ppd. Deadline for tapes is May 31st. 1997.

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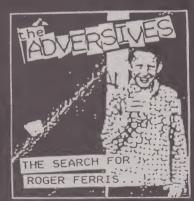
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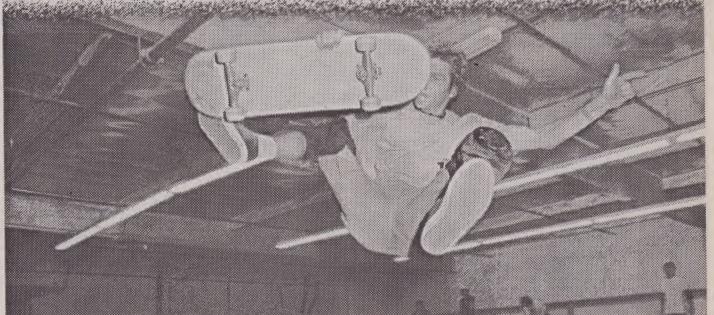
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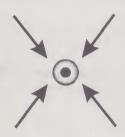
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harriet the »god gave us music and the courage tu sing. (8 song 10'') serotonin

-debut ep-

ago see Harriet and Armstrong's Secret Nine rock your town on their January tour

-10" is five, 7" is three in US-

checks, mo's to W. LaGrone

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More reviews, less reviewers. You do the math. It all looks like fun, but we're dying up here! This issue's reviewers: Brian Czarnik (BC). (JT) Jim Testa, (SM) Scott MacDonald. (LM) Lani Merrit. (EA) Eric Action, (DS) Dan Sinker.

### Abaddon #3

A small political zine with some pretty good content. There's a lengthy interview with Endeavor, book reviews, facts on homelessness and poverty, opinions on military spending and straight edge, some comics, and even a little pull-out poster. A quality zine. (SM)

\$1?; Jeffrey, 12039 UNCG, Grennsboro, NC 27413

### Alice is an Island #1

It's nice to read a zine from a NY hardcore sXe girl, because they usually don't say anything. They all seem to hide behind their boyfriends in a very macho genre of music that never includes women. Sad, because if this is any indicator, hardcore girls have alot to say. I can't really relate to the poetry in the zine, but the personal articles and rants are very thought out and well worded. Robyn even addresses sexism and feminism, but I feel like it would be a

good idea if in a later issue she would relate it directly to the hardcore scene. (LM)

Stamps; Robyn Marasco at Smith College Box 8438 98 Green St. Northampton, MA 01063-0100

## Angry Thoreauan

Wow, this here sex zine is on issue 17 and I have never heard of it. I guess I should stop having all that sex to take time out to keep current on events etc... This big California zine is laid out like the another Cal-sex-zine. The Probe. Loads of interviews and ads. There is an interesting rant on killers and bondage people by Monique. More nudity would have been a good thing! (BC)

\$3.00; p.o. Box 2246 Anaheim CAL. 92814.

### Angry Youth Comix #7

Lots of pron, plain and simple. The Loady McGee comics are rather funny and not the kind of thing that you want to leave laying around for company to see you read. That is probably why it is so funny. Two interviews with pom starlets that were interesting to an outsider. I can honestly say that this didn't insult me and probably wouldn't insult many women either. Suggested for the comics, leave it in you little sister's room. (EA)

A pricy \$2; Box 83, Groveland, MA 01834.

### Annovance #11

If some Congressional committee ever opens up a inquiry into whether today's teenagers have too much time on their hands, I'm gonna submit this zine as Exhibit One. Some of it is funny - like the "Lyrics Of Cheese" feature, which simply reprints notably bad lyrics from well-known bands (this issue it's Earth Crisis) - but most of it's just dumb. Pez dispensers, bad drawings, interviews filled with stupid questions, infomercial reviews, Migraine Boy comics (the most annoying syndicated zine feature since White Boy poetry booklets)... There are two pages of record reviews that were okay. Maybe I'm just in a grumpy mood? (JT)

\$1; 83 Hillcrest Rd., Warren NJ 07059.

### Aunt Julie's Anxiety Attack

Nice perzine. Good writing, not so personal it's creepy. A good deal of the material can be related to by anyone, not just the author. I'd like to see more from Julie, (DS)

\$1 + 2 stamps; PO Box 20536, Castro Valley CA 94546

### Begin #1

Not a bad little half-sized zine. In fact, this is an impressive first issue in several regards. First, it looks nice. The layouts are simple without being boring. Secondly, the stories are well written. The interview with the young woman who trying to be an auto mechanic and facing sexism was especially interesting, and even the interview with Fugazi asked some good, probing questions of the most over-interviewed band in America. The final interview (with a female academic) manages to raise some fascinating questions about feminism by interviewing a female academic whose thesis compares the relationships between women in the Victorian era to riot grrls. (JT) \$2; 335 Bruce Dr., Lincoln NE 68510.

### Bomb Threat #2

A pretty think zine of fiction and opinion, very little of which was any good. The writing needs a lot of work and the opinions aren't backed up all that well. There's some stuff that's kinda funny, so this isn't a total waste... but it's close. (SM) \$1 + 2 stamps or trade; David Gastine 732 Rosemont Rd.

Richmond, VA

### Bricks Through a Window #5

Any zine that mentions Lita Ford is A-O-K with me. Most of you probably don't know who she is, but that only makes it better for those of us who do. Anyway,

this zine interviews Failure face and does it with style. The heavy Meatl connection to everything rules. Hell, Metal rules and it is more punk then you! Anyway again, a cool article about D.J. Lebowitz can also be found here. A decent zine my friend. (BC)

Jason 1508 Thrid St. Duarte, CA 91010.

### Chinese Bob #2

We've got columns, we've got rants, we've got reviews, we've got an interview with a band I've never heard of, we've got comics... we've got a zine here, folks. Not a bad zine, but nothing really exciting. (SM)

\$1; POB 500233 San Antonio, TX 78280-6233.





### Chumpire #72

Again the one page zine that come every few weeks it seems. This issue has some thoughts on his 10 year high school reunion and the typical reviews and ramblings. Best stamp you'll spend. (EA)

Po Box 680 Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680.

### Cinema Revue # 10

Mostly movie-oriented with some music at the end. Since most of the movies reviewed here seem to be out on video already, this might be a good read if you're a VCR junkie and spend a lot of cash at Blockbusters. Film buffs will appreciate the probing interviews with three underground filmmakers. The music section consists of a SXSW report and record reviews. (JT)

\$2; IPG Worldwide, PO Box 40611, Memphis TN 38174.

### Clones #7

A photocopied zine with scribbled handwriting in the margins which is very PUNK, assuming you define "punk" as rambling on endlessly on anything that

runs through your mind without wondering whether anyone else would be remotedly interested and doing it all in long run-on sentences. For horror fans, there's a long article on Italian shlockmeister Dario Argento. The "Punk Fanzines of New England" page did offer a lot of titles I hadn't seen before, and the record reviews are actually okay, concise and pretty much on target, although it's Dec. '96 as I'm writing this review and I'm reading a "Top 20 Albums of 1995" list, which seems a little pointless. Maybe that's the point? (JT)

\$1, Marc, 147 Main St. #2, Keene NH 03431.

### Crap #2

Some record reviews and two show reviews in big type on one-sided pages. Next. (JT)

\$1, David Gillin, 25 Virginia Ave., Rochester NY 14619.

### Dream Whip #8

This is one of my very favorite zines. It's a travel zine, but not in the "I went here and did that" fashion. This zine strips away all the extraneous stuff about traveling and gets right to the heart of it all the feelings, about wanting to be away then wanting to be back, about wanting to be everywhere at once and trying to plan it all out and it never working like the plan... and it gets at all that stuff in a way that's very easy and enjoyable to

read. There's even cool little comics in a few places. I really really like this zine.

Bill, PO Box 53832, Lubbock, TX 79453.

### Drew #4

This is a funny zine. Stuff on Doo Rag, candy reviews and Lou Reed that are all a change of apce. Why? Well, that is because the rest is about Drew Barrymore. A non-fiction? Story about the author meeting Drew and being in close possession of her Diary and the tale that surrounded it. This was hilarous and I hope true, because it would be much better if it was. There is also a long piece with a Drew fan that is was too obssessed. Never got to read the first three issues but with the clever twisting of other people's photos, I highly recommend. (EA)

\$1.50 PO Box 791 Berkeley, CA 94701.

### Euphoria #1

This could've been pretty good because the guy who does it is a pretty good artist. Instead, there's a lot of filler, including five pages of name calling and petty bickering between the editor and some guy. Very stupid, very annoying. (SM)

75 cents or trade Mike / 651 Santa Barbara Ave. / Millbrea, CA 94030.

### Ex Nihilo #19

Three incredible interviews in this issue. The first with Leg Show magazines owner Dian Hanson has well thought out questions that challenge rather than feed. It is nice to actually learn and think after an interview. It appears that the soft-porn industry is almost DIY in many senses. If you wanted to know what a woman in the porn industry would have to do to make a zine, here you go. With distribution problems and everything. The second interview is with the owner of San Diego's Museum of Death. This museum has a unique philosophy and its interview is real thought provoking stuff. Finally, an interview with MRR's Tim Yo. It is what you expect and took place shortly after the first round of chemo. It isn't often to see Tim in other people's magazines, so this was a rare treat. Never have a recommended a zine

more. (EA)

\$2. 563 Broadway #56, El Cajon, CA 92021.

### Extent #7

Extent is definitly one of the more consistant hardcore zines coming out. While I've become pretty disenchanted with the hardcore scene, John LaCroix lives for it. This issue features interviews with Strife, Damnation AD, Fast Break, and a pretty problematic interview with Victory records head Tony Victory. It also comes with a CD sampler featuring a veritable whos who of current hardcore bands. (DS) \$4; PO Box 116 Boston MA 02120

### Feeble #1

A BMX and stuff zine. Basically a lot of bike tricks and some Star Wars pieces put around to make it a little, little different. (EA) ¢50 2 Frampton Close, Spring Lane, Colden Common, Wincheser, Hants.

### Flabby Arms #10

I like this zine and was rather disappointed that this was a best of issue. A lot of cartoons and clip art with funny captions. Molly does a fine zine and I have had the pleasure of the last half dozen issues. She seems to include little things that seem to make it worth it, extra thought,

time and caring. Some recipes and some funny addresses to clubs and such: Etch a Sketch fan club, American Pencil Collectors Society to name two. Highly recommended. Though making fun of high school teachers isn't nice (haha, that is my real job). (EA)

Unfortunately there isn't an address in this issue and I can't find any old issues to get it from. Though it is \$0.50 if you can find the address in an old issue of Punk Planet.

### The Flashing Astonishers #7

The first half of this zine is a large letter to the editor type thing. The letters are interesting enough to keep you reading on. And if you do you will find a review section along with the story behind those anti-alien stickers that are popping up everywhere. I just like being anti-something. The last few pages are some cool comic strips and zeroxed artwork. Be on the

look out for Gregg's next issue dealing with cool places to masturbate. (On my neighbor's dogs ass was mine.) (BC)

2 Stamps The Flashing Astonishers 113 Fleetwood layne, Minoa, NY. 13116.

### Flushable Applicator #3

A sloppy little zine that, while made up mostly of reprints, manages to have some personality. The main piece is a two-page rant about questioning things and not believing shit just because it was on TV or something. The rest is photos and reprints and other stuff. Mostly throwaway material, but somehow I don't feel like throwing it away. two stamps. (SM) 232-D N. Guadalupe, San Francisco, CA 87501.

### Foe #35

A fairly good zine from the Lehigh Valley in PA, with a very rad cover. I'm just not a fan of the same zine over and over again that's filled with boring interviews and way to many record reviews. Still, check it out if you're from the area. (LM)

\$1; Foe PO Box 4 Bethlehem PA 18016.

### Fourball Fanzine #3

It's one of those full-size newsprint music mags that's mostly ads and interviews (like this one!). Lots of zines in this genre suck, but this one isn't one of those. Interviews with Six Finger Satellite, Drop Dead, Rocktober, The Probe, Thrift Score, Jim Draper, Blow My Colon, and Joe Matt from Peepshow. Also included is a list of tribute bands, record and zine reviews in chart format, and a five page how-to on screen printing which I didn't get to read it closely, but looks good. A worthwhile zine. (SM)

### The Fractal Spring/Summer 96

\$1 183 Angell St., Providence, RI 02906.

Know idea where the Journal for Science Fiction and Fantasy came from, but it got here. Serious Dungeon and Dragon's style literature. Poems, short stories filled with fantasy and sexual undertones (they are there if you dig). If you still can tell me how many hit points your highest level Elf had, than this is for you. (EA)

\$5 The Fractal, 4400 University Drive, ms2d6, Farifax, VA 22030-4444.

### Free at Last #1

Feel like you are not informed enough on the overdone sell-out debate? Need more info on how cute animals are and why that is reason enough for all humanity to stop consuming their flesh? Maybe you didn't get a chance to read those Propagandhi essays from the "Less Talk More Rock" album that every punk rocker in the world possess. Does any of this need to be conveyed to you in a simple sentence structure of noun, profanity, and verb on a 1st grade vocabulary level? Come on, you know you always wanted to brainwash your little sibling into the joys of generic punk rock...for ages 4-7 only. (LM)

\$1 to Paul/Free at Last 3468 Bliss Rd. Windsor, Ontario N8W 3B6 Canada.

### Generation Latex #pi

Right away I'm not liking this because there are two of those annoying "White Boy" pamphlets done by that Paul Weinman guy. Gawd, when will he stop? There's also a little coloring book included that's a neat idea, but

kinda annoying as well. The zine itself is a comic zine, so already we're scoring points previously lost. The comics could benefit greatly from a little more use of white space for legibility, but they're still fun and entertaining. A good zine. (SM) \$1 Marc Moscato / 70 Victoria Blvd. / Kenmore, NY 14217.

### Gumption #3

This is the only zine in he last few months that I could not put down. Gumption #3 takes us train hopping across the United Stated, well Michigan to California and back. Maybe because I have read so little on the subject this zine was fascinating. To hear about the thoughts, worries, excitement and nervous feelings of a virgin train hopper. Good details and where to get more information is also included. It sounded as the author can really write. I would love to read more form her. I don't want to spoil any surprises but I suggest that if you have never been on a train, than get this. (EA)

\$2 Sheri Gumption, PO Box 7564 Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

### I Defy #4

Pretty descent emo zine. Interviews with Still Life, Franklin, & Enkindel. Some nicely written pieces about politics & just livin' life. Worth a read. (DS)

721 Corelies Ave. W. Allenhurst, NJ 07711

### Ignition #1

A groovy interview with Retribution kicks off this debut issue of Singapore's very own "Ignition." A reprinted story about the Cro-Mags from MRR seems kinda strange to include but an original interview with Phlegm that follows makes up for it. The zine makes it clear that it is a hardcore/ sXe supporter. An interesting read to add to your sXe zine collection. (BC) \$3.00 Cheelip Blk 1, Cantonment Rd. #05-169 Spore 080001 Singapore.

### Join Kao #1

It's a European Punk planet! cool articles, columns, and lots of reviews. This zine obviously focuses on bands from over there that we aint heard of. so check out this zine and become one with the universe. (BC) \$3.00 T. Nielsen Faerogade 57, 3th 9000AB. Denmark.

### King-Cat #50

Zen-Buddist comic zine. Go figure. In case you were wondering, Zen-Buddist comics aren't very funny. However, the sheer bizzarness of this project and the fact that he's done 49 issues of this before this one, makes me want to give it a good review, so I will. (DS) PO Box 18510 Denver CO 80218

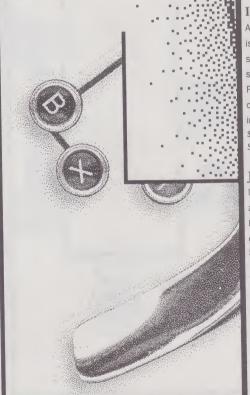
### Lawn #2

This is actually three zines with one issue number, because the editor had so much stuff it had to go into three zines. Unfortunately, if you took out all the filler in these three zines, you could just about fill one of them. The substantive stuff would be an opinion piece about sex (with free condom), interviews with Goldfinger, Less Than Jake, Fat Axis, Hepcat, Cherry Poppin' Daddies and Supermarket All Stars. Throw in a ton of reviews, pictures of bands and skating, mail and assorted other stuff, and you've got three zines that, while they're not bad, aren't all that good. (SM)

\$2. 18935 Brentwood / Livonia, MI 48152.

### Liquid Cashew #4

They are girls who are so coy and hard to get they will not give their names. There is no difference between any of them, they are always a scary collective WE! They are very trendy and indy rock, and have pictures of cute skater boys



in there lil' zine. They like fashion, and think anarchy is neat! It's like a not glossy 'Teen for the kids, you know? (LM)

No price, some stamps at LC 673 Maplerun Ln. Westerville, OH 43081.

### Motion Sickness #2

This is one of them there slick-ass b/w/ print zines that look like mini versions of the newspaper except that it is all punk stuff like Blanks 77 and Guttermouth and the Queers and lots of other bands that get a lot of press and help sell the magazine etc...etc... and they don't let jerks like me write for them cause I have too many run-on sentences cause they use nice typewriters with smart people doing them and it looks all professional. (But not as cool as Punk Planet, so there!) (BC)

\$1.00 Motion Sickness 6221 Delmar Blvd. Apt. 202 Rear. St. Louis, MO. 63130.

### Mung Songbook

This has the makings of a great zine.... really creative layout (ok, fucking awesome layout), pertinent content, and is very music intensive. Unfortunately, it isn't a zine; it's a songbook to a tape that I did not receive. However, if this is any indicator, the tape should be pretty silly! (LM)

No address found.

### My World #4

So this now dead girl Lauren has some cool stuff in here like poems, stories etc... Her mom writes in to tell her story. A lesson about drugs could be learned here. A very important zine to read. (And you didn't think I had a serious side) Get it for many reasons. (BC)

1 Stamp My World 48 Shattuck Square #6 Berkeley, Cal. 94704.

### My World #5

A thought-provoking collection of essays in the form of a perzine. Topics range from a withering examination of sexuality (the writer admits he date-raped a friend and then tries to understand why he did it,) to statistical facts about the damage caused by cigarettes. Recommended. (JT) \$1 and 1 stamp, Jeff Ott, 48 Shattuck Sq. #6, Berkeley CA

### Mystery Meat #1

94704.

Interviews with SNFU and No Use For A Name and show and record reviews, all laid out in classic punk rock cut and paste fashion... and that's about all we got here, folks. The coolest part was the two-color picture pasted to the front of mine. At only 14 pages, it sure ain't worth the two clams, (SM)

\$2; Tyler, 409-2647 Graham St., Victoria, BC V8T-3Y8, Canada.

### Oi Punk Fanzine #8

A perzine in which editor Moz talks about hanging out with his friends, going to the store, getting into trouble, and... well, that's pretty much all that happens, but to tell you the truth, I did enjoy reading it. (JT)

\$1, PO Box 1369, Katy TX 77492.

### Open #1

There is lots of great artwork in here and it would be worth while to pick up so you can get in touch with the artist and have him do ya a poster up all nice and pretty. There is also an article about coffee that I could have read in a trendy magazine like YM. The layout is really nice to, and I always appreciate that, for real, probably because I was on the yearbook staff in jr. high and know how hard it is to come up with something creative, esp. in jr. high when you still can only do yes/no thinking. There is a really bad story in here and, if I may stick with a small theme, it is jr. high level. There is a good interview with John Crawford, who draws real well too, hm.... another theme? Oh, if only I hadn't wasted my youth....jr. high could have been so fruitful! (LM)

\$2; 7015 Southwest 83 Court Miami, FL 33143.

### Outlet #4

A pretty entertaining zine comprised of personal writing & comics. The writing is pretty good, focusing not on typical perzine bullshit but instead on actual articles about events in the author's life such as being on jury duty, getting fucked over by doctors wanting money, and most impressive, the power of negative thinking, a philosophy I've subscribed to for

\$2; 4704 Village Bridge Apts, 98 Oak St. Lindenwold, NJ 08021

### Over the Edge #7

"Environmental Sustainability." "Minorities In Education." "Feminist-

Abolitionist Movement." All well-researched and documented. And while I was informed, I also felt like I was reading somebody's term papers. Plus a creative writing assignment called "My Window" and some poetry. (JT)

\$1, Adam Luevano, PO Box 1799, Flagstaff AZ 86002.

### The Pact

A comic book in which a punk sells his soul to the devil, and for his wish gets to be the devil. Then, after inviting Slayer down to hell for a concert, he talks about this bully he was friends with as a kid. Yeah, well... whatever. (JT) \$1, PO Box 2337, Berkeley CA 94702.

### Passivity = Compliance #1

This is mostly inteviews (Those Who Survived the Plague, Underclass, Cult Maniax) & reviews, which is too bad because the few short journalentry type pieces have quite a bit of promise. I hope that more of the latter and less of the former gets worked into future issues, then it will really be a good Brit fanzine. (DS) \$1 + IRC; 15 Sparrow Square Eastleigh, Hants, S050

9LB, England

### P.O. #3

Kinda like a mini-MRR or Punk Planet. Columns, interviews and record reviews. All kinda typical.

How many Rev. Norb interviews are there going to be that ask the same ten questions. I can't see the point. (EA)

\$1, P.o. PO Box 36, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866.

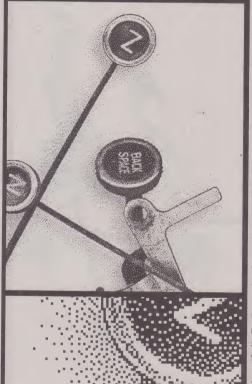
### Pounding the Pavement

A collection of a few short stories done by two people from Portland. Not bad at all. It's dedicated to all those who sweat it out at our typewriters. How about A zine dedicated to those of us that review a million zines a day damnit!!!! (BC)

\$? Laughing Stock Press 5720 S. Crowhaven Road. Langley, WA. 98260.

### R2D2 is an Indie Rocker #4

A cute comic book in which a couple of brain-dead punk rockers decide they need a web page and go through some funny situations trying to fig-



ure out computers, and wind up... Well, I won't give away the ending, but this is really funny and full of recognizable situations from real life. (JT) \$2, Jeffrey Michael Czekaj, 515 W. Buffalo St., Ithaca NY 14850.

### Razor Blades in Halloween Candy

This is "the best of" issue, which makes this zine all the more depressing. It just goes to show that good shit is still just shit. (LM)
Send one stamp to: 53 Hudson Ave. Grafton, MA. 01519.

### R.E.E.L. #2

Good golly has this kid been forced feed Newsweek? Well I'm glad that the beauty of Amerikkka's fine athletes has led him to overcome the horror of the Olympic bomb. My favorite quote "Kerri Strug, through the hurt of a sprained ankle, over came the pain and landed herself and the American women's gymnastics team onto the gold medal platform. With those heroic feet of hers she seemed to take away the pain..." blah blah blah. I don't care about sports, and I'm sure those killed or hurt by the bomb really don't either. Plus interviews, lots of reviews and he's so cool! PS. he likes McDonalds and Pepsi too. I guess Olympic glory makes the

raping of indigenous cultures in the rain forest and the human rights violations in Burma all OK as well... (LM)

If you care, send some stamps to Reel @ 6 Hughes Court Florham Park, NJ 07932.

### Rehab #1

This little, but wordy zine is done by David Hayes (early Lookout!, Very Small, and Too Many records fame). Though it is more or less a day by day account of the shows has enjoyed lately, it is still interesting. Though it gets tiresome this little thing is worth the two stamps for the catalog. Best part: Claiming that the Minutemen's "Double Nickels on a Dime" as the best album of all time. Dave I agree, though the CD sucks, you loss songs including a great Van Halen cover song. (EA)

2 stamps, Too Many Records PO Box 1222, Spokane, WA 99210.

### Ruckus #8

This is a great personal zine that probably made my life better. It is a beautifully well written account of co-dependence, the importance of love, and the needs of the individual. Stylistically it runs along the vein of Fucktooth and is simply a wonderful zine.

For anyone who believes that any kind of relationship is important.... (LM)

stamps to: Ruckus at 1203 Jean Dr. in sunny Sebastopol, CA 95472.

### San Jose'r #3

A cool zine with a dumpster diving story, and cool lil' articles including "Columbus was a Bastard." Great little comics thrown in there too. Get it for Patrick's sake. (BC)

\$.50 Patrick 302 Copco lane San Jose, CAl. 95123.

### Satire Fanzine #6

Standard fanzine fare. Nothing new. Nothing exciting. A boring interview with our own Bob Conrad. I'd rather take a nap. (DS)

Free; 428 Oliver Rd. Thunder Bay Ont. P7B 2G3

### Scumbag Tulip #2

It's a silly pop punk zine about green day, working at the fair, and having blue hair oo woah oo oh. It's from Hawaii where they don't care / They like to dance and go to shows / they think the government's not fair / oo woah oo woah oo woah oh oh. The next issue got a punk love story / too soon to know, it may have more-y / oh woah oh woah oh woah oo oh! (LM)

\$1+ 2 stamps c/o Gannon Gilmore 37 Kuhinia St. Wailuku, HI 96793.

### Semigloss #2

A sharp-looking zine with an ear for esoteric and electronica. Articles on the early musical gizmo the theremin, the movie Nico:Icon, experimental dub music, diary of a prisoner in a San Francisco jail, and reviews of 7 inches, zines, and an independent film festival. (JT)

\$2, 9 W. 8th Street #4, New York NY 10001.

### Simba #11

Beautiful, intensely personal writing about life and love and politics. There are interviews with Bob Tilton and Des Man DeAblo and an HIV+ friend. The interviews are good, but my favorite parts were the really personal stories. It's rare

to find someone who can write about personal stuff and not be really self-conscious and also bring out a lot of good ideas, not to mention evoke emotion in the reader. This is also pretty right-on politically. Highly recommended. (SM)

Ms Vique Martin / 68 Maitland Avenue / Manchester / M21 7WH / England.

### Slingshot # 54

I was really excited when I started to read this, and with good reason. This political zine has some really good articles about chain stores and what they can do to a community, the peoples park of Berkeley, and the rising cost of public transportation and how it relates to local government being classest and bureaucratic. What completely ruined this zine for me is that fact that it is of the blindly polarized left, and a lot of its content is opinions and doctored facts that are portrayed as the truth in order for you to think like them, and not think for yourself. Granted, this doesn't mean that I disagree with their politics, I don't, but that shouldn't matter. I just highly disapprove of fact twisting propaganda that turns every subject into a "they are wrong and evil - we are morally right" argument, an argument that the radical right is fond of using too. So get this zine if you want to stroke you ego and reaffirm your political righteousness. If you want some real answers on how to defy the government and make

your life and your community more independent and self sustainable, get your information from a library, workshops, and life experience; not from meaningless slogans and empty political rhetoric. (LM)

Free; 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley Ca 94705 USA.

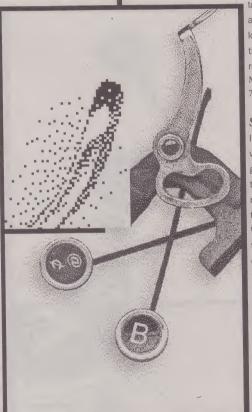
### Slug & Lettuce #46

Another issue of the vertitable anarcho-newspaper. Always worth picking up. (DS) Free; Slug & Lettuce PO ox 2067 Peter Stuy Stn. NYC NY 10009-8914

### Smoke

A personal kind of zine, but without the usual style of personal writing. It scampers between poetry and prose. I dunno, I found the whole thing kind of annoying. (SM)

Box 91 / Hampshire College / Amherst, MA 01002.



### Sound Views #41

Such are the mysteries of life that I sit here with Sound Views #41 to review and have beside me Sound Views #43, fresh off the presses, and since Sound Views is published bi-monthly, that means the poobahs at Punk Planet are running a 6 month backlog. Welcome to the real world. All issues of Sound Views rule, however, so the time lag doesn't really bother me. I can recommend the zine's excellent of the New York band scene, its talented writers and photographers, its crisp and to-the-point reviews, and its columns like Rootin' Around and Urban Drool. From hardcore to alt. rock to psychostomp garage bands, if somebody makes a noise in New York City, Sound Views is on it. (JT) \$2,96 Henry St., Brooklyn NY 11201.

### Spectacles #1

Basically this is a preview of the new Jon Lewis comic book series coming out soon called "Spectacles." I glanced it over and it seemed really cute and entertaining. Jon has a nack for making a boring conversation between characters seem interesting. (BC)

Alternative Press Inc. 611NW 34th Drive, Gainesville, FL. 32607-2429.

### Squeel #1

I can't get past one article in this fanzine. In an article called "Starbucks: the return of the Java". Gabe gives Starbucks credit "for making coffee and mochas/capps/lattes/etc... Popular in the states. A lot of these "indie" shops wouldn't exist if not for Starbucks." Talk about having your head up your ass. Starbucks coffee has a corporate policy of opening stores in established markets. meaning that they'll usually only open a store up if there's already a successful coffee shop in close proximity. Often, Starbucks will over pay rent, or even buy out the indie store in order to achive a competition-free market. To make matters worse, this is actually an anti-Starbucks article, whose premise is that Starbucks is evil because the store he frequents has a curfew for minors & won't allow smoking. This is the problem with punk: selfishness. Starbuck's corporate policies towards indipendantly owned estabilishments as well as their strategy of creating completly non-threatening boring plastic environments as a "third space" is much more pressing and much more of a reason to hate Starbucks the actions that may effect the author directly. Wake up and smell the coffee.

\$3; PO Box 1464 San Ramon CA 94583

### Static #1

Wow, a great zine. This fucker is big and thick and has a little edge to it. Tales of work sabotage, pranks, scams, etc. Plus really well done interview with J Church and filmmaker Jon Moritsugu. Hilarious letters written to Gillette and Kodak. You gotta get this, it even comes with a free mini-review zine with music, zine and show reviews. (EA)

\$3, PO Box 420902, San Francisco, CA 94142.

### Stool Pigeon #2

A kinda personal, kinda political girl-positive zine that looks quite good. There's some stories, some poetry, some opinion, and some fun stuff, as well as some zine reviews. Not bad. (SM)

\$1 or trade. Tania, 3300 Montana Ave., Santa Monica, CA 90403

### Suburban Home #5

A newsprint punkzine in the MRR/Punk Planet mold, with a few little twists that lift it above the generic. Down By Law, the horrors of dating, Top 5 lists, record reviews, and a How To piece on touring by the inimitable Becca Porter (formerly of BYO.) (JT)

\$2, 1750 30th St. #365, Boulder CO 80301.

### Subversion #1

"I feel a serious need to vent my views on topics that are not normally covered in mainstream media," writes the editor, who calls himself Mr. Rogers. He follows with a think piece on the decentralization of the government. So far, so good, but the next article is some beer reviews. Then it's back to the heady stuff for some Marcuse quotes, "The New Wave of Religious Fascism (sic)," and the ever-popular "Am I Still Punk?" Also, "How To Mosh" (with diagrams,) more essays, and a Jawbreaker interview. (JT)

\$2, PO Box 1352, Laguna Beach CA 92652.

### Teriyaki Linguine #1

This zine might be a little old but who knows. After all the zine is from Wisconsin. So it has a little of everything you just might want. Actually it has some reviews and a story. Like I said it is from Wisconsin. Rev. Norb would think that it's wimpy. (BC)

\$? Andrew Burt 777 S. 6th Ave, Park Falls, WI, 54552.

### Tin Can #1

Typical 1/2 sized zine. Interviews with No Use for a Name & Ten Foot Pole. Some badly scanned skateboarding photos. Boring columns. Try harder. (DS)

311 University Commons Cayce, SC 29033.

### Vizine #1

If there was actually something in this zine, then there would be something to review. As it stands though, some reviews and an interview with some band no one's ever heard of. (DS)

Free; 4633 W. Paradise Dr. Glendale AZ 85304

### Wax Museum #1

This is really quite well done. Some stuff on Nietzsche, Doug E. Fresh, politics, and some thoughtful reviews. I'd like to personally thank this guy for writing something political that debunks conspiracy theory. The graphics are

pretty good and almost every page has an amusing little quote somewhere on it. A good zine, (SM)

\$2 or trade T.C. Costulis / 909 McCoy Creek Ct. / Suisun, CA 94585.

### Xanadu Zine #4

Hey any zine that mentions Lita...oops I mean any zine that mentions Xanadu is cool with me. A nerdy but cool zine done by a bunch of geekoids. They have the brains to make this a good read all the way through. The back cover deals with a letter to the anti-alien sticker people. The best is the "How to do a Bad Zine." Keep up the good work my Spuds! (BC)

\$2.00 + 2 stamps Xanadu Fanzine 3624 N. 21 Ave. Arlington, VA. 22207.

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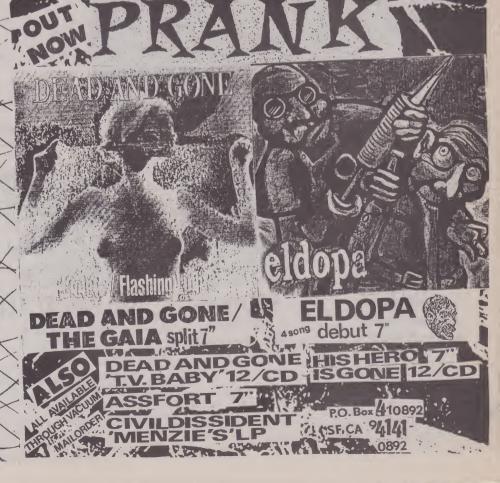
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**PP15** Some people are calling this the "political" issue, which totally discounts all the other political articles we've printed. However, this issue does have politics in spades, as it features 20 pages (in three color!) on the Democratic & Republican conventions. It also has interviews with Sarah Dyer from Action Girl Comics, Rhythm Collision, Chamberlain, and cheesecake as well as DIY, columns, and all that other stuff you can't get enough of! 120 pgs

**PP16** Interviews with Sarah Jacobson (who as a result of this interview now writes our underground film review section), Damnation AD, The Dismemberment Plan, and Pat West of Change Zine. A fantastic article on Culture Jamming, as well as an article about the 1996-97 NBA season (yowza is right). The DIY files is a massive article about distributing your zine. Plus, the PP staff picks the best releases of 1996. Guess what? There's all the other stuff you like about PP in here! 120 pgs

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